

OBERON

1

C15 | \$22AUD

TUZLU SU

SALTWATER

5.9.2015 – 1.11.2015

14° İstanbul Bienali

14th Istanbul Biennial

Save the date for the biennial:

“With and through art, we commit ourselves to the possibility of joy and vitality, leaping from form to flourishing life with the 14th Biennial of Istanbul. *SALTWATER. A Theory of Thought Forms* looks for where to draw the line, to draw upon, and to draw out, through organic and non-linear forms that connect research in art with other knowledges. It intends to create a dialogue between the work of exploring a traumatized past and the work of transforming history into a fertile terrain for the future.”
Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev

What does it entail: Works by over sixty artists and other participants, including oceanographers, storytellers, mathematicians and neuroscientists.

Admission: Free of charge

Where: The artworks and projects will be dispersed along the Bosphorus from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmara, and from the European to the Asian side, including places such as the Splendid Hotel and the Trotsky House on Büyükada island, the new Hrant Dink Foundation in Sisli, or art-specific locations such as ARTER, Istanbul Modern, SALT Galata, and DEPO.

When exactly: From Saturday, 5 September to Sunday, 1 November.

And Online: <http://bienal.iksv.org>

f - t - i /istanbulbienali

RANDI & KATRINE

Until 1 November 2015

ARKEN





PRESENTED BY



27 FEB - 15 MAY 2016  FREE ENTRY

ADELAIDEBIENNIAL.COM.AU

PRINCIPAL DONOR



EXHIBITION PARTNERS



FAMILY PROGRAM PARTNER



Image detail:
Gareth Sansom,
A universal timeless allegory,
2014, oil and enamel on
linen, 213 x 274 cm.
Courtesy the artist and
Milani Gallery, Brisbane.



VISUAL ART PERFORMANCE BIENNIAL
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1-22, 2015
PERFORMA-ARTS.ORG

Major support



Performa 15 gratefully acknowledges lead underwriting support from Toby Devan Lewis and Leslie Ziff. Major support is generously provided by the Lambert Foundation, The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, The David and Elaine Potter Foundation, The Ford Foundation, and public funds from The National Endowment for the Arts and The New York City Department of Cultural Affairs. International support is provided by the Australian Council for the Arts, the Cultural Services of the French Embassy in the US, The Danish Arts Foundation, Fondation Galeries Lafayette, FUSED, Institut Français à Paris, and Marian Goodman Gallery.

 **PERFORMA 15**



DALE FRANK
SEPTEMBER 4 - OCTOBER 24, 2015

NEON PARC
15 TINNING STREET, BRUNSWICK
MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA
+61 3 966 30 911
NEONPARC.COM.AU

JAMES NGUYEN

Exit Strategies

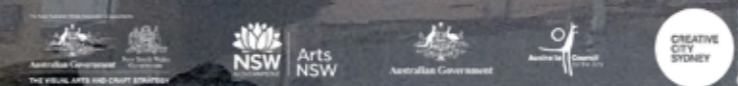
4 September – 10 October 2015

4A Centre for Contemporary Asian Art
181-187 Hay Street NSW 2000
4a.com.au

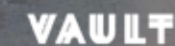
PRODUCED & PRESENTED BY



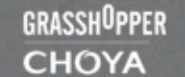
GOVERNMENT PARTNERS



MEDIA PARTNER



EVENT PARTNER



MEMBER



James Nguyen: Exit Strategies is produced by 4A Centre for Contemporary Asian Art.

4A Centre for Contemporary Asian Art is an initiative of the Asian Australian Artists Association Inc. We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of the Commonwealth Government through the Australia Council for the Arts, its arts funding and advisory body; the NSW Government through Arts NSW and the City of Sydney, Champions; Kerr & Judith Neilson, Principal Patrons; Susan Acret & James Roth; The Sky Foundation; Ah Xian & Ma Li. Patrons: Geoff Ainsworth AM; Daniel & Lyndell Drogo; Richard Funston & Kiong Lee; Johnson Pilton Walker; The Keir Foundation; John Lam-Po-Tang; Vicki Olsson; Adrian Williams. Benefactors: Brooke & Stephen Aitken; AMP Foundation; Andrew Cameron; Edmund Capon OBE, AM; Julia Champlaloup & Andrew Rothery; CHROFI; Rhonda McIver; Lisa Paulsen; Penelope Seidler AM; Lucy Hughes Turnbull AO; Dr Dick Quan; Dr John Yu AC. Friends: Michael Alvisse; Professor Ien Ang; Michael Boston; Simon Chan Art Atrium; Michael Hobbs; Mabel Lee; Susan Nathan; Dr Gene R. Sherman AM; Becky Sparks & James Roland; Maisy Stapleton; Ursula Sullivan + Joanna Strumpf; Victoria Taylor; Rosie Wagstaff; Anna Waldmann; and Sean Woon

Caption: James Nguyen, RiverCrossing (2015), performance documentation. Image: Joey Nguyen. Courtesy the artist.





Minerva, 4/111 Macleay Street
Potts Point, Sydney, NSW 2011
Australia +61 (2) 9357 3697
gallery@minervasydney.com
Wed–Sat, 12-6 PM

15 August – 19 September, 2015
“Casual Conversation, Verging on
Harassment”

9 September – 12 September, 2015
“Spring 1883”
The Establishment, Sydney

26 September – 7 November, 2015
“3 in the morning part 2”
Dan Arps

14 November – 19 December, 2015
Anne Schneider

14 November – 19 December, 2015
“Witness” Curated by Marian Tubbs

6 February – 12 March, 2016
“Stage and Anvil”
Patrick Hartigan
Courtesy Darren Knight Gallery



SAM LEACH
@ SULLIVAN+STRUMPF
29 AUGUST – 26 SEPTEMBER 2015

pompom



10 September –
13 September

Sydney Contemporary Art Fair
Booth A02, Carriageworks

Vivian Cooper Smith
Nana Ohnesorge
Elvis Richardson
Kylie Banyard
Cherine Fahd

GALERIEPOMPOM.COM
39 ABERCROMBIE ST CHIPPENDALE NSW 2008
POMPOM@GALERIEPOMPOM.COM | +61 430 318 438

16 September –
11 October

Rochelle Haley

14 October –
15 November

Ron Adams
Deb Mansfield

Image Kylie Banyard, from the series
Impossibly Vivid Time Travel, 2015
oil and acrylic on canvas, 54 x 65 cm



HARLEY IVES
OLIVER WATTS

SYDNEY CONTEMPORARY
10 - 13 SEPTEMBER 2015
CARRIAGE WORKS

STAND: A10

CHALK HORSE

LOWER GROUND 171 WILLIAM STREET, DARLINGHURST
SYDNEY NSW 2010 AUSTRALIA PHONE +612 9380 8413

WWW.CHALKHORSE.COM.AU



18-27 SEPTEMBER

SAM SMITH | *SLOW FRAGMENTATION*
PRESENTED AS PART OF CHANNELS: THE AUSTRALIAN VIDEO ART FESTIVAL

UPCOMING

WAITING FOR THE ACCIDENT TO HAPPEN | FRANCIS ALÿS, MERIS ANGIOLETTI, IVAN ARGOTE, ALICE CATTANEO,
BRICE DELLSPERGER, CLORINDE DURAND, CHIARA FUMAI, RÅ DI MARTINO, ADRIAN PACI
CURATED BY ANTONELLA CROCI

SIGN/ACTION | BENJAMIN FORSTER, CHRISTOPHER LG HILL, ADELLE MILLS, REBECCA ROSS,
JACQUI SHELTON, GIULIO SQUILLACCIOTTI
CURATED BY KYLE WEISE

SCREEN SPACE

30 GUILDFORD LANE MELBOURNE, VICTORIA 3000 AUSTRALIA | WWW.SCREENSPACE.COM | INFO@SCREENSPACE.COM

Image: Sam Smith (2015) *Slow Fragmentation*, video still (detail).

C

A
C

WITH SECRECY & DESPATCH

Exhibition | 9 April – 12 June
Opening Night | Friday 8 April 2016
Campbelltown Arts Centre

With *Secrecy & Despatch* will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Appin Massacre. The Appin Massacre saw the lives taken of Aboriginal men, women and children, sanctioned by Governor Macquarie on 17 April 1816 in Appin, NSW. Six Australian artists and four Canadian artists have been commissioned to create new works that acknowledge and reflect on the massacre as well as drawing from other brutalities that have been committed against Indigenous peoples across the nation.

ONE
ART
GALLERY
ROAD

4645 41400
C-A-C.COM.AU



Campbelltown Arts Centre is a cultural facility of Campbelltown City Council and is assisted by the NSW Government through Arts NSW. This project is assisted by the Federal Government through Australia Council for the Arts, its funding and advisory body.

TOTAL FIELD BRIE TRENERRY
13 NOVEMBER to 12 DECEMBER 2015

AUSTRALIAN EXPERIMENTAL ART FOUNDATION
PREVIEW 2015/16

LION ARTS CENTRE—NORTH TERRACE / ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA | PH. (08) 8211-7505
FACEBOOK: AustralianEAF | www.aeaf.org.au | GALLERY + BOOKSHOP: 11AM-5PM TUES TO FRI & 2-5PM SAT

Images (top) Brie Trenerry *Total Field* 2015, HD colour video and sound. Video: Kieran Boland. Courtesy the artist and MARS Gallery, Melbourne. (bottom) Lisa Roet *Heart Beat* 2014.



HEART BEAT LISA ROET
26 FEBRUARY to 2 APRIL 2016
ADELAIDE FESTIVAL OF ARTS 2016



Robert Pulie, *Detour*, 2014, oil and rabbit skin glue on carved antique Australian cedar skirting board, 22 x 27 x 2 cm. Photo: Sofia Freeman. Courtesy of the artist and The Commercial, Sydney

March – April 2016

Fieldwork: visual evidence and the datascape

curated by Sarah Hearne

Architecture has reframed the city as a living laboratory, where people, events and things are translated into forms of visualisation. **Fieldwork** will illuminate the diverse ways that contemporary architects collect and manage information to produce new formats of observation, description and evidence.

UTS Gallery
Level 4, 702 Harris St
Ultimo NSW 2007

twitter: @utsart
facebook: utsart
instagram: @uts_art

May – June 2016

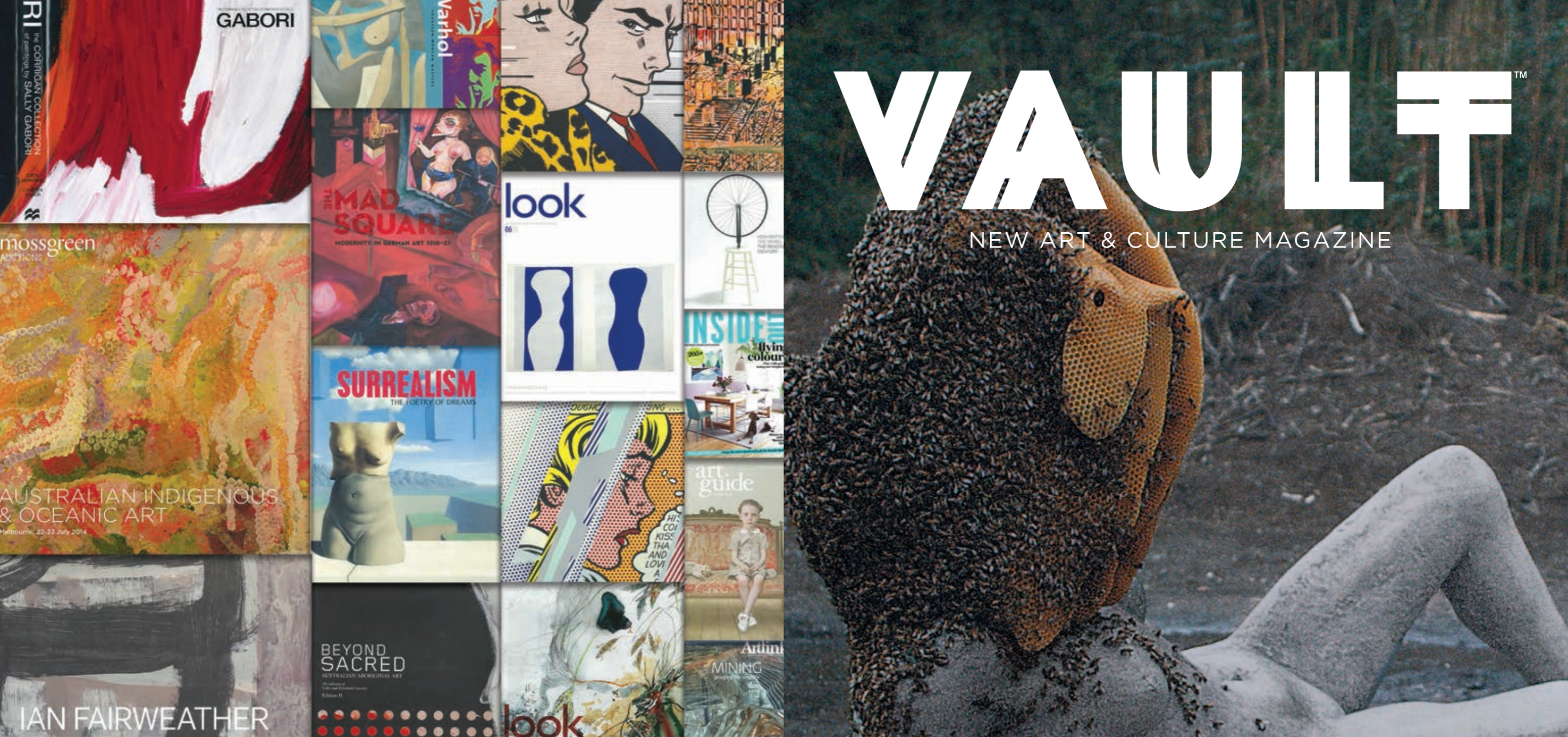
The Mnemonic Mirror

curated by Dr. Kylie Banyard and Gary Carsley

For the first time in history knowing has been separated from learning, with the internet reshaping the struggle that memory continually wages against forgetfulness. This exhibition brings together the work of Australian artists who explore the aesthetic and narrative possibilities of anachronistic or overlooked modes of visual practice.

For information about our program visit us online: art.uts.edu.au





VAULT™

NEW ART & CULTURE MAGAZINE

You can judge a book by its cover

As you know, an amazing image can elevate your book, magazine, ad or catalogue. It's easy to license original artworks from our more than 11,000 Australian and 40,000 international artist members.

Together we are building a resilient and creative economy, where original expression is valued and fair payment made when it is shared.

To license artworks or become a member, visit viscopy.org.au

Image attributions: Gabori: Sally Gabori, *Dibirdibi Country*, 2012 (detail). | Australian Indigenous and Oceanic Art: Emily Kame Kngwarreye, *Untitled*, 1993 (detail). | Ian Fairweather: Ian Fairweather, *Composition I*, c. 1961 (detail). | Picasso to Warhol: Pablo Picasso, *Seated Bather*, 1930 (detail), Andy Warhol, *Self-Portrait*, 1966. | The Mad Square: George Grosz, *Suicide*, 1916 (detail). | Surrealism: René Magritte, *Les Marches de l'été*, 1938 (detail). | Beyond Sacred: Sally Gabori, *Nirjilki*, 2008 (detail). | Pop to Popism: Roy Lichtenstein, *In the car*, 1963 (detail). | look (06.15): Henri Matisse, *Forms*, 1947. | Pop Remix: Roy Lichtenstein, *Reflections on Girl*, 1990. | look (11.14): John Wolseley, *A Clarence Glaxia in the Ancient Sphagnum Bags*, 2013 (detail). | Connections: Louise Forthun, *Orange Building Site*, 1989/90. | Reinventing the Wheel: Marcel Duchamp, *Bicycle wheel*, 1913. | InsideOut (April 15): Belynda Henry, *On That Day II*, 2015 (detail). | art guide: Loretta Lux, *The Waiting Girl*, 2006. | Arlink v33.4: John Gollings, *Super Pit Kalgoorlie*, 2010.

PIERRE HUYGHE
Untitled (Liegender Frauenakt), 2012
concrete cast on steel
armature with beehive,
live bee colony, plastic,
and wax.

Courtesy the artist,
Marian Goodman Gallery,
New York, Paris and
Esther Schipper, Berlin

ISSUE 11 OUT NOW

**SUBSCRIBE NOW AND
RECEIVE YOUR COPY OF
VAULT MAGAZINE FIRST**

ART FAIR SPECIAL, MARINA ABRAMOVIC,
MITCH CAIRNS, PIERRE HUYGHE,
SHELLEY LASICA, SAM LEACH,
ESTER PARTEGÀS & MORE

SUBSCRIBE NOW
VAULTART.COM.AU



Oberon is a new periodical on art in the world published by Das Platforms, a contemporary art media project based between Australia and Denmark.

Publisher & Editor of Oberon 1

Nick Garner

Section Editor

Amelia Groom

Copy Editor

McKinley Valentine

Art Direction

Wil Loeng

Editorial Board

Nick Garner, Robyn Stuart and Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris

Front Cover

Nasan Tur

Cloud no. 13 – Mid November, 2005, Near Al-Qa'im, Iraq, 2012
from a series of 15 photographs, C-print
each 135 x 180 cm

Courtesy of the artist and Blain | Southern Gallery, London/Berlin

Annual Subscription

€26 | \$40AUD

www.oberonmagazine.com

www.dasplatforms.com

ISSN 2205-5304

Published by Das Platforms / Contemporary Art

© Authors, Artists, Contributors and Das Platforms.

All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is prohibited.

To our dear contributing writers, artists and galleries, and to the contributors and supporters of Das Superpaper over the last six years, thank you, we love you.

Contents

	Foreword	21
I	<i>In Bhupen Khakhar's car</i> by Guy Mannes-Abbott	30
	<i>Muhafiz Khan's Masjid</i> by Guy Mannes-Abbott	37
	<i>Kalpa Vriksha</i> an interview with Tarun Nagesh	42
	<i>Rewriting history</i> by FX Harsono	46
II	<i>On performance and documentation</i> an interview with Mike Parr	66
	<i>Space for Stories</i> by Mitali Tyagi	73
	<i>SEA STATE</i> an interview with Charles Lim and Shabbir Hussain Mustafa	78
	<i>One for one</i> an interview with Nasan Tur	84
III	<i>Canibalia</i> by Julia Morandeira Arrizabalaga	98
	<i>Inequality in education</i> by Daniel Wodak	106
	<i>Minutes of the second meeting of the Emily Davison Lodge</i> by Hester Reeve and Olivia Plender	113
	<i>The families we choose: on AIDS and Friendship</i> by Alys Moody	120
	<i>Is the cloud an earthly thing?</i> by the Centre for Inefficiency and Worms	125
IV	<i>On lists, inventories, enumerations, catalogues, itemisations, etc.</i> by Amelia Groom	144
	Afterword	161
	Annotated index of images	162



Foreword

A long low wall runs from the road to the forest. A dark green shawl. White light on the windowsill. Cold dirt and the moon. A dry stream ran through a hole in the wall, across the field, and down behind the house. After a storm its bed could fill, cutting a line of darker grass across the view from the kitchen.

Their shadows between the doorframe left little room for the light to describe them. Beyond the dark edges of the frame the room faded to a mellow brown. In the mid-ground a vase held the couple in its reflection, mirroring them in its downward curve.

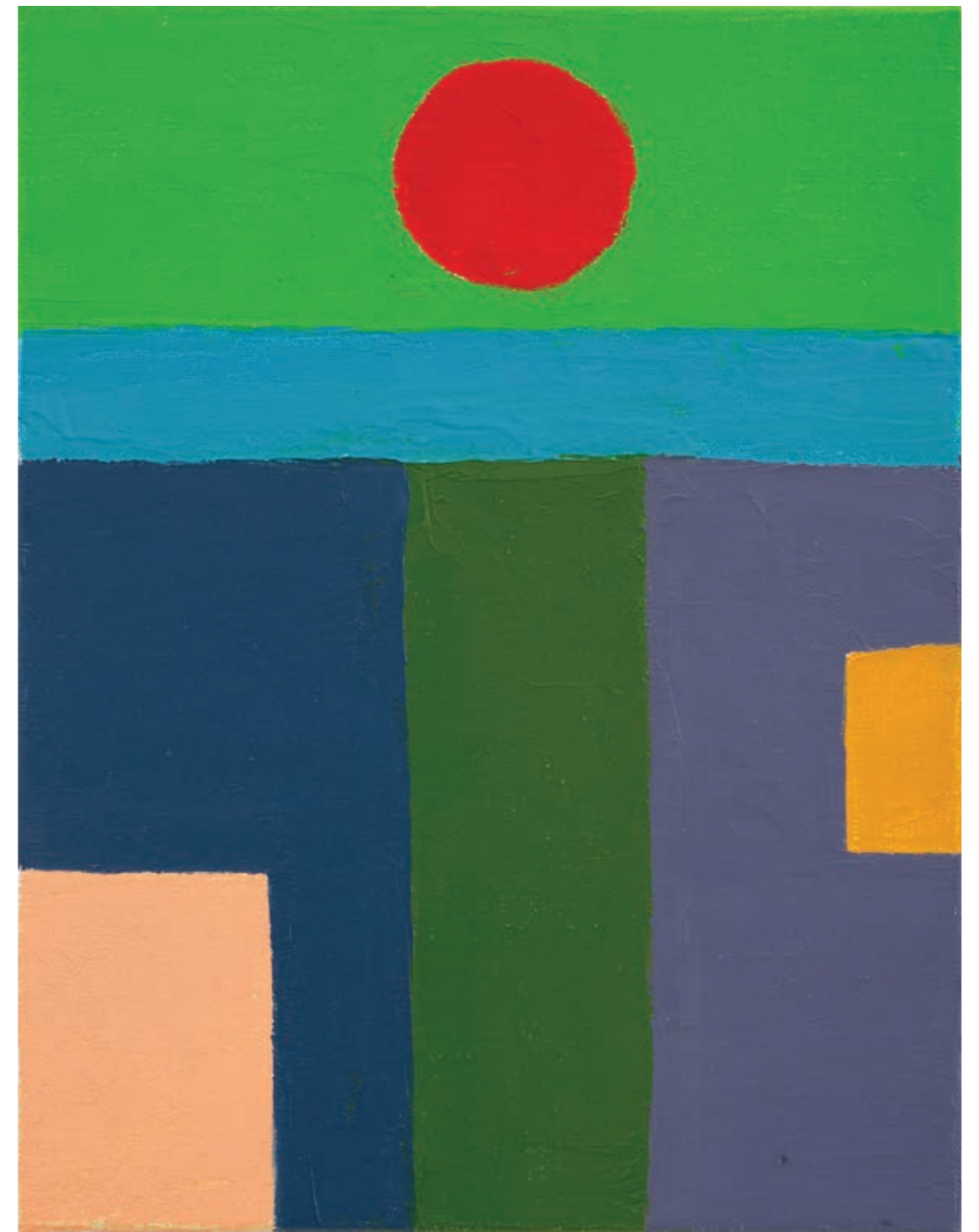
Lying in her own bed, her French-made biro slowly circling in the margin of her book spills its ink in a controlled fashion. It mimics a large gestural monochrome. Imagine it magnified, projected, traced and hung: the parquet hall, the muted natural light, the guard, the gentle absent-minded civic hush.

Above, the neighbours who had previously been legitimately putting furniture together were involved in what could only be described as pile-driving, a furious door-rattling thunder. She hadn't seen them - or perhaps she had one night, when she'd just moved in, but that was before she knew where they lived. Now and then she might lazily open the balcony door a few moments after hearing their door close, when she could hear them passing down the several flights of stairs and onto the street and then she might, you know, casually take a glimpse at them crossing the square. Did he inherit this rhythm? Would others inherit this rhythm, would their children be performing this domestic terror for neighbours in apartments in towns that hadn't yet been built?

At the window, the palm and the square. At dawn it could be so quiet.









In Bhupen Khakhar's car

——— Guy Mannes-Abbott

I feel her *shalwar* brush my bare leg as she turns fretfully from the check-in desk yet again, steps on her *dupatta* and falls backwards. Skull bone meets marble, submerging her in fearsome noises a metre from my feet. Her brain seeks an exit through her eye sockets and temples as her body begins deathly convulsions. Chaos amplifies and disrupts chaos.

Delhi's morning newspapers were still full of the 'mass massacres' in Gujarat: tens of thousands of refugees fleeing thousands of burnt-out homes and businesses, bodies in ovens.¹

If I'd not been there, she would have had more space. If I'd not been there I would not be a living witness to licensed inhumanity.

* * *

The little Maruti car pulls up, its driver kills the engine and climbs out and I'm left in the muggy silence of a darkening cocoon. As I remain still, day capitulates to night, gets it over with fast. Slowly, my attention is drawn to a source of humming light in the tinted windscreen. The glow brightens as the sky darkens until it becomes the only thing out there, ever more clearly defined. It's a large window, one of four shop windows at the bottom of a newly-completed apartment block within ten metres of the car. The only one with shutters up and business to transact.

I can see legs moving below four dresses hung across the glass; red, yellow, off-white and green to the right of a door jammed at 45 degrees. There's nothing else in the glass, the dresses are spaced in such a way as to suggest plenty. That's all: no sound, just light. Above the colour-filled light box is a wonkily painted sign. 'Racharna' it reads, over a kindly subtitle: 'ladies tailors'. I watch, waiting for something more to happen, vigilant and marvelling at the spare beauty of this vision in electric light.

Minutes pass. More.

Suddenly I sense company: the presence of someone next to me who shifts their weight slightly and then speaks in a gentle lilt. It's Bhupen! The artist Bhupen Khakhar. I'm sitting in his car at the Chikoowadi crossroads. We're waiting for his assistant and driver Pandu to pick up soda water for drinks before dinner, the ingredients of which he's also been collecting on our return from visiting a couple of Bhupen's best paintings, including the classic *Sakhibhava* (1995).

'Beautiful isn't it?' The words contain a slightly self-deprecating laugh.

It's only now that I realise Bhupen's been sitting in a reverie staring at the window too. Only now do I realise that that is what I've been doing. I turn to take him in, and see his white head slightly cricked back, angled, gently observant, quiet, hard focussed. It's an experienced poise: he's looking with painter's eyes, fondly indulgent ones, at the shop and now I understand why it has caught my attention. It offers an image, if you're able to see it, of life condensed. An individual. A community. Something which dipped in water might bloom with all the things that aren't present but which it contains: the whole story, other actors, and the rest of the day. All the other dresses, wishes, wonders, secrets – little and large human things.

Momentarily I've shared the insight. Until Bhupen spoke I'd only seen a quintessential Indian scene flattened in light: a screen. Now I glimpse its depths, condensed but present in the eye of the artist.

This is exactly the kind of image or life-world that Bhupen's work illuminates. He's told me stories of sitting, watching and sketching people at work, the *chai-wallah*, watch-repairer, or the tailor in the old town, who thought he was a tax-inspector and jolted with fear at the sight of him as he worked particularly late one night. At the time Bhupen was an accountant, something he attributes his systematic pragmatism to. Bhupen's paintings contain all the dreary toil, necessities and dreams, the friends, enemies, family and intimacies, the fixity of generations. All of this is in the early work in particular, with its newly forged measure of lives just like these ones.

Look at his famous painting *View From a Tea Shop* (1974) and you'll see that the *chai* stand or 'tea shop' dominates the canvas in the way that it dominates everyday life in villages, towns and cities all over India, certainly amongst men. All of socially conservative India is, in this particular way, present, living, celebrated through the *chai* stand. Yet, in Bhupen's famous painting, the 'tea shop' is empty, all the tell-tale implements of the trade laid out: cups, saucers and bowls, awaiting lips.

After his London success, the loss of his first elderly lover, and his coming out with *You Can't Please All* in 1981, those awaited, anticipated lips, took over. They dominate the work of the last two decades: almost everything painted, drawn, written declares that Bhupen has become a lip-minstrel. He's the great renderer of lip intimacies: undressed, needy, private, even lips intended for the upstanding cocks in his later paintings – in Benares, in a boat, or a bed. As his work drew increasingly on his own experience, it became more and more interior. His paintings were always full of people, but the moments they share have grown as intimate, honest and naked in these ways as it's possible to be.

'My work,' he told me, 'is not concerned with the physical beauty of the person whom I am drawing. It is my ... love. When I paint someone's portrait, people whom I like,' he pauses again very carefully though not for effect, 'I almost feel that I touch, everywhere.'²

* * *

Same car, another day, a different darkness.

A different world, in fact. One of flaming hate, burning tires, *gadis* – market trolleys – and vehicles. Of roadblocks and crowds with sickeningly righteous eyes, eruptive black smoke, armed policemen looking in the opposite direction. A stomach-turning smell: bitter burning rubber. A stomach-turning sight: Hindu mobs ransacking stands, stalls and shops in new complexes owned by Muslims to trash and burn with their hatred.

1 *Times of India*, 1 March 2002. '80 persons were killed, an overwhelming majority of them in Ahmedabad, in the worst ever communal violence in Gujarat on Thursday during the state-wide bandh organised by the Vishwa Hindu Parishad and backed by the ruling Bharatiya Janata Party ... The worst incident took place in the Gulbarg Housing Society in Chamanpura area of Ahmedabad where a mob entered into a cluster of houses and burnt alive around 40 persons including former Congress MP Ahsan Jaffrey.

Mass massacres also took place in in the adjoining Naroda area, where 17 deaths have been reported ... There were reports of fierce attacks by mobs in Vadodara [Baroda] ... VHP activists seemed quite emboldened by the backing that they got from the state BJP ... no attempt by the police to contain the damage.' See also an excellent range of books, primary amongst which is *Gujarat The Making of a Tragedy*, ed. Siddharth Varadarajan, Penguin India 2002. Also *The Gujarat Carnage*, ed. Asghar Ali Engineer, Orient Longman ND 2003.

2 Quotes are from a series of conversations between the author and Bhupen Khakhar that took place in Feb–Mar 2002 and Jun–Jul 2003, Baroda, Gujarat.

We've driven out to visit Bhupen's nephews at their boarding school in the outskirts of Baroda, on the road to Dabhoi which connects through the ghats to the heart of India. On the way out we pass a long row of wooden huts, workshops or stalls, a clinical selection of which are smouldering shells. Bhupen remarks that the remainder are not even touched and asks Pandu to turn the radio on. We listen to news in Gujarati dotted with English words, locations that I hear for the first time: Gulbarg Housing Society in Ahmedabad, Waqf Board and Minority Finance Corporation in Gandhinagar. Bhupen and Pandu talk urgently, solemnly in Gujarati and I pick out some of the same names and a little in between. Then another: the Islamic Study Centre. They've got that too.

It is the day after a train carriage containing extremist Ram *sewaks* returning from Ayodhya – where yet again the pressure to replace the demolished Babri *masjid* with a Hindu temple has maddened India – caught fire, killing 59.³ It happened outside Godhra station, 78 kilometres from Chikoowadi, during protests by Muslim residents who'd been abused and assaulted on the station platform. The fire, it turned out, started inside the carriage.⁴

When the damaged Sabarmati Express drew in to Baroda station another mob gathered. According to the *Times of India*, 'Brandishing sticks, pipes, tridents and daggers publicly, the activists raised slogans for the Ram *Mandir* and swore revenge against those who perpetrated the crime at Godhra.'⁵ The 'activists' attacked several people, including an old woman, and stabbed one fleeing man in the back.⁶ Today, the 1st of March, is an official *bandh*, or strike, announced in response by these same 'activists', the VHP, monitored and maintained by the Bajrang Dal and other quasi-paramilitary groups, so that by the afternoon Baroda is completely closed down.⁷

3 Emperor Babur's mosque at Ayodhya dated from 1528 and was one of only three physical memorials to his short but brilliant reign as the first of the so-called Great Mughals. For many years the *sangh parivar* talked of their desire to destroy the Babri *masjid*, amongst other key structures as part of their overly literal production of a modern religious Hindu state or *Rashtra*, centring on Lord Ram whose 'birth place' they claimed for the same site. In 1992, AK Advani, the BJP's venerated deputy leader (and mentor to Narendra Modi in Gujarat) led a devotional protest march or *Yatra* to the site which generated sufficient numbers and frenzy that the massive domed structure was destroyed with elementary tools and perfect impunity. Babur left one memorial that chauvinist Hindu nationalists cannot touch: his inspired and inspiring memoir, *The Baburnama* (Trans. William Thackston, Modern Library New York, 2002), which speaks of his fight out from the hills of Transoxiana to restore his ancestral Timurid claim against Mongol invaders, aged 13, through his arrival in India towards the end of his life, to his love of ornate water gardens and hydrating fruits which he commissioned across northern India, amongst much else.

4 The subject is so politically loaded in India that no verdicts/reports/investigations are reliable. The context was a pattern of chronic extremist violence directed at the Muslim community and presence in India, especially in Gujarat. Forensic investigators found that the fire started from within the carriage/s, yet it occurred during stone-throwing by those living and working beside the track who had just been assaulted by those in the carriages – and who therefore own the larger share of immediate responsibility. What is beyond dispute is that the Chief Minister promised to 'set an example' taking 'strict symbolic steps', in response. See Varadarajan, *op cit*, p.8.

5 *Times of India*, February 28 February, 2002. Page 3 has a detailed report on 'the absolute chaos that prevailed as VHP and Bajrang Dal activists ran amok' at Baroda station, including the death of the man stabbed in the back, serious injuries to a 35- and a 65-year-old man, and the abuse of 'an old lady'.

6 *ibid*.

7 The VHP or World Hindu Council led by the demagogic Pravin Togadia and Bajrang Dal, along with the RSS and political front the BJP, are hyper-Nationalist Hindus, known as the *sangh parivar* or the saffron brigade for their fondness for wearing orange.

8 Karan Grover, architect perhaps best known for championing the archeological site of Sultan Begada's walled city and at Champaner through to World Heritage status over a 30 year period. Bhupen was a supporter of Grover's efforts and gave him an affecting portrait in which the latter holds a Champa flower.

9 Malkangiri District is in the southwestern tip of the State, bordering Andhra Pradesh and Chattisgarh. A very remote corner, home to some protected tribes, including the Bondo, known for their high murder rate. During the 1990s, the People's War Group – Maoists based securely south of the Andhra border, part of the Naxalite movement and notoriously indiscriminate in targeting class enemies – were spotted in Malkangiri's forests and mountains but were said by local residents to be intimidated by the Bondo. They began moving during 2001, befriendng tribal communities and exploiting the sheer remoteness of the area as a safe haven to become well established.

I descend my hotel's grandly stepped entrance into a spookily quiet mid-morning for a pre-arranged meeting with architect Karan Grover⁸. Around the station there are lethargic armed policemen surrounded by groups of alert young men. Officers bark at someone crossing the road, grunt at me to stay on the blocked 'pavement', but ignore a gang of 25 saffron-clad 'activists' screaming *Jai Shri Ram* and other slogans, running and jumping along the middle of the road. Walking west on the deserted highway towards old Alkapuri, a two-wheeler swerves at me, shouts and jeers; another driver stares in astonished consternation before hurling more abuse across the wide road.

Bandhs are relentlessly frequent in urban India. I'm used to the rhythm of sudden as well as scripted closure: not-open-yet, closed-for-one-or-other-thing, no entry, forbidden, prohibited, permission-is-required, owner away or sick, family getting married. Endlessly staged closure and inactivity throughout the land. But I've never felt fear or real hostility in India, not while exploring Kashmir, nor alone in tribal forests controlled by the PWG in Odisha.⁹ It's beginning to feel like another country.

Grover's basement office is open but only just. He flew in in from Delhi this morning and soon a phone call prompts his assistant to evacuate the building. I refuse a lift and, the least-informed person in Baroda, am soon swarmed by another mob of saffron-clad boys, leaping, screeching, feinting attack. I'm 'A Foreigner', two-dimensional Indian-style, meaning non-Hindu and not-welcome. It feels like a bullying game, no more.

Later, having already arranged to see Bhupen, I walk the completely empty backstreets to his house. The calm is definitely eerie but at this point I'm also consciously enjoying my illicit freedom of the city. It feels very strange, like walking across the roof of the world, all the people invisible inside. It's priceless, the privilege.

Bhupen has been working hard in recent days, producing a handful of paintings for an imminent show of new work at his Delhi gallery, before partial retrospectives scheduled for Chicago, Madrid and Manchester. Today has been productive: on his working table beside the bench seat is a loose watercolour painting in an A3 pad, which he says he began and completed during the day. Usually these smallish ones appear over a couple of days.

'It is mountains only, only mountains', he says as he passes it to me: washes of brown, black and blue hills with green trees and prickly brown details. Not his best work but him at his best, fluid and clear. And yet, an unlikely painting for Bhupen Khakhar, lip-minstrel.

'Usually, I always have people in them', he adds.

Pleased to have more work for the show, he works on a new painting while we talk. It's based on an image of Hardiwar that I'd pointed to excitedly a couple of days earlier, in one of his black sketchbooks. After an hour or so he asks me if I'd go with him to visit his nephews and we set off east: past the Maharajah's Palace, over the railway crossing, through low-lying green groves and reconnecting with the suburban outskirts then heading for the Dabhoi Road. It's here that carefully chosen Muslim huts on one side of the road have been systematically burnt out. We're both agitated by the first sight of them: the clinical quality of it. As Gujarati fills the car, I realise that I'm shocked but not surprised to see this after months here.

It's only on our return, as we turn off the road to Dabhoi, that the scene has really blackened.

The sight is immediately strange. The small Makapura Police Station on the corner with three armed policemen in front of it is framed with stacks of 'black milk',¹⁰ clouds falling, ash rising in an unmistakable arrangement. There is pandemonium just beyond the policemen, where a big swarm of two-wheelers has landed on rough ground beside a pristine white complex of shops and apartments. The closest stream of smoke is coming from a roadblock made up of *gadis* and big bald tyres, not far from the rifle-wielding policemen. They

are studiously looking in the only direction not yet filled with black smoke, smiling and joking with each other, 'holding' the main road. A short distance away, there is a man contemptuously pulling and raking at things from the wooden shacks and kicking another *gadi* into the road towards more burning tyres. Each *gadi* represents a livelihood in India, and in that sense a life.

Beyond another small junction, our side of the highway is blocked by a truck which explodes before our eyes, flames halting two vehicles up ahead. Further along on the other side is another burning mass throwing up one of the three jet-black streaks that divide a sky hazy with smoke. The immediate area has been isolated, leaving us amid a swarm of 'activists': 30-odd men in their late 20s or older arrayed on two-wheelers, the majority of which are shining new scooters. They're 'vulturing' in circles, swooping and bunching, faces hardened and stretched with hate, eyes knowingly animal, jaws shining, a choked-back laugh of ugly triumph in their throats. They're affluent, respectable, mainstream New Indians.

Moving in a pack, glowing with indignant pride, exhilarated by their own daring, they regroup to renew their attack. One prominent store in the 'posh' shopping complex behind them to our left has a heap of smashed glass beneath its smoke-blackened steel-shutters. The name above is obscured by the same blackening hate. We manage to move towards the now fiercely burning truck but can see that both lanes are blocked. Two 4x4s before us twitch across the central verge, their tyres revealing understandable panic. Our only option, with the clean-shaven mob massed all over the junction, another vehicle 'torched' and burning blockages getting bigger as the last contents of another shack are yanked out, is to turn too. We manage to rotate in our lane and move slowly back towards the Dabhoi Road in taut silence. A new conflagration bursts into the sky to the right of us, but just before it a gap emerges onto a dark side lane. Beyond us are two-wheeled vultures and beyond the mob are their armed policemen. Bhupen speaks and we jerk into the narrow gap, edging nervously into a half-built suburb, away from the triumphant flames.

We keep on through dark and deserted suburban lanes, with diversionary road blocks in place from earlier in the day, for at least a kilometre, tracing a wide loop. We arrive back at Parmanan in complete silence, one overfilled with shock, shining faces and a dreadful stench. It's difficult to break it, very difficult to find words in it. Very, very difficult.

In Bhupen's car, we've just escaped a pogrom like the Jew-baiting and burning of Germany in the 1930s: planned destruction of livelihoods, violently clear messages sent with official sanction. Later this very night, it reaches the mosque in the neighbourhood we fled and burns three men alive inside. Later still there are more hackings, burnings, killings, in the same area and along the Dabhoi Road. In the horror ahead, thousands will be burnt, shot, hacked to death in Baroda, Ahmedabad and all across Gujarat in scenes like this, by men like this, with the collusion of state authorities. I don't witness these scenes, locked away under an army-patrolled curfew for the next five days, but they are the logical continuation and completion of what I have just seen. It's unmistakable, inevitable, horribly certain. When you've seen these faces, seen this much, there's little left to imagine. It is indelible and will inevitably come to stand for something. I only hope it isn't India.

After months in Gujarat none of this jars because it's the embodiment of an atmosphere in the streets, the mosques, in the political discourse, everywhere. I've sensed it, heard it, been told it, and felt it dimly for months. Now I've witnessed its logic in action. The majority population have spoken and suddenly all the mysterious silences, unanswered questions, apparently non-existent mosques or tombs and simmering hostility make sense. I'm unsurprised that Indians, Hindus, welcomed a chance to start evicting, burning out, murdering the Muslim/Minority/Terrorist within.

Prescriptions and justifications, calm as well as frenzied, have been offered to me in

person by fascist hard-liners. They have pressed their case while I sat on my bed in one of their *dharamsalas* in Dwarka. Hand-written notes have led me to them in corners of labyrinthine alleyways and across over-neat lunch tables in old and new Ahmedabad. However, though directly inspired by and clearly resembling European fascism, the term doesn't quite fit or fully cover India's hyper-nationalist Hindus or their leaders, including Chief Minister (now Prime Minister) Modi.¹¹ This is something more specific, as home-made or home-spun as Gandhi's *khadi*, and today, in Bhupen Khakhar's car, I saw what that means.

When we reach Parmanan,¹² Pandu prepares dinner: an uncomplicated Gujarati table of *sabzi*, *roti*, *chaval*, *kadhi* – a yoghurt-based curry – and buttermilk. All the while Bhupen queries and instructs his staff, before taking a call from his other expected guest. Their neighbourhood is closed off so Bhupen tells him to demand a police escort: 'if you want to come. I want you to come.' I hear him say this quite distinctly, the two speaking mostly in English, repeating or refining in Gujarati. 'It is quite safe here, it is ok here.' When Bhupen puts the phone down, discussions and instructions are over and he turns to eat a little of the delicious food. It's the first moment of complete silence since we returned and it embalms us.

Recently I'd enthused about a CD of Narsinh Mehta's *bhajans* I'd found in Baroda's upmarket Crossword bookstore. Bhupen found his own copy and started skipping from track to track, singing favourites with a peculiar mix of sweet spontaneity and hearty earnestness. I could only join by shaking raised hands with absent 'bells', in what I suppose was a similar spirit. He details his loves, grief at their mortality and his own cancer treatments, with some horror: 'I will not have any more chemotherapy.' Earlier today he offered me the use of a small flat he owns nearby, even though he'll soon be away in Delhi and then Chicago. He asked me what I would need, and I told him that all I needed was a table to write on.

'I am away but I can tell them here, and you can come. You can just take a table from here.'

Now I'm onto the second of what will be three hot toddies, Bhupen's treatment for a particularly heavy cold I caught from him and can't quite lose. We've achieved this much intimacy, but still cannot talk about what we've just witnessed. As we eat I wrestle with words, trying to think of something, anything, worthwhile to say. Anything just so that we don't say nothing. Something to break the doomy – bewildered, shocked, hurt, shaming – silence growing where so many confidences have been exchanged. Something just so that it is not nothing that has been said. A nothing that is ringing in both our heads. What comes out is trite, hopeless, as good as nothing. I can't even hear myself speak and my words self-erase. Whatever it is, it's unanswerable and Bhupen finds no way to respond.

Any words would over-simplify, they'd be dishonest and demeaning of what has been witnessed. It's too soon, too much. Words could only be negations of intimacy, love and friendship. Words without lips. Words that touch, nowhere.

10 This ominous phrase is Paul Celan's, from *Todesfuge*, Selected Poems, Penguin London, 1996.

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink you at noon death is a master from Germany
we drink you at sundown and in the morning we drink and we drink you
death is a master from Germany his eyes are blue
he strikes you with leaden bullets his aim is true
a man lives in the house your golden hair Margarete
he sets his pack on to us he grants us a grave in the air.

11 Narendra Modi, notoriously fanatical RSS member, was Chief Minister during these pogroms, won a landslide just after them and then again, serving 3 terms before winning the national election in 2014.

12 Bhupen named his self-designed house for his father: 'parmanan' means 'perfect happiness'.

* * *

A year later I turn in at the Chikoowadi crossroads and notice a change: Racharna has become the swastik-wielding Stitch Wel. At Bhupen's yellow-painted sanctuary, I'm led towards a new studio-bedroom at the top of extended stairs. I find him hairless, baby-faced, in varieties of pain, but making paintings, eager to smile, and thirsting for story. Today, Bhupen sits, between grimacing shuffles to empty medical bags and without fretting about the stains on his *lungi*. Another day he lies flat, encouraging my tales of thousand-mile quests for a codified manuscript, an Imperial afterbirth,¹³ 'bent' stepwell¹⁴ or song – lately in heavy monsoon.

'Normally the people who come always come in winter', he says to Sunil Kothari, visiting from Delhi. 'Nobody comes in other seasons, for example in monsoon. So they do not know about the rains', he adds supportively.

When I have to leave Baroda, Bhupen and I look hard at each other, knowing that we will not do so again. I notice the tear filling one eye and that he holds it, but I missed how close he knew he was to dying.

I don't know if the elegant woman actually died at the check-in but three close members of my family did between visits to Parmanan, in a series of accidents that nearly claimed me too. The stormy bewilderment of leaving Bhupen that day didn't prepare me for the news received in London six weeks later, that at 69 he was no more. Bhupen survived his older partner by eight days – the happiest of sad endings. ●

13 Emperor Aurangzeb was born on the borders of Gujarat and Madhya Pradesh, Dohad/Dahod, when the Imperial court visited Ahmedabad. The afterbirth was buried and memorialised at a site beyond its urban limits where a ruined masjid sits in a little copse today.

14 Stepwells, baolis, or wavs are more or less literally inverted Hindu-style temples to water, found all across Gujarat, providing access to often scarce water, shade and shelter for travellers. The 'bent' or L-shaped one, a rarity and possible origin of the form, is known as the Manjushri stepwell, located near a village called Dhank, in Saurashtra, Gujarat.

Muhafiz Khan's Masjid

————— Guy Mannes-Abbott

Muhafiz Khan's masjid, or mosque, condenses all the best qualities of Ahmedabad's architectural innovation and allure: my first and last favourite in the city. A city founded as the capital of Sultanate Gujarat and thereafter frequently in the vanguard of medieval and modern Indian life.

Today, the masjid sits with its back to Dr. Ambedkar Marg in the north of the old city, near Delhi or Idar Gate, named for destinations once reached through it. This is one of a series of gates that memorialise fortified walls brought down in the 1930s, leaving intact the tightly formed interior of 300-plus *mohallas* or residential enclosures. In their centre, the *Jama masjid* (Friday mosque) is served by a vast compound which leads into an enclosure of tombs for Ahmed I and sons, then another for the *ranis* or queens. The gates once led through gardens to further tombs, masjids and palaces, which encrust the edges of the stepped pool at Sarkhej.

Ahmedabad was founded on the east bank of the Sabarmati river in 1411 and became the first fully articulated Islamic city in India, bustling with continuous life ever since. Muhafiz Khan's masjid dates from 1492, the peak moment in a century and a half of invention during which the city rivalled Delhi for wealth and cultural influence.¹ Ahmedabad's finely-conceived old city inspired Emperor Akbar to his own heights at Fatehpur Sikri after conquering Gujarat in 1572–23,² and is still largely present today in its fort and *caravanserai*, in its run of riverside bastions and walls, processional gateways, exquisite tombs and masjids.

Muhafiz Khan's masjid, as with many of these elegant buildings, is best encountered just after dawn or at least during the making of morning. The earliest sunlight of the day cuts sharply across interior floors, reaching into the *mihirabs*, prayer niches, in their westerly walls, and forensically examining the highly-worked floral detail in the sandstone. It's risen like this more than 200,000 times over more than 500 years, but its effect – to quickly warm the stone and atmosphere of these intimate sanctuaries – feels new each morning.

Ahmedabad's smaller neighbourhood masjids were often built for the private use of *ranis* and *khans* when the walled city was predominantly Muslim. Today they are the finest public buildings and spaces in the city. At dawn my mind weighs this publicness, which transforms havens of contemplative privacy, protected from the everyday life of a city that shakes and roars, into inclusive, utilitarian spaces. This is why, within easily observed parameters, they feel homely. The exterior walls of the *Jama masjid*, for example, harbour stalls hawking foodstuffs amidst a hustling downtown market. Its linked tomb-enclosures are lined with scaled-down

1 There is extensive literature from and about the city and related state of Gujarat, one of if not the most written-about states in India. Central to that literature is Mohammad Ali Khan's *Mirat-i Ahmadi*, from 1752, which currently only exists in English in partial or very poor translations.

2 Akbar's quickly-abandoned new capital contains stunningly abstracted trabeated forms, ravishing Islamic decoration of pavilion walls, glories of water-engineering as well as the white marble *jali* screens of the Chishti *pir*'s shrine. It took Akbar 12 years to build, including the truly monumental victory arch on the ridge, which celebrates securing Gujarat for the second time. Ahmedabad arguably crystallises these elements more fully – and it lives!

terraced housing, while encircling passages are taken over by the market during the day, and by *gadis* and ‘two-wheelers’ at night.

Muhafiz Khan is the title given to Jamalu’d-din Silahdar when he was made *Faujdar*, or chief magistrate in 1470. Eventually he became a *Vazir* or principal minister in the court of Mahmud Bigarah, whose Sultanacy stretched from northerly Jodhpur to Mumbai, and from easterly Mandu to the Great Rann of Kachchh. At dawn his *masjid* is a gloomy hulk, the qibla-heavy ‘back’ shading a street blocked by double-storey domes and minarets and crowded by mature trees inside the compound. However, it still overwhelms me when I first step through the side gate into the dappled sanctuary of its ‘rear’ and then turn to take in its architecturally concentrated ‘face’ at 10 in the morning. Here are all the pioneering, syncretic elements of Islamic Indian architecture in one powerful hit.

As a building it innovates by concentrating influences. Indigenous Jain and Hindu trabeation involves a horizontal composition of pillars, beams, brackets, domes and *shikharas*, with figurative encrustations of grace and madcap vulgarity. Yet this *masjid* is radically foreshortened: raised cleverly within and given a novel frontage into which are cut three elegant arches.³ Above are decorative *jharokhas* or balcony windows, while full-size ones activate the north and south ends. The minarets are the finest left standing in the city: positioned at the ends of the structure, superbly chunky, riotously seductive in their floral decoration, and ringed with balconies as they rise in tiers above the roof. On first ascent, my shoulders almost jam in the narrowing dark; a flash photograph reveals my feet are twice the depth of the steps.

Another morning I arrive as a group of identically-dressed men are meeting for a class. Outside there are rolled-up prayer mats, one or two shoulder bags open in the sun. Soon the men gather in a loose circle in the middle of the floor, split into pairs to perform some role playing and regather for an animated discussion, too involved to care about my adventures with the building. I climb to the top of a *minar*, where large cracks from the 2001 earthquake gape open. I closely examine the elaborate lichened brackets which circle under the balconies, and look out from where the *muezzin* once sang.

The class is still absorbed when I re-emerge below to engage the extremely elaborate *mihrab* and striking *minbar* (pulpit) with carved steps rising two metres. On top, in place of the Imam’s missing canopy, is a stack of notebooks in use, more in cotton wraps. These *minbars* were replaced by more humble three-stepped ones during Emperor Aurangzeb’s era. The most extravagantly carved of the originals, complete with canopy, is at Hilal Khan Qazi’s 14th century⁴ *masjid* in Dholka, 35 kilometres downstream of Ahmedabad. At Cambay, 50 kilometres further south on the coast, the *Jama masjid* is of a similar vintage, with raised *minbar* and some striking tombstones. The tombstones, bearing intimately scaled *masjids*, were built by Iranian traders⁵ near Bhadreswar, on the coast of Kachchh.

3 Just as Cees Nooteboom could only see Iranian minarets in the desert as ‘defiant... like a clenched fist’ (Nomad’s Hotel, Harvill Secker, London 2006, p. 130), notionally-secular Indian accounts reveal their prejudices all too easily. Arches, being culturally Islamic introductions, were read as violent and triumphal, for example. I like the dignity of this in relation to architectural synthesis: ‘Thus, the Gujarat style became by far the most successfully indigenous subversion of the Islamic architectural requirements.’ From a governmental Archeological Survey of India publication by K.V. Soundara Rajan, Ahmedabad, New Delhi 1980.

4 Dating from 1333, during the early Tughluq sultanacy in Delhi.

5 Bhupen Khakhar’s paintings of intimate mosque settings, which he told me he painted after visiting Shah Alam’s complex of tombs and *masjids* south of Ahmedabad’s old city, are impressionistic, atmospheric syntheses. His mosques bear a crescent finial, for example, while Gujarat was known for use of the *pippal* leaf finial in the 15th century, predating the take-up of what became the Ottoman symbol. His mosques are shown near or beside the sea: these 12th-century Iranian structures in Kachchh are the most likely candidates for his visual memory. Mehrdad Shokoohy has written extensively about the site in *Badresvar: The Oldest Islamic Monuments in India*, Brill, Leiden, 1988.



Fig. a



b

I sit in the broken shade outside, marvelling at the quality of peace here, its proximate contrast. I’m joined by a latecomer to the group, Nasir, who greets me with the usual warmth met in this hidden quarter. Nasir’s full of vigour and when I tell him it’s my favourite place in the city, perhaps in all Gujarat, he tells me how Allah must have helped to make it. ‘Man cannot do this. Allah has made it possible.’ He states this dogma in an undogmatic way, his voice nuanced with good-humoured sophistication. I don’t need to share his belief: I was also woken this morning by the embracing call of predawn *azan* for the *fajr namaaz*.

After the anti-Muslim violence of 2002 subsided, I returned through Ahmedabad’s urban ravines, finding survivors sheltering in nearly all the same elegant buildings and compounds. Conversations are different: shaped by trauma together with profound gratification at my witness of what has been done to them. The difference is less visible, instead contained in a pervasive mood and muted manner. Yet, immediately I spot the red graffiti on Muhafiz Khan’s *qiblas* and the smashed *jharokha* just off the street, with the idiot-rubble of 15th-century carvings neatly stacked beneath the secured opening – quite an act of trust. Matching small windows have also been smashed and crudely repaired. I bare my feet with dread at what I will find inside.

Beyond the gate in the peculiarly private public courtyard everything is as it was. I can’t help scouring the whole building, chancing the tight steps to the top of the *minars* again. Elsewhere *masjids* have been bulldozed, tombs outside police stations razed and quickly resurfaced.

Several years elapse before I next shuffle out of my footwear and squeeze up to the roof via a little arch in the *minar*. Conversations here – with two well-mannered old-timers and an immaculately presented young man – bear an even greater mutedness and relief at my recognising its cause, since perpetrators have only been unjustly rewarded. This irreality has sedimented and yet the two smashed windows and *jharokha* have been restored in the same finely cut, locally sourced, stone.

Home in London once more, at the Victoria and Albert Museum’s stores, a cabinet opens just above my head to sandalwood odours and then the sight of the architectural models. Gradually, a *mihrab*, a *minbar*, pair of windows, *jalis* and brackets assemble on a trolley covered with sheets of white tissue paper. These precisely worked ‘specimens’ from Muhafiz Khan’s *masjid* were brought by sea to London from Ahmedabad for the first World’s Fair, the Great

Exhibition in 1851.⁶ They were exhibited with at least one other marvel now in the V&A's collection⁷: a desktop model of Mian Khan Chishti's masjid – located a couple of kilometres north of Delhi gate.

I wonder what exactly they thought they were exhibiting in 1851, what visitors thought they were seeing? The subcontinent was then administered by the East India Company, though within a decade the land, people, Muhafiz Khan's masjid and even its minbar became Imperial possessions. The men tasked to record, evaluate, investigate, preserve and curate these objects were invariably polemical champions of all things Indian. Hard to despise, if no less hard to embrace, except that models like this are made with admiration, perhaps even love.

Ahmedabad is home to an Islamic spectrum: from Chisti sufism to Yemeni Bohras,⁸ with links to Bokhara and on. The old city has Catholic and Protestant institutions, a Parsi aqiyari, Jewish synagogue, Hinduism's broad range and a multivalent Jain presence, elements of which financed Mughal, British, and Republic of India overlords. Indian Islam's contrapuntalism⁹ is evidenced architecturally in the embrace I've described, along with bent entrances to overtly enclosed *galis* or residential alleyways in the old city's Kalupur, where a friend explains to me the distinctions between *haram*/forbidden and *batin*/hidden.

The old city is now dwarfed by the modern one expanding west of the Sabarmati river, which links and divides the 21st-century city. During its first century, Ahmedabad articulated mature cultural forms with the aspirations and attractions of the Sultanate period. During the last century it hosted, financed and peopled the Independence movement and concretised India's modernity with buildings by Le Corbusier and Louis Khan. The city is home to Balkrishna Doshi's finest buildings, including his own office, Sangath. Finally, Charles Corea's Gandhi Museum stands in the grounds of Gandhiji's campaigning ashram, on the west bank of the Sabarmati opposite the ascetic Mian Khan Chisti's masjid.

If the wrestling and negotiability of all this is constant, Ahmedabad's compelling buildings represent its consolidation. In them, argumentative origins, elements, tastes and traditions fall out and agree to very refined effect. Architecturally, this is brilliantly resolved in Muhafiz Khan's masjid. As a public space, one I feel at home in, actual use overwhelms law and ridicules reductive notions of national or religious origins in blood or terra.

The models of mihrabs and *jalis* are marvellous and yet perplexing in isolation. In any case, nothing comes near the dizzying pleasure of approaching Muhafiz Khan's masjid in its living context, removing footwear to step over hot stones to join others, sit alone, or enter the building for any other reason, personal or shared. ●

6 They might have been commissioned for it since there was quite a scramble to assemble material of this kind from India. See Royle, JF, 'The Arts and Manufactures of India' in *Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition of 1851*, London, 1852.

7 The V&A was then known as the South Kensington Museum, and did not receive these modelled parts until 1855, when they were probably being readied for the Exposition Universelle in Paris that year, but so far as we know they were never shown there.

8 The Bohra community are originally from Yemen: cosmopolitan, Shia, traders – *bohra* is the Gujarati term for trader – with a distinct architectural presence in the pre-Sultanate capital of Gujarat at Pattan, nearby Sidhpur and Ahmedabad in particular, but they are spread throughout the state and beyond.

9 A term I use commonsensically to indicate the way in which apparently conflicting ideas or cultural traditions work/thrive together in a newly negotiated or assembled form – and with Bach's *The Art of the Fugue* foremost in mind!



Fig. c



d



e



f

Fig.

- a Minbar
- b Minbar from Muhafiz Khan's Masjid, Mid-19th century model, collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum.
- c Interior courtyard
- d Muhafiz Khan's Masjid from the street
- e Jharokha – damaged in 2002
- f Jharokha – restored, photographed in 2013

Kalpa Vriksha

————— An interview with Tarun Nagesh, Associate Curator of Asian Art,
Queensland Gallery of Modern Art by Nick Garner

NG Can you introduce *Kalpa Vriksha: Contemporary Indigenous and Vernacular Art of India* and describe how it fits within the 8th Asia Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art (APT8)¹?

TN *Kalpa Vriksha* is a focus project developed for the APT, and explores the practices of nineteen contemporary artists from different regions of India. This was an opportunity to investigate art forms from remote parts of India, and specifically to look at some of the most exciting and experimental artists working within styles and traditions with long and interesting histories: from the painting styles of Gond, Mithila, Warli, Patachitra, Phad and Kalighat to the clay sculptures of the Rajwar artists from Chhattisgarh or the Kaavad shrines from Rajasthan. These include some fascinating techniques that have operated as forms of communication, celebration and storytelling for millennia, and are now used to comment on contemporary issues and subjects. *Kalpa Vriksha* primarily focusses on a younger generation of artists, several of whom are direct descendants of the first artists to gain international recognition in their respective traditions.

In developing the exhibition we wanted to acknowledge the great diversity in which these forms of art operate and avoid making any judgements of their role in broader contemporary art discourse. Rather, we wanted to present a collection of works by artists we found deeply interesting for audiences to contemplate in a larger context. It's impossible to embark on a complete survey of the indigenous and vernacular art of India on this scale, as there are many thriving forms we haven't included, but it is a chance to highlight some styles and techniques that we thought would complement other works in APT8.

NG I understand 'vernacular art' as a way to document, reflect and reinforce the values and practices of everyday life. How do the different traditions and practices in *Kalpa Vriksha* function within their communities?

TN The vernacular is an idea that threads through the Triennial, reflected not only in the use of everyday materials, but also in the use of everyday processes. Central to this idea in *Kalpa Vriksha* is an exploration of the role that these art forms play in the communities from which they originate, and how they operate as part of indigenous or regional cultures. Spiritual belief and a knowledge of the stories particular to their belief-systems still play a huge part in the communities today and the artists' role in documenting and teaching the narratives

¹ 8th Asia Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art
21 November 2015 – 10 April 2016
Queensland Gallery of Modern Art

specific to these cultures continues. However, these traditions also served to document surroundings and events, and so they now serve as vehicles to address pressing concerns across India, such as the rights and treatment of women today, the balance of life in the city and village, health issues and depictions of disasters such as the Asian Tsunami or Gujarat earthquake. In this way the focus on contemporary subject matter is an evolution of a storytelling tradition, rather than a disjuncture.

Historically, the types of art practices that we see in *Kalpa Vriksha* were very closely and intimately woven into the fabric of community life. They would adorn the walls of dwellings, serve as communicative devices or be used for local celebrations and festivals. By taking these intimate forms and using them to address a new set of concerns, the artists in *Kalpa Vriksha* create a link from the global or national level back to the community level.

NG The spirituality and belief systems vary greatly between different communities. How do we see these traditions relating to and evolving within the broader religious traditions in India, of Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Zoroastrianism etc.?

TN How the belief systems of communities operate and their relationships to the major Asian religions is incredibly complex. Over a long time, local beliefs have intertwined with larger religions, and the art has been employed to navigate this. In the traditional practices of most communities you'll see numerous depictions of the Hindu epics, like the Ramayana and Mahabharata, but alongside these you'll find images specific to local belief or customs.

A good example is Warli art. Warlis have their own belief system, although aspects of Hinduism have crept in over time. Gods are not commonly represented in Warli art; there is a tradition instead of representing manifestations of the divine through birds, animals and plants. One of the major works in the exhibition is a massive Warli painting by Balu Ladkya Dumada, who narrates the story of a woman who gives birth to a crane that eventually marries the princess and is turned into a man. This is a local story, but you may well find similar stories in other cultures.

Gond art is based on songs, stories and animistic beliefs. The Gonds are one of the largest indigenous cultures of India, with over 10 million people spread through several states. They rivalled Hindu kingdoms in the past, but they also integrated some of the Hindu deities into their visual vocabulary, resulting in the characteristic images of animals alongside selected Hindu gods.

Patachitra are long, brightly coloured scrolls that are intimately bound with itinerant storytelling and song. Patachitra artists would travel from village to village performing and narrating stories following the sections of the scroll. These are said to be one of the oldest forms of audio-visual communication. As Patachitra artists were employed by the villages they visited, they would narrate the stories of their patron audience. Interestingly, many of the Patachitra artists are Islamic, but they most commonly perform in Hindu areas so they narrate the Hindu epics. They also visit Muslim and occasionally Christian communities and illustrate the imagery accordingly. These scrolls are now used for education and popular entertainment purposes – they might be used to warn of the spread of disease, to tell of global events or even to recreate the narratives of Hollywood movies.

Kalighat painting evolved exclusively for visitors to the Kali temple in Kolkata and combines the technique of Patachitra with miniature painting. As collectable images for Hindu visitors its imagery was distinctly religious, but as a folk art form it continues to represent all manner of secular life.

NG How does experimentation feature within these traditions and techniques?

TN There is a long history of experimentation within these styles – they are continually evolving. A noticeable transformation occurred in the 1980s when external interest developed and artists began creating works for audiences beyond their surroundings. This transformation was marked by a move from painting directly on dwellings to the use of paper, canvas and synthetic paint. Now we see artists continuing to capture historical images and narratives with new approaches, while equally representing their own lives and exploring a wealth of issues that may be personal or resonate throughout the world.

In the case of the Rajwar sculpture, the entire technique has been born out of experimentation, due to the imaginative resourcefulness of the late artist Sonabai. Building on a very simple convention of decorating doorways, she began adorning her home with sculptures, illustrations and architectural features to entertain herself and her young son while living in solitude for many years. The ongoing legacy of her creativity evolved into an artform particular to the remote region of Chhattisgarh.

NG How do we see the various geographical and social contexts reflected in the works?

TN The art forms in the exhibition are primarily from the central part of India, sometimes referred to as the Central Tribal Belt of India. The vast majority of the population of this part of India is rural, and it also contains some of the poorest areas of the country. Common themes in the art of this region revolve around harvest ceremonies, farming, village stories, and spirituality embedded in nature. The Phad and Kaavad are art forms from Rajasthan, an area known for its rich arts and crafts, as well as being the home to some of the major miniature painting traditions, and I think these are apparent in the techniques applied in these traditions.

Mithila or Madhubani painting comes from the Madhubani region of Bihar which crosses into Nepal. It is thought to have developed from murals commissioned by royalty of ancient kingdoms of Nepal, and as such is deeply associated with Hindu belief and influenced by other art forms of the Nepali kingdoms.

In several of the styles trees feature heavily, and this was the inspiration of the title of the project – *Kalpa Vriksha* – which loosely means a divine or wish-fulfilling tree and is applied to different types of trees in different areas and under different beliefs. We thought it an appropriate metaphor for the diversity of beliefs and regions represented, and that the idea of a divine tree or tree of life also resonates with other cultures around the world.

NG Can you tell us about *Fruit Gun* (2009) by Venkat Raman Singh Shyam?

TN The painting is part of a series of works Shyam created following the terrorist attacks in Mumbai in 2008. Shyam was in Mumbai at the time and afterwards created a series of works surrounding the events. Shyam explains the painting as symbolising terrorism growing like fruits on trees, while the patterning and line work is characteristic of Gond art. Venkat Singh Shyam is the nephew of the late artist Jangarh Singh Shyam – the most famous indigenous artist from India and the first indigenous Indian artist to gain international attention following inclusion in Jean-Hubert Martin's pioneering Pompidou show *Magiciens De La Terre* in 1989. He later committed suicide in Japan in 2001 under circumstances which called into question the perceptions and treatment of India's rural

and indigenous populations. Venkat Raman Singh Shyam is working in the Pardhan Gond tradition and he continues to experiment and extend Gond motifs and subjects.

NG What is the history behind Balu Ladkya Dumada's *The God appears in the form of a crane bird* (2010)?

TN Warli art has a very distinctive style, with its roots believed to be up to 10,000 years old. Warli painting is characterised by the use of geometric forms to convey a narrative, with white lines against an earthy red or brown surface traditionally made using rice paste and a bamboo stick on red mud and cowdung walls. Historically it was painted only by women to record auspicious and ceremonial occasions. It is said that the Warlis do not have a written language, and their art served as a form of documentation. Male artists have now become the predominant practitioners within an international art context, following the lead of senior artist Jivya Soma Mashe. Mashe began painting on canvas and paper in the 1980s at the encouragement of local curators. Balu Ladkya *The God appears in the form of a crane bird* is a grand-scale narrative of a fable as part of the the Warli belief-system by Balu Ladkya Dumada. Dumada has extended the Warli's focus on natural scenes and daily life to specialise in painting folk stories, with each of his paintings illustrating a specific story.

NG How do these works by the Gond and Warli compare to the Mithila?

TN Like Gond and Warli painting, Mithila paintings were created as murals, primarily for the internal walls and floors of dwellings. It was first 'discovered' in the 1930s after a severe earthquake tore open buildings, exposing the beautiful painted walls inside. Linked with marriage and social ceremonies, it has strong themes of sexuality and the union between male and female. The works are recognizable by their intricate, often monochrome line drawing and geometric borders. Pushpa Kumari draws on this iconography to address contemporary historical and social issues, often focusing on issues with particular relevance to women – such as infanticide, dowry deaths², and sexuality – but also global events; her work *Tsunami* (2015) is an energetic depiction of natural disaster. Kumari was raised in the village of Madhubani in the Mithila region by her grandmother, Mahasundari Devi, a well-known painter and one of the earliest Mithila artists to gain widespread recognition. ●

² Dowry deaths refer to the deaths of women by suicide or violence committed by husbands or in-laws in an attempt to extort money or goods as dowry for marriage.

Rewriting history

———— FX Harsono

Identity

When I first started questioning my identity as a Chinese Indonesian, I tried to take the cultural approach. I thought that this approach would prove to be the right one to see myself as a part of the society. Since very early on, I have always tried to situate myself as a part of the society. I think I've never viewed myself only as my own self or as a lone individual. It is the awareness that I am a part of the community that always encourages me to create works that have as their points of departure social issues, the things that are external to me.

After Soeharto was ousted, I saw big changes happening in all sectors of life in this country. The Reformation Era—that was how people and those leaders welcomed the new era, which turned out to be no better in terms of the clarity of direction that it would take. Still, at least the flow of information has forced people to be more open to criticism. In these changes, I started to question the direction that my art was taking. A small, shrewd question then: “Who am I? What is it in me that always drives me to relate my art with the social and political situations?” The question forced me to go out and seek the answer.

I realised that I was entering the realm in which identity was being questioned. Therefore, the easiest way for me to take would be through the culture from which I came, and in which I grew up. As a child, I lived with my grandmother whom I called Mak Hong and my grandfather Oh Djie Hong. I started to see how I understood the Chinese culture. It turned out that I did not understand it at all. I've had nothing to do with the Chinese culture since I was nine or ten. I then tried to see myself in the context of the Javanese culture, because as a child I lived with my grandmother in the kampong and she was a Javanese. My grandmother was a Catholic but also a devotee of the Javanese traditional belief of Kejawen. She said she admired Aidit, whom she saw as a defender of the commoners. After my grandmother died—I was around ten at the time—I began to live with my parents. My experience of living with my grandmother and playing with my friends in the kampong turned out to have given me no understanding of the Javanese culture. I failed to try to trace my identity through the cultural approach.

I started to see myself as an individual. It was time for me to try to revisit my history and the history of my family. The search led to intriguing discoveries. My father was a photographer. He had a photo studio in the town of Blitar. My mother went to a Catholic school that used to go by the name of HCS or the Dutch Chinese School. She spoke fluent Dutch. Like my grandmother, she was also a Catholic. I had been christened as a Catholic when I was a baby.

Starting from history

I was born and grew up in the town of Blitar. I lived on a small lane called Tjoe Tien Alley. The land on which the houses stood was owned by a landlord named Oei Tjoe Tien. There were fourteen houses on the small lane. The houses were built in two lines, standing back-to-back. All the residents were Chinese.

I remember that there was a black photo book that was always placed at the sitting room. The photo album contained pictures my father took of the exhumation of the bodies of the Chinese. Only the bones remained. The pictures were taken in 1951. My father often told me stories of the killings of the Chinese in the villages around Blitar from 1947 to 1949, during the period that we know as the Second Clash.

The photographs are of the size of 6x6 cm. There were around 60 photographs. On each picture there was information about the time when the picture was taken, the names of the villages in which the victims were found and the number of victims. I don't know why the pictures remain intact while, sometime after 1965, my father burnt the other pictures relating to the activities of the Chinese community. I took the album and I'm fortunate that I was able to scan all the pictures, making good-quality electronic copies and so to this day I am able to store them neatly on my computer.

nDudah

Using the photographs as a point of departure, I started to trace down the events that took place between 1947 – 1949. The habit of doing research before creating a work made it easy for me to bring history and art together. Apart from books, interviews and the effort to trace the locations where the Chinese graves had been found, I also found a mass grave in the Chinese cemetery in Karang Sari, Blitar. People called the place “Bong Belung”—a hybrid phrase from the Chinese word of ‘bong’, meaning burial, and the Javanese word of ‘belung’, meaning bones. What had been buried in the mass grave were only the bones.

In my search I found ten eye witnesses of the 1949 killing. Those we met called the event “nDudah”, the excavation of the tombs of the Chinese who had been murdered and buried without anyone's knowledge about their names. They had been buried just anywhere. In 1951, Chung Hua Chung Hui established a team to find the mass graves spread around the town of Blitar. My father, the town photographer, was a part of the team documenting the excavation. The team was assisted by the locals who were aware of the locations where the victims had been buried.

The research gave rise to the works that I made that talk about the killings of the Chinese. In the beginning it was only about the killing that took place around the town of Blitar. I subsequently obtained further information and data from friends about killings that had taken place in other towns. Stanley Adi Prasetyo gave me a document titled *Memorandum: Outlining act of violence and humanity perpetrated by Indonesia band on innocent Chinese before and after the Dutch Police Action was enforced on July 21, 1947*, which encouraged me to find other mass graves in other towns.

The video performance of *Berzarah ke Sejarah (Pilgrimage to History, 2013)* shows my pilgrimage to a number of the mass graves that I had found in several towns in East Java. I found mass graves in Blitar, where 191 victims had been buried; in Tulungagung, with 73 victims; in Kediri, 310 victims; Nganjuk, 784; Yogyakarta, 26; Muntilan, 17. All had been buried in the Chinese cemeteries.

Integration

Family members only started to visit the mass graves after 2000, after Soeharto fell. The Chinese felt safe doing the pilgrimage after Abdurrahman Wahid (Gus Dur) became president. Cek Djoen Kiem, a keeper who took care of the Chinese cemetery in Karang Sari, Blitar, affirmed this:

After Gus Dur took office, family members of the victims felt brave enough to come every Ceng Beng, or Qingming in Chinese. This is the Tomb-Cleaning Day, a day to remember the ancestors and pay respect to them. Everyone prays before the graves of their ancestors, cleaning the graves and praying. The ritual took place in the beginning of spring.

In my quest to trace the history of the Chinese, I conducted a lot of interviews, read books and searched the archives. I have come to the conclusion that many things relating to the issue of the Chinese have been hidden or removed from the writing of the Indonesian history, everything from tragic events like murders or discrimination to positive things such as the participation of the Chinese in the Indonesian struggle for freedom and the development of the nation.

The Chinese have a saying, “not all Chinese are angels; neither are they all devils.” It means that we cannot see all Chinese the same, as a monolithic group or community with a negative stigma. I came across an old book entitled *Naskah – Persiapan Undang-Undang Dasar 1945* (The Drafting of the 1945 Constitution), written by Prof. Mr. Hadji Muhammad Yamin. In the book, there is a map outlining the seats of the members of the Committee for the Preparatory Work for the Indonesian Independence, or the BPUPKI. On the map, we can see that there are four Chinese names. They were Liem Koen Hian, Tan Eng Hoa, Oei Tjong Hauw and Oei Tiang Tjoei. During the meeting of the Committee for the Preparation of Indonesian Independence, we see the name of Yap Tjwan Bing. The involvement of these Chinese is never mentioned in the Indonesian history.

In his essay, *Mendulang Nasionalisme Aktivisme Politik Orang Tionghoa Pasca-Soeharto* (Harvesting the Nationalism of Political Activism of the Chinese in Post-Soeharto Era) in the book *Setelah Air Mata Kering* (After the Tears Have Dried), the scholar I. Wibowo said:

If one looks back even further, there were four Chinese men who attended the reading of the Youth Pledge on October 28, 1928. They were Kwee Thiam Hong, Oey Kay Siang, John Lauw Tjoan Hok and Tjio Djien Kwie. The names remain on the record, but they seem to have disappeared in the discourse about the development of the country and the nation.

History determines the direction

The history that I present in art is often interpreted as the desire to keep on bringing back the bitter past of the Chinese community. There is the question of: Why don't you just talk about the role of the Chinese as we are welcoming the future of the Indonesian nation? I'm always surprised by that question. I suspect that this question has to do with the desire to forget and hide our self-identity as Chinese, or to fulfil what we know as the wish to repress the China-ness in order to survive as Chinese. Or perhaps there is this assumption that revisiting the bitter history is akin to recalling the memory of the Chinese identity, which appeared as if it has been erased by the regulation to change names. The question seems to run counter to the effort to find and see a clear direction for the role that the Chinese could be playing in the nation-building process for Indonesia in the days to come. It will be impossible to have a clear





sense of direction in our participation without looking back at history and trying to understand it. Re-reading history means understanding who we are. I realise that I am an Indonesian through my understanding of history. Without a strong understanding of history, it will be too easy for me to go out of Indonesia and become a part of any other nation, or to exchange my Indonesian nationalism with another thing.

Historical awareness

It is indeed a difficult position that the Chinese Indonesians have in trying to determine the direction that we should be taking, as well as the political objectives that we should be achieving as a part of the Indonesian nation. It is difficult to erase the old stigma. Compounding the problem is the fact that there has been an absence of Chinese names in any activities that have taken place during the development process of the country ever since the Chinese names were changed to Indonesian names. This would make it seem as if the Chinese never plays any role in the development process. Furthermore, there is also the lack of clarity in regards to the concept of Indonesian nationhood. Is it only the “indigenous” groups who would be considered as the true members of the Indonesian nation? Indonesia does not only consist of indigenous ethnic groups: there are also those of Arab, Indian and Chinese descent, as well as those who have come from from other nations and those of European descent. The fact is, it is only the Chinese descendants who been forced to become “ostensibly” indigenous in order to be accepted as a part of the Indonesian nation.

Leo Suryadinata writes about how the Indonesian nationhood has been established:

After the Indonesian independence, a modern concept of nationhood has been embraced by a few of Indonesian political figures. Dr. Muhammad Hatta, for example, defined the Indonesian nationhood in political terms: a true democrat with Indonesian citizenship, without looking at their ancestry. Apparently, however, Hatta’s concept saw only a few proponents.

It is indeed impossible to ignore the roles that the Chinese have taken and played during the Indonesian development process. The integration process, however, has never

reached its conclusion even after the Chinese have been living in the Indonesian archipelago for centuries. I. Wibowo wrote:

One of the problems ... has been the recognition of the existence of the Chinese ethnic group as Indonesian citizens, from the time long past and to this day. Because of this lack of recognition—such goes their thinking—the Chinese suffer treatment that is different from any other citizen. The most significant indicator for this is the disappearance of Chinese names in the books of Indonesian national history. The Chinese are seen as a group without any contributions to the development of the Indonesian nation and state.

History does not only serve as a source of inspiration for the creation of my art, but also provides me with a new sense of awareness about how to serve fellow humans and the Indonesian nation. Re-viewing the problems that the Chinese have suffered in Indonesia does not mean that I have a desire to rebuke, re-victimise or merely romanticise it all. Rather, there is a desire to take a shrewd look at them and learn from them, so that we do not forget and repeat past mistakes. A nation matures not because of the brilliant events and successes, but rather how the nation courageously recognises their past mistakes and learns from them.

Let us try to be honest and recognise how history is almost always written by the victors. Those who lose have to surrender, or wait for their turn to come. Now, are we going to simply surrender to the powers that be and wait, or should we try to rewrite history in our own distinct ways? I choose to re-write history using my works. To me, it is no longer a matter of identity, but rather how the written history is reviewed to pinpoint the truth. At the very least I will demonstrate to the public that there is another version of history that has truly taken place.

This text was originally published by Galeri Canna, Jakarta, to accompany what we have here perceived as truth we shall some day encounter as beauty, a solo show by FX Harsono at Jogja National Museum, Indonesia, (1-22 July, 2013) curated by Hendro Wiyanto.

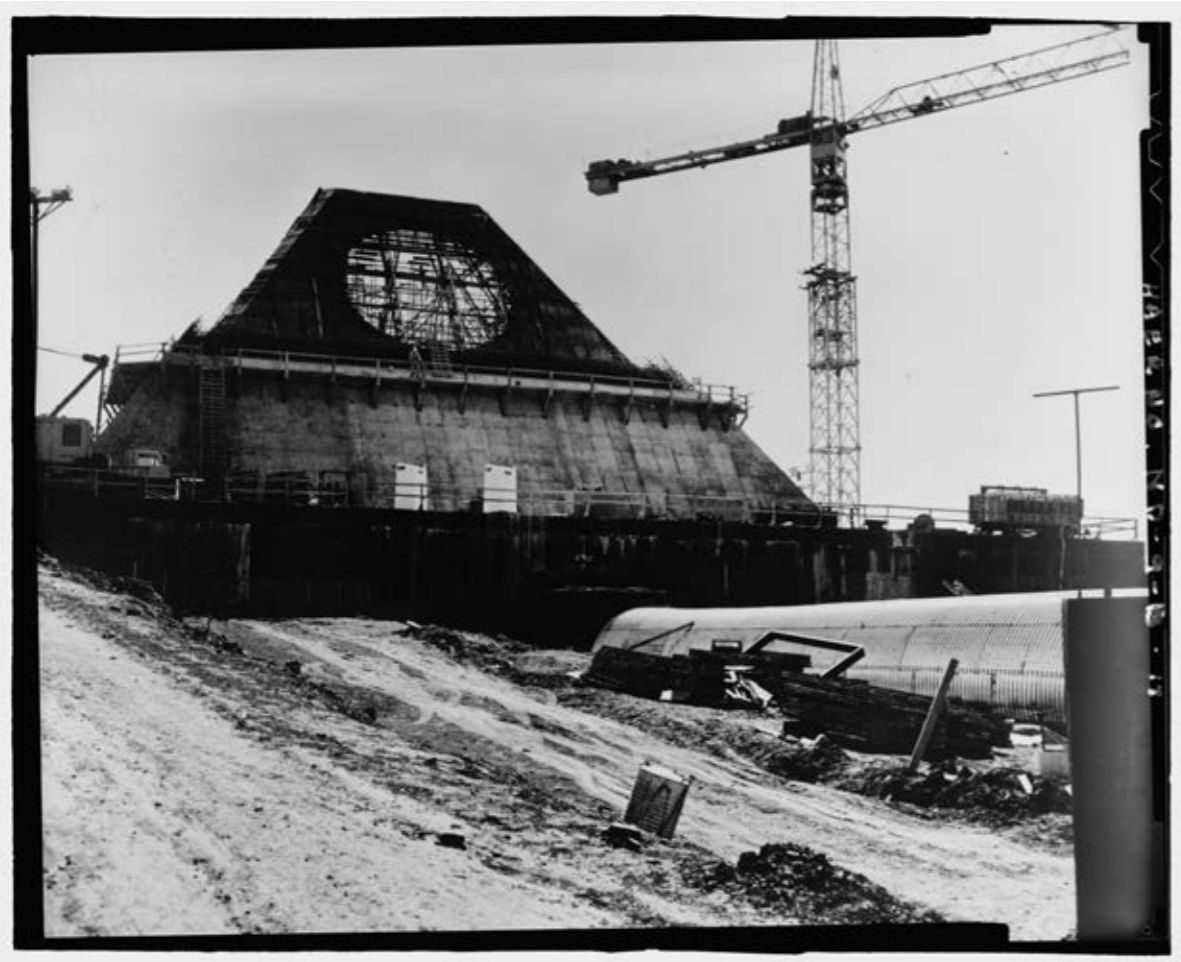
Referenced Texts

- Liem Sing Meij, *Chinese Women’s New Social Space, a Postcolonial Study*. Yayasan Obor Indonesia, Jakarta, 2009, page 87, 89, 90, 91, 113, 115, 116, 117, 149, 150, 152
- Reggie Baay, *Missus & Mistress in the Dutch East Indies*. Komunitas Bambu, Jakarta, 2008, page 243, 237, 239, 240
- WP Groeneveldt, *The Archipelago in the Chinese’s Notes*. Komunitas Bambu, Jakarta, 2009, page 13, 59
- Sri Margana, *The Tip of East Java, 1763-1813: Blambangan Hegemonic Struggle*. Pustaka Ifada Khasanah, 2012, page 290
- Leo Suryadinata, *Chinese and Indonesian Nationalism*. Kompas Penerbit Buku, Jakarta, 2010, page 49
- Leo Suryadinata, *The Political Thought of Chinese-Indonesian Ethnic 1900-2002*, page 398
- Arief Budiman, "China and Tionghoa" *Jawa Pos* daily, dated 3 September 1998, LP3ES, 2005
- I. Wibowo (E), "Harvesting the Nationalism of Political Activism of the Chinese in Post-Soeharto Era" in the book *After the Tears Have Dried*. Kompas Penerbit Buku, Jakarta, March, 2010
- Tjamboek Berdoeri (Kwee Thiam Tjing), *Indonesian in Fire and Coals*. Elkasa, Jakarta, Juni, 2004



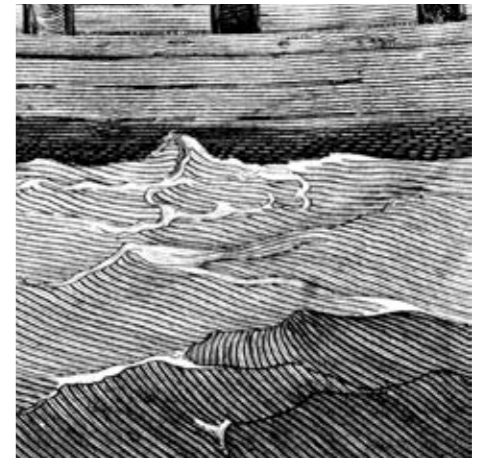
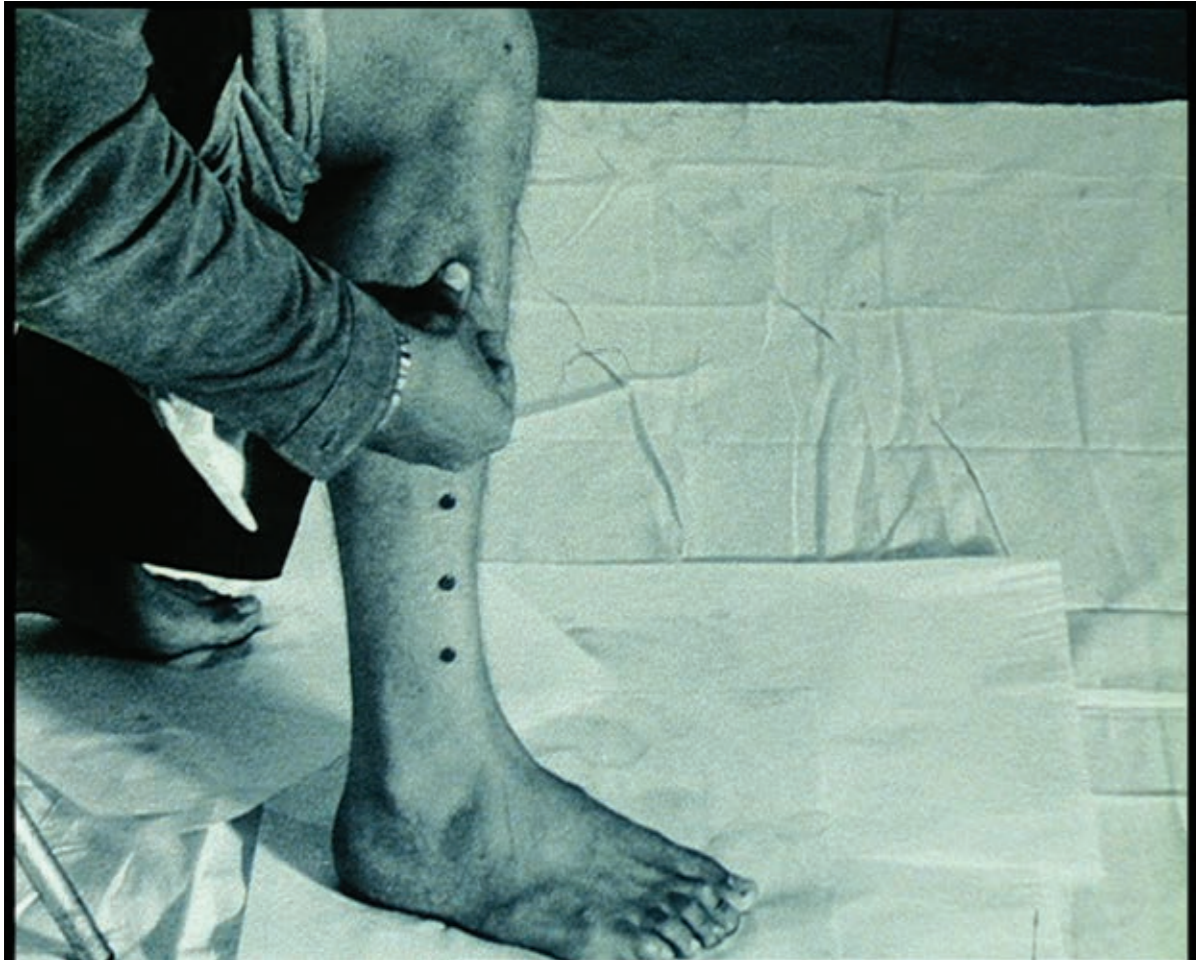












On performance and documentation

——— An interview with Mike Parr by Diana Smith

In 1970, Mike Parr was one of the founders of Inhibodress, Sydney's first artist-run space dedicated to conceptual art, performance, installation, theory, politics, and aggravation. For 45 years, he has been working with performance art, and more particularly the performance document in a wide range of media. This interview was originally filmed for Performance Perspectives, an online archive of video interviews on the history of performance art in Australia, directed by Diana Smith and produced by Nick Garner for Das Platforms.

DS In the 1980s, you took a seven-year hiatus from performance. Can you describe this period?

MP In conjunction with doing the performances, I was filming, and this was extremely expensive. Even then shooting 16mm film was a jump up. I'd become convinced that I should record everything in 16mm, primarily. I was like a junkie, always hanging out for my next roll of film, and there was gear to hire and crews to set up. It was full-on.

DS Why 16mm?

MP Super8 was an option but with 16mm I could really get in there and work on the film. It was a much more professional medium. field, for example, was a very important parameter for me. You'd edit it all mechanically, on a Steenbeck, a horizontal editing machine. You cut the film physically, you cut the soundtracks, you laid multiple tracks and mixed them; it was very tactile. I liked it, it suited me. I've never really come to grips with video editing, I do it and am in the process of doing it but I don't push all the buttons, I just make all the decisions. When I was using 16mm I cut everything myself and I got right into editing. I become really interested in putting things together. I felt that lying behind sets of performances were these other themes, these other necessities, these other impulses, this unconsciousness to the situation.

From 1973 I was doing Rules 1-3, films that began in Switzerland where I did a concert of 25 pieces and in Lausanne and Neuchatel at the artist-run spaces Galerie Impact and Galerie Media. I set up the session with monitors placed back into the audience and used instant throughput from the video cameras so that the audience in a way got implicated in the structure of the work. Pieces pushed right up against the audience, like the branding iron with the word artist, I branded myself with the word ARTIST and said 'watch this, if you want to be accredited as an artist come over and I'll brand you', so this begins this half funny but heavy little number (*Have a branding iron made up with the word ARTIST. Brand this word on your body.* 1973). I was involving the audience, if you look at Rules 1 you'll see that the audience is constantly being built back into the action and I did this by using the video but the overall recording medium was 16mm. Later I kinescoped off the monitor,

primitive but it worked quite well. I'd then cut that in with my primary footage. There were strong changes in textures, complete changes in the look of the documentation and you could really underscore that; you could use that as a cinematic language.

So I got very involved in all of this, editing, and shooting, and it was very expensive. By 1983, when I was finishing Rules 3 – and these are big films with a total of 75 or more performances – it was getting very heavy. I had a daughter at high school, we had absolutely no money, we were living in rented accommodation, and Felizitas was starting to get very restless, I'm earning very little money and spending everything we get.

DS On your addiction.

MP It wasn't looking very good. And I thought I've got to somehow make some money, so I started drawing. It came directly out of the performances. I went to the performance record and started working with that directly. I'd sold some photo-documentation of the performances and I had an enormous archive of photographs and I thought 'why am I choosing these photographs?' I'm choosing these photographs because they somehow or other 'look good' and I thought 'what about the photos that don't look so good, the photographs where I'm un-heroic, where I look like I'm about to fall apart.' I began to interrogate that part of the archive that I'd rejected and I did that by drawing.

I also realised once I started drawing that there was the possibility of selling stuff. That's when John Kaldor stepped in; in 1984 he saw some of those drawings and thought they were fantastic and included me in the PS1 show (*An Australian Accent: Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, Ken Unsworth*, MoMA P.S.1 New York, 15 April – 10 June, 1984) and that was a great hit in America. It went from New York at PS1 to the Corcoran Museum in Washington where we went on with the Germans, Keifer and Baselitz, etc. (*Expressions: new art from Germany : Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, A.R. Penck* Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington D.C. July–Sept, 1984) and we got the better reviews, quite interesting. It was an amazing moment, unbelievable. And of course, once we'd had a big hit in America, we came back and were given a lap of honour in Australia, and we toured around the state museums with this exhibition and overnight I made some money. I could stop part-time teaching at art school, here's a lesson for you, the crux of the story, I was moonlighting at both the College of Fine Arts and Sydney College of the arts and could stop doing that.

DS What happened in 1992 to make you want to return to performance?

MP I actually returned to performance via a political piece on 21 January 1989. It was called *Now I would like to speak as an artist* and it was done in the Egan Peaks Nature Reserve near Eden with John Coburn, Anne Thomson, Janet Laurence, Heather Dorrough, Jeannie Baker and various local artists and activists. We were escorted into the forest by locals to see the devastation wrought on the forest and the next day we returned to mount our protest. I had convinced a group that we should do a performance and facing a banner which read 'and now I would like to speak as an artist' – a line from a text that had been sent by Albert Tucker – 12 of us buried our heads in the sandy margin of the road. This piece 're-performed' one of my very first performances from 1971. It was a melancholy formalism. At the end of the performance we were all arrested and taken to the lock-up in Eden.

So this was 1989. The thaw had set in and I was drawn back to performance after a hiatus of more than seven years. From 1992 the new performance work came in a rush.

It was precipitated by my work on the Australian National Dictionary. In 1988, the year of the Australian bicentenary, I got hold of the Australian National Dictionary – A Dictionary of Australianisms on Historical Principles based on a sort of encyclopaedic method – they went through the press, the newspapers and so on, in order to find an Australian English. It's all argot, it's all abusive, sexist, racist, xenophobic etc. as you might imagine. I got this dictionary published by the Oxford University Press and I blacked the whole thing out, it took me two years, and I turned it into 763 black monochromes. I was very interested in what was left though, the indexing words at the top of each page.

It occurred to me that these extended activities, like the *Wall Definition*, 1971, always cross into the performative and doing the blacked-out dictionary I realised that the task itself was performative and then I used it as a script or rather the residue of the indexing word began to suggest performances. Noel Sheridan invited me to Perth to do a series of performances. I did seventeen performances, a performance concert like I'd done in Switzerland (*ALPHABET/HAEMORRHAGE, entrance by camera only, 17 performances*, Arthouse, Perth, 3 April 1992), and this was my response to the blacked-out Australian National Dictionary [A.N.D]. This is when I first did *100 breaths...* holding the image to my face with my breath, and a whole series of pieces using the dictionary.

There was this enormous crowd, more than the building could accommodate, we put monitors outside so they could watch what was happening inside. The other interesting thing was that it was advertised that people could only enter and be a witness to this performance evening with a camera; entrance was by camera only. They all had to have cameras with them and we handed out film at the door. They could shoot off as much as they like, dozens of rolls, and we requested simply that they give it back. I processed all of this, and I still have that archive, and it's really interesting because the whole evening is shattered across dozens of points of view.

DS What is the relationship between the live performance and the document in your work?

MP I think it all begins with something like that first performance, *Arrange for a friend to bite into your shoulder, he or she should continue biting for as long as possible or until their mouth is filled with blood* (1972) because what you are aware of, crucially, is the perspectival siting of the work in relation to the audience.

I've told this story a couple of times and it puts the finger right on it. In 1969, I knew a critic in Sydney called Laurie Thomas (1915–1974). He actually wrote about the opening of *Inhibodress*. I used to go up to the Four in Hand in Paddington because that's where, when you were a young callow artist, you'd hang out in the hope that someone like John Olsen would walk through the door. I used to go there regularly, I'd known Laurie for about 18 months, he was always drinking and I was joining in, and one day he said to me 'come over and have a cup of tea and talk to me about your ideas.' So, I arrived at his door, knocked on the door, he opened the door, he looked at me and he said 'what's happened to your arm?!' It was like a revelation, I realised that for 18 months I had sort of prevented him from seeing me. I realised that I had used my eyes like that. Now I just wear a coat, I've got a wardrobe full of coats, so I disguise my disability in that way, but in those days I use to meet people and I was known for having this very direct, confronting gaze, it was like tunnel vision. I thought about that when I started doing performances.

I also realised that the performance had to be really situated in relation to the audience and there was this sort of tunnel and the tension of this reciprocity had everything to do with not just the formal structure of the piece but the content that could be brought out

and focussed. It was that exchange that really interested me. That, in a way, is what led me to start thinking about documentation and the camera.

I built on all of that through the work with 16mm film, the editing, the working, thinking about point of view and so on, and juxtaposing, in the case of the Swiss performances, intercutting the video eye, which was a fixed angle and area of view, with the much more intentionalised discursive and unstable 16mm camera, cutting these tensioned viewpoints together.

With the full-on return to performance in 1992, it's really interesting that I went back to that basic problem and dispersed it across the eye of the audience. Entry by camera only was photographed by the audience, I didn't shoot any video or film, and I constituted the record of the performance in the big performance book (*Mike Parr Performances 1971–2008*, published by Schwartz City) out of the audience's documentation. I edited my account of these performances out of the audience's dispersed points of view... as my response to their subjectivity, so this way of using documentation seems to anticipate the structure of social media, though that's another imaginary in my case because I don't use it, but the plurality of performance art at the level of the record is like that... it's always casting its shadow ahead. I think that's one of the really interesting aspects of performance. A lot devolves from documentation because the process of re-representation is where all the uncertainty becomes evident.

My interest in anamorphism, the self-portrait project that was generated out of the tension induced by gridding, is a direct consequence of the photographic record... by what is occluded by the conspicuousness of photography. I began to think about the alien effect of the photographic record. I called this 'photo-death'... something I couldn't face in the photographic record. I've not exactly parodied that but I've made a kind of anxiety evident by redrawing selected photographs on the grid, anamorphically twisting and displacing them, drawing their tonal structure into line obsessively. I did that long before it was available for me to do on a computer. The drawings are interesting, because the process is so mechanical. They are done by compressing the vertical or horizontal axis. I've taken these exact reproductions and I've squeezed and twisted them – it's performative. They are photographs whose structure begins to shift under the pressure of reproduction and a sort of latency begins to stir, a kind of latent content, an anxious content. They're theatres of expressionism. That's an idea that came directly out of working with performance documentation.

I've always moved from performance, through documentation, to setting up quite conscious structures that comment on the nature of the performative dissociation; the way the performer by a kind of self-control dissociates the content and makes it absolutely stark and then that starkness, in a way, is underwritten by the way you situate the whole thing in relation to the audience and control that reciprocity. It's really a parody of Panofsky's 'eye of god' stuff, the idea that perspective is always drafting people into a hierarchical order in relation to the Eye of God. I'm very interested in these ideas that lie at the root of the order of images. So for me performance has also been a way of thinking about some of the deeper problems of representation per se and I continue to do that.

In the recent show in Vienna (*Edelweiß*, Kunsthalle Wien, November 7, 2012 – February 24, 2013) I was able to bring all of these aspects of my work together: I had a room where I had five projections in a dark space and when you went into the room you had a montage that devolved in time and went back to one core work and that work was called *Totem Murder* (1975). It's a very drastic work, it's the work where I get my father to kill all these chickens. It's a memory of the farm in Queensland and what we

had to do as boys, and of course he does it all very professionally, but it makes this sort of tremendous, chaotic, utterly anxious situation. So the projections in Vienna all devolved back to this event. You went into this space and projections came up in combination. That was an opportunity I had not had before. It was extraordinary to be able to set up a whole series of projections as both a spatial and a temporal montage. I installed projections and screens in every room. An alternation of dark and light rooms but with projections and screens in all of them. I think that sort of oscillation, that alternation was really quite interesting.

Performance releases a lot of stuff. Performance art, in a way, breaks up the mediums of art with a kind of conclusiveness. It can be such a powerful intrusion from the outside. That's what was so salient about Namuth's film of Pollock painting in the *Bigger Splash* exhibition [at Tate Modern in 2012]. One was reminded again of the fundamental anxiety of Pollock's work... his drastic automatism. I've often talked about that recorded moment, and it's out there now, it's in the movie, when Pollock exclaims 'I am not a phoney!' This was said while succumbing to the opposite. Working with Hans Namuth all day and this Bolex camera in its black casing under a sheet of glass, the thing's a mirror. He's looking into a mirror. What he's doing is like Arnulf Rainer working on his 'Face Farces', dripping paint in relation to his image, all over the glass, and he's being told to repeat himself until the impulse is dead. No wonder he's back on the bottle that evening and saying 'I am not a phoney.' That was the end of Pollock. It's an incredibly disturbing moment. It means that performance art (in Pollock's case involuntary performance art, because his performative acts were reified as painting) introjects stuff from the outside that disrupts the complacency, the formalistic inversions of style. Style as a protective carapace is shattered and the image is invaded by its antithetical. This is very significant and the essence of informel as the Europeans understood it. Re-performance must engage with these issues, there needs to be a much more rigorous debate about what's being imagined.

DS Would you be open to people re-enacting or restaging your performances?

MP If someone is silly enough to want to nail their arm to a wall or sew their face into a knot... but then they're not protected by my necessity and this crucially is one of the ineluctable differences between performance art and theatre. But it's an interesting thought. I'd want some sort of legal opinion but it would be very interesting if an artist was prepared to take that kind of imitation on, because it would produce an unknown. I started to think with my more recent performances – I felt this when I did *Cartesian Corpse*, thirty-five hours trapped by my neck – that you reach a point where your brain is just ballooning and you remain in control because you are in a situation where you have absolutely no choice, but you're starting to disintegrate. I'm very interested in the point of disintegration because that might actually be the next stage of performance: what happens at the point of disintegration? How do you present that as the primary experience of the work?

That's the recurrent history of Modernism – the limit state and the attempt to go beyond. What appear to be the splashes on a canvas testify to something else, but this something else is pure inadvertence, or the way preliminary drawings can become, through a process of accretion and erosion, an involuntary primary form. That's the history of Modernism. We push back regressively and then Fontana is cutting the canvas with a razor blade, and that's the work.

I think we need to think about this. Maybe we do performances now but discard the intentional and it's the end of the performance that produces the real situation. So re-staging in this context is about producing the unknowable.

DS Or the absence?

MP Yeah, that loss of control, when you're no longer an author, you're a pure subject. That's almost the truth of our situation now: with everything mediated, the dispossessions run so deep that we're kind of colluding. We're surrounded by artificial nature and we all exist in a kind of media-humidicrib.

DS There has been much discussion on the resurgence of performance art over the last 10 years, do you think there is a relationship here to the level of mediation we are surrounded by?

MP Yes, I think it's a real aggravation, provocation. I think it's in the nature of capitalism, it's based on reification. Everything becomes a kind of currency, everything becomes a symbol in relation to itself. It's a constant process of dispossession: we're dispossessed in order to be sold things. What we've lost is sold back to us in a kind of reduced and humiliated form. We have a catalogue of secondary desires, these sort of cheapened avatars, things with clipped wings.

DS It seems the notion of the dematerialised art object and those ideas from the 1970s and late 60s were pushing against that. Is that part of where you were coming from?

MP Yes. Marcuse's ideas of 'repressive tolerance' were incredibly important, and his endless half-analysis of the American condition: people going in to see the boss for a pay rise, walking out with another \$2 an hour and feeling worse, because that's not really why they went in there in the first place. Working on the Fordist assembly line was unbearable but coming out with a pay rise was more so, because the real desire had been suppressed. He was very good at articulating those managed dispossessions, those managed dispossessions that are double binds. There's nothing you can say, you've been rewarded. How can you still remain discontented? We talk about these states now in terms of desire, but he was very plain, for him it was amputated eros returned to us in its derisive form as product or thing... the unrecognisable 'thingness' of substitute gratification. This was said with great stridency in the late 1960s.

The other side of the coin is the amnesia that is induced by the Capitalist dynamic. You can only dispose people and sell back to them their own desire if you also instate a kind of amnesia. This is where psychoanalysis is so fundamentally important. The *recherche du temps perdu* as the vehicle for future liberation. It's only by actually willing the return of the repressed that you have any hope of overcoming it, but more and more the problem of lost time is the problem of an imaginary that can't be situated or else it returns as the amnesia of spectacle. It's really important that re-performance doesn't simply add to the layer of repression, to the doona of bewilderment and loss, and that re-performance not be a form of derision, of art detached from authorship; that the repressed not come back as a cartoon managed by a curator. We've got enough cartoons in our lives without adding to them.

DS Why do you think performance art has received so little historical attention over the last 40 years?

MP For a long while performance art was managed into a kind of oblivion. It's a peculiar hybrid that's unprotected by style but it is this uncertainty that is the source of its

virulence, and for these reasons it unsettles institutionality. You might see all of my publications as perversely substantiating that claim. In the absence of publishing myself, I had the feeling that nothing was going to be preserved. Virtually all of the performance documentation, and a lot in recent years, has gone into Australian museums only because I've forced the issue by donating it. What is bought of mine by public museums is not my performance art, or rather what is bought is my work on the aftermath.

So it's about the interface between the reality of performance art – a complicated, difficult reality – and institutionality. I'm anxious that after 40 years it's suddenly discovered: is it like digging up an Egyptian mummy? What is being discovered here? The risk is that we'll go seamlessly from oblivion to aspic in a museum. I think it's really important that if performance art is going to go into an institution, that it be there with some virulence.

Performance art has to engage with institutionality in a demanding way but that's a big ask because performance art 'is risk as the practice of thought'. Perhaps one could propose performances now that institutions couldn't consider, where the negation itself becomes the performance. In a way that's what happened in Vienna with my proposed performance *Bedtime Stories* in 2012. *Wiederbetaetung*, or the Austrian prohibition on examining the Nazi past, put paid to my proposal, but the attempt generated an extraordinarily revealing correspondence. There's pre-performance (the proposal that de-brains everyone) and there's the performance and I think the process of trying to get the performance up is also part of a potential that beneficially announces a division. In this way you can prevent institutionality from splitting things off because the schizophrenia of the work is revealed as paramount. That splitting off is the kind of dissociation that museums have been conceived to achieve. You've got all these Modernist works that engage other senses, and very often it is these senses that are inactivated by museum presentation; they're all under glass begging, screaming tactility, but you're not allowed to touch them. The imperative here is: it's now a cultural treasure, canonical in some way, and that means that it's got to be preserved cryogenically.

It's the instability of performance art that is important, but it's hard to imagine how you can preserve that. Beuys found a way to turn the vitrine into a volatile form. The suspended animation of remains that haunted him. With re-performance I get the terrible feeling that the curator is coming around to the front of the scene. Usurping the performer's visibility. There's a lot of that now.

DS Like the dominance of Hans Ulrich Obrist and Klaus Biesenbach, the curators of *13 Rooms*?

MP Yes, that's right. We have that all the time. It goes right back to Harald Szeemann. I was in the show when John Kaldor brought him to Australia in 1971, 'the worlds greatest curator' at that time; he went on to do *Documenta* in 1972. The title of his show in Australia was *I want to leave a nice well-done child here* (Bonython Gallery, Sydney and the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne). It sounded like he was Captain Cook visiting Tahiti in the 18th Century and fucking all the natives. This is a periodic event, this is the curator turning up laden with beads.

DS I am here.

MP Give me your culture, all the land and I have a nice big bag of glass beads for you. ●

Space for stories

——— Mitali Tyagi

In 1961, Australian Postmaster-General Charles Davidson remedied a highly undesirable situation: the multiplicity of phone numbers for emergency services. One matter of concern was the material nature of dialling the rotary telephones used at the time. Sitting closest to the index finger on the rotary dial, the number zero was the most easily accessible and identifiable, particularly when vision was shrouded by smoke, darkness or pure blinding panic. The number zero was also being used to access operator services; an incomplete sequence would, at the very least, guide a stricken individual to an operator. And thus, triple zero was anointed Australia's new emergency number. Uncomplicated and memorable, this triplet has endured even as rotary dials and operators have spun out of existence.

Even so, the Australian telecommunications bureaucrats in recent years have yielded to practicality and pressure by allowing 911 to be automatically connected to emergency services. Such is the ubiquity of US crime fighting on Australian screens that while the ordinary Australian has likely been spared an incident necessitating her dialling 000, she would have certainly watched a *New Yorker* in trouble calling 911 to access an all-you-can-eat smorgasbord of detectives, forensic specialists, prosecutors, mentalists and mathematicians.

A year ago, after a particularly satisfying foreign film festival, I decided to actively watch fewer stories coming out of the US. I had enjoyed the varied cadences and perspectives from the other corners of the world, including my own neglected patch. Consciously identifying the provenance of the media I consumed, like that of my frozen berries or car, exposed the all-encompassing reach of American discourse.¹

Flick on the TV to wall-to-wall *Friends*? Yes, we do. In addition to losing recognition and identification of, and with, one's history and identity, the pervasiveness of US media is increasingly translating to a deficit in democratic engagement. The sophistication with which the global citizenry consumes and understands US current affairs often compares unfavourably to the quality of engagement with domestic issues. While the promise was that free exchange of media and ideas would bring diversity, it appears that we are, in fact, consuming homogeneity.

The commercial efficiency of the US media enterprise and a proactive campaign by the US government for open access to global audiences has resulted in a product that's hard to beat on price and quantity of supply. As appropriately assessed by Shoshana from the US sitcom *Girls*, 'It's like one of those billion dollar songs where the first time you hate it, but then they play it on the radio 800 times and you love it.'

Briefly, the US media and entertainment empire, as a business, derives its success from access to a sizeable decentralised market at home, an aggressive marketing machine and the benefit of English being a global language. To take the example of the televised segment of the US media industry, a large, geographically and in population, country necessitates that

¹ With apologies to persons from countries in the North and South American continents, this article uses, although sparingly, the term 'American' to refer to persons from the United States.

distribution is through a wide network of independent affiliates. Each affiliate purchases the rights to broadcast, otherwise referred to as syndication. By the time a show is distributed in the US, its production costs have been recouped. The global market is then but a bonus, albeit a substantial one. US programs are offered on the export market for fees significantly lower than the cost of production. This makes the idea of commercially competing with US media a laughable proposition, whether you are trying to capture the domestic audience in your country or export content overseas.

In a 2011 report from Screen Australia it was revealed that the average cost of producing an Australian one-hour drama was between \$400,000 and \$1.8 million; with the broadcaster covering anywhere from \$350,000 to \$1.4 million of that cost. This compares poorly to the \$100,000 to \$400,000 the same broadcaster could pay for the rights to broadcast an episode of a US drama. Despite the great successes that Australian dramas (e.g. the wildly popular *Offspring*) have seen in recent times, they are not viable to broadcast without government support.

As an exported commodity, US media industry is reported to hold over 90% of the share of international markets and gives the country's balance books an annual trade surplus in the vicinity of US\$15 billion. These numbers spell a trading opportunity to the US Government and oppressive cultural homogeneity to others.

Two decades ago we saw the end of a battle waged between diplomats in Geneva for the airtime available to the stories of other nations. As the dominant exporter of media, the US has sought better access to global markets for its television programs, films and music. Several other countries, in particular France and Canada, have resisted, fearing a 'flood of American culture' that would drown their own.

In 1995, 123 countries completed seven and a half years of negotiations at the World Trade Organisation (WTO) in Geneva to decide upon a set of rules for the trade of goods and services across borders. This round of negotiations, called the Uruguay Round, resulted in a landmark deal of 20 binding agreements between countries that sought to increase trade liberalisation while managing other concerns such as health, safety and so on. The deal was premised on the idea that open and rules-based trade between countries leads to increased income, employment and improved standards of living. Its reach continues to grow as more and more countries sign up to this package of agreements – 161 members to date, with 22 countries negotiating membership, giving these rules almost universal coverage across the world. The rules established by the Uruguay Round negotiations have impacted our lives in surprising ways: can hormones be injected into meat sold in Europe; can Australia impose plain paper packaging for cigarettes; can the United States ban internet gambling?

The exchange that results from an open trading environment has given us a culturally diverse, accessible and globalised world. The co-location of Stroopwaffles and Korean rice crackers in aisle 10 of your supermarket tells the story. While this article is particularly concerned with the obvious vessels for cultural communication, audiovisual products, it is undeniable that culture goes into and is eked out of most traded goods or services. Who makes the widget and how? Where does it come from and what does it stand for?

For example, in a series of disputes between Japan and other leather-exporting regions such as the EU and US, a Japanese law that placed limitations on the imports of certain types of leather was taken to task for violating the agreed trade rules. Japan explained that the system was aimed at protecting the jobs and lifestyle of Dowa people. Dowa people refers to those who worked in 'unclean' industries such as the tanning industry. Declared 'untouchables' under the old feudal Japanese system, they developed into isolated communities that continued using traditional, low-technology methods. The government's support for the leather industry

in present-day Japan reflected attempts to rectify this historical injustice. By propping up this internationally uncompetitive industry, Japan sought to maintain the livelihood of several hundred thousand people and a distinct cultural group within the country.

Japan ultimately caved under pressure from leather-exporting countries. Beyond the immediate economic ramifications of increased competition from importers on Japanese leather producers is the question of the survival of Dowa people, their culture and their stories. But nothing being as beautifully simple as we'd like it to be, the opening up of the Japanese leather industry will also spill over into the stories of leather exporters from Bangladesh, Myanmar and Cambodia as well.

Over the course of the Uruguay Round of trade negotiations the deliberations on 'culture' were largely focused on 'audiovisual services', understood to include 'motion picture and video-tape production and distribution services, motion picture projection services, radio and television services, radio and television transmission services, and sound recording'. This category encompasses the first line of culture consumption.

The kinds of commitments sought by the key *demandeur*, the US, related to equally favourable treatment of foreign audiovisual services as compared to domestic counterparts. This was clearly going to be problematic since most countries which gave, and continue to give, a substantial 'leg-up' to locally produced media. 'Protectionism', a dirty word in trading circles, is rife in audiovisual services.

To give you a flavour of the way things are, Canada imposes screen quotas requiring half of the primetime schedules to be Canadian-made. Cable TV must meet a 35% per day quota and broadcasters are required to reinvest a percentage of their revenues into Canadian content. Similarly, the Australian Content Standard requires all commercial free-to-air television licensees to broadcast a minimum of 55% Australian programming between 6am and midnight. France maintains a rule requiring 60% European content, of which 40% must be French. Subsidies are common; tax-breaks abound; the baseline is one of affirmative action (i.e. discrimination) in favour of national media.

As an example of successful government assistance, the UK has become the world's second-largest media exporter, after the US, on the basis of tax breaks. A drama series that passes the 'cultural test' of being a predominantly British work, in terms of actors and production staff, qualifies for a 25% discount on corporation tax. The UK also offers a 20% tax rebate for shows that cost more than £1m for an hour of television and was introduced to mirror the UK's longer-established tax credit for feature films. The success of productions such as *Downton Abbey* is linked to such support. The Guardian reported on the state of UK media and summarised the position of the Government, as reported by a Treasury official, as follows:

One of the ways the world sees Britain at its best is through world-class films and television made in Britain. They not only help us showcase the country, but are also an important part of a dynamic and diversified economy. Tax relief for British films has been critical in ensuring that industry continues to thrive.

The Uruguay Round of trade negotiation in the 1980s and 90s saw the US, championing a pro-trade view on audiovisual services, pitted against those who sought an exception for these services on account of the importance they serve to national and cultural identity. The bitter and loud fight ended after almost eight years, with both sides stubbornly returning to their corners. Concluded in 1994, the final agreement contained no exemptions for cultural products but also very little in the way of increased access to domestic audiovisual markets. With only the US and New Zealand signing up to commitments for audiovisual services, the absence of any specific exemptions for cultural products didn't really matter. As in

all good fights, both sides claimed victory, although the US returned home with a heavier limp.

Conscious of the continued vulnerability of their stories in the face of an increasingly aggressive US media industry, countries then took the fight to a more sympathetic forum than the WTO – the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (UNESCO), where they sought a broad-based global commitment to protect the diversity of cultural expression. The move to UNESCO was an attempt to tackle an urgent and contentious issue without having to battle the pro-trade bias built into the WTO as a negotiating forum.

In response, the UNESCO Convention on the Protection and Promotion of the Diversity of Cultural Expressions (UNESCO Convention) was adopted in 2005. The key purpose of this instrument was to secure agreement that countries could take measures, which would be deemed ‘protectionist’ in the trade realm, to provide space for diversity of cultural expression in their territory. The Convention attempted to reclaim the terms ‘protection’ and ‘promotion’ in an attempt to change the discourse around cultural safeguards in the face of globalisation. The Convention specifically records countries’ agreement that the value of cultural products is to be measured in terms broader than a purely economic metric.

The interaction of this Convention with countries’ trade-related obligations in the WTO has been a point of much discussion. Technically, the Convention is clear that it is not to ‘be interpreted as modifying rights and obligations of the Parties under any other treaties to which they are parties.’ Practically, the strict enforcement of trade obligations provided by the WTO acts as a trump card as well. The WTO has a powerful court to hear cases, decide on whether countries have breached trade rules and act as a stick to compel enforcement (the court can authorise the suspension of the benefits that the offending country gets from the trade regime).

A further impediment to the UNESCO Convention, operating as a counterpoint to trade rules, is the fact that the US did not sign up to this cultural diversity camp. The way these things work, regardless of how many countries sign up, is that each country owes its dues to each other country. So while most UNESCO Convention signatories may be WTO members, we know that there is at least one WTO member that is conspicuously not a member of the UNESCO Convention. The US owes nothing to anyone under the UNESCO Convention.

We saw the pointy end of this dynamic in a dispute between China and the United States towards the end of the last decade. China, a signatory to both the UNESCO Convention and the WTO, had a single state-controlled point of importation for cultural products. This was the system established to censor materials entering Chinese territories for public consumption. The US challenged the regime under every available WTO instrument and won.

China had fervently argued that its system should be permitted as a protection of China’s ‘public morals’, a recognised category of exceptions under WTO law, from foreign content. With respect to the UNESCO Convention, it appealed for its inclusion in consideration of breach of rule:

China points out that cultural goods and services have a very specific nature ‘[a]s vectors of identity, values and meaning’, in that they do not merely satisfy a commercial need, but also play a crucial role in influencing and defining the features of society. Noting that this specificity of cultural goods has been affirmed by the UNESCO Universal Declaration on Cultural Diversity and by the UNESCO Convention on the Protection and Promotion of the Diversity of Cultural Expressions, China requests the Appellate Body to be ‘mindful’ in the present appeal of the specific nature of cultural goods.

Its appeal was rejected and China lost on all counts. The US rejoiced at having demonstrated to the world that ‘protectionism’ in cultural products is not always benign (you don’t win friends with a censorship regime that lacks all transparency) and at having its faith in

the trading rules rewarded with access to a large and lucrative Chinese population. Importantly, the reason China could be challenged on audiovisual products was because, as a latecomer to the WTO party, it had to give up more than the countries present at the Uruguay negotiations. Part of this entry fee included commitments on audiovisual services.

As part of the campaign to recover some of the losses suffered at the Uruguay Round (resulting from unsatisfactory access to global audiovisual markets), the US has been seeking commitments favourable to its interests from new entrants to the WTO (e.g. China), in the new round of negotiations to update WTO rules (the Doha Round), and lastly from any country seeking to conclude a separate free trade agreement² with it, the world’s largest economy.

These efforts are now coming to a head in two large free-trade agreements, driven by the US, whose influence may very well compete with the outcomes of the Uruguay Round: one between the European Union and the US (Transatlantic Trade and Investment Partnership) and another with major economies in the Asia-Pacific region (Trans-Pacific Partnership between Australia, Brunei, Canada, Chile, Japan, Malaysia, Mexico, New Zealand, Peru, Singapore, the United States and Vietnam).

It is now also clear that the battleground has shifted from audiovisual services to the sphere of the internet. Cultural products are increasingly being consumed over the internet. The old definition of audiovisual services now poses only a limited threat to suppliers of movies, television and music. They now operate in a world that is not encumbered by local content rules for TV or fight for radio airtime.

Targeting online services for audiovisual content, such as catch-up TV or video on demand, giants from Silicon Valley, such as Google, Amazon or Netflix, are guided by the sparse regulation in the e-commerce space. Unimpeded by the defensiveness that manifested itself as a fight for tangible space on TV, radio and cinema screens, the cultural influx via the Internet is reducing the amount of local content being consumed in countries that have begun to see the age of internet programming. It is wresting control away from regulators, national voices and public broadcasters.

However, in negotiating new obligations, under its free trade agreements or otherwise, the US government is including commitments by countries to provide free access to its digital giants on the internet. They have moved on from the old audiovisual services conversation. So, is it still possible to bring local stories back to the table? Should we bother? Is it right to fight against individual choices? Is it worth talking about this at all – if I haven’t read anything too concerning in the New York Times?

The troops have gathered on the hill again to fight the battle that was left unfinished two decades ago. The question, though, is whether all the hilltops and bridges have already been taken. ●

² Free trade agreements are micro versions of the big Geneva-based trade negotiations, often only between two or a handful of countries, and are permissible as long as they liberalise over and above the commitments in the WTO.

SEA STATE

— An interview with artist Charles Lim and curator
Shabbir Hussain Mustafa by Nick Garner

This year the Singapore pavilion at the 56th Venice Biennale presents *SEA STATE*, a project that was ten years in the making. Over this time the project developed from an investigation of the sea into a complex series of works looking at the state of Singapore and its evolving relationship with that which physically surrounds it, that governs its boundaries, sustains it economically and to a large extent defines it psychologically.

SEA STATE takes its name from the World Meteorological Association's sea state code, which was developed for measuring the condition of the sea with regards to wave height and wind. The sea state code has ten degrees: 'Sea State 0' is described as calm and glassy, the surface smooth and mirror-like, 'Sea State 5' is more rough, with waves of between 2.5 - 4 metres high, taking longer form, with many whitecaps and some spray, 'Sea State 9' is described as phenomenal, with waves of over 14 metres.

Presented in Singapore's new space in the Arsenale's Sale d'Armi, the exhibition presents a selection of works from the series. The videos, reworked maritime charts and smaller sculptural elements pivot around a dark, barnacled buoy that occupies the centre of the room. The buoy is framed by a view onto the cranes and docks of the shipyards and former armouries of the Venetian Arsenale.

As Eugene Tan (director of the National Gallery Singapore) notes in the commissioners' foreword to the pavilion, *SEA STATE* is particularly pertinent to the Biennale's ongoing examination of art and its relationship to nation states, nationhood and national identity.

NG Like the meteorological code after which it takes its name, *SEA STATE* is a project in ten parts. How did you arrive at the initial *SEA STATE 1: Inside/Outside* (2004-2005)?

CL There were two threads that led to this project. I was part of a collective called tsunamii.net that was interested in the physical relationship between the infrastructure of the internet, the physicality of the internet, and the virtuality of the internet. The physicality of the net is actually at the bottom of the sea through various submarine cables; above ground, there is also a mass of web servers, server farms and infrastructures that connect the internet. This was the first thread that led me to the sea.

The other thread was being introduced to the 'Mekong Project' when I was doing a residency in Chiang Mai, Thailand. It was introduced to me as 'The Southeast Asian Project', but of course we do not have the Mekong River running through Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines or Malaysia (the other countries of archipelagic Southeast Asia). The Mekong River starts from the Tibetan Plateau and runs through China's Yunnan province, Myanmar, Laos, Thailand, Cambodia and Vietnam. All the way, it combines commerce, culture, geography, and even evokes the motif of the *Nāga*, a mythical serpent

which lives in the River. I was interested in how, when you invert the way you look at these relationships - water becomes this trans-boundary space - not just as a connection but as physical, cultural, territorial space - it is seen as an entity.

The thing about water is that we always tend to see it as an obstruction; a place where if you happen to find yourself in a survival situation, you are most likely going to die. With *SEA STATE*, I wanted to put myself in a situation where I could work with data about the sea but at the same time, I could cross-reference that data with my own physical interactions or investigations. I happened to be in Singapore, and being an island, it was a good test model to develop strategies to work on this.

The idea is very simple. I'm inverting the way we look at water. In a naive way, you could say, I make the sea into land and land into sea, an inversion of sorts. This opens up a lot of possibilities.

NG There isn't a straightforward binary between the sea and land, there's also the sea and air. As you say, there is an essential quality or an existential quality where it can be seen as a matter of staying alive.

CL Something I find quite interesting is that the water temperature in the sea around Singapore and throughout most of Southeast Asia is almost the same as the temperature of your blood, so you could stay in the water indefinitely. Local fisherman who are out at sea when a squall comes over often survive by filling their boats with water. As the boats are made of wood they do not sink but float on the edge of the water. The sailors immerse themselves in water and the water temperature becomes warmer than the air. Without even bringing in ideas of cultural myth, this practical solution by fishermen opens up whole new ways of thinking about our relationship with water.

NG How have you gone about working together on the project?

SHM The conversation with Charles began some years ago when I had a rather surprising visit by a conchologist at the National University of Singapore Museum, where I used to work, who turned up at the counter asking to meet a curator. The museum didn't have that many curators and I got the call and I went downstairs, and there was this elderly gentleman by the name of Dr Lim Chuan Fong who identified himself as the now retired former head of the university's Department of Zoology. He was carrying some sea shells with him. He showed them to me and said that 'I am now in possession of a national treasure'. So I went out and visited him at his home and there it was, he had hundreds of sea shells in his home. While I was snooping around and looking at different things in his home I noticed an image, a photograph that depicted a lighthouse. At the bottom, the words 'Raffles Lighthouse' were inscribed. In Singapore we have a lot of places bearing the name of Raffles - Raffles of course being the name of the colonial founding father, at least that's what the generally-accepted narrative tells us. I became quite curious as to why or where the Raffles Lighthouse was. It turns out it is actually Singapore's southernmost territorial marker. I was even more curious as to why people did not remember this place. What had happened to it?

In the end, I did two things. First, I called Charles, and second, I contacted an archivist Fiona Tan. Over the next four weeks, Fiona accumulated thousands of documents on the Raffles Lighthouse. It was quite amazing to have so many documents of a site which does not exist, at least in the imaginary. I had called Charles because I had seen *SEA STATE 1*:

Inside/Outside, and in it was an image of Raffles Lighthouse taken from both sides, one from inside Singapore and the other from outside. It seemed like it was only in this work that one could find a contemporary trace of the Lighthouse; otherwise it was all archival.

In the archival notes that were being accumulated, all sort of patterns began to emerge. One was this highly romanticised view of the lighthouse keeper. Numerous press articles had been written citing the “Loneliness of the Lighthouse Keeper” with a recurring accompanying image: an idyllic island, coconut tree, tropical sunset, a beautiful lighthouse and a lonely male figure seated smoking a pipe. This image had been promoted, encouraged, both by the agencies that control the sea and the corporations that gain a lot from the sea. So the project began out of a curatorial curiosity. It was kind of naive, perhaps an informed naivety: the aim was to get to the Raffles Lighthouse and visit this little museum that is said to exist there. Part of the project also involved trying to get Dr. Lim back to this place that he had not visited since the 1950s because the site is cordoned off for security reasons.

Despite all my bureaucratic manoeuvres, as I wrote to different agencies asking for access on behalf of the NUS Museum and the artist Charles Lim, we were not allowed access. It had become increasingly difficult to get there. The sea is a securitised site, a sensitive site.

CL The Raffles Lighthouse as a site of surveillance, a sort of inversion of its function...

SHM ... because you're supposed to see the lighthouse. You're supposed to recognise it, encouraged by this highly romanticised perspective that governs the sea, but here that recognition was being subverted.

CL It was interesting, as we looked through the newspaper archives – every five years or so there would be an article about the Raffles Lighthouse with the same headline: “The Loneliness of the Lighthouse Keeper”. To me that seemed a bit suspicious. So we took a boat out to the lighthouse, and we found that actually the lighthouse is not that lonely. The lighthouse was not only next to this incredibly busy shipping channel, but in the background there was the city. Singapore has so much light that it overpowered the light of the lighthouse, and there are these oil refineries spewing out fire that is much brighter than the lighthouse. We wanted to film the light of the lighthouse, because in the archive there are no images of the light itself, only the lighthouse, but the light was so soft that it was very difficult to shoot.

SHM In the lighthouse one can read all sorts of things – emblems of modernity, of conquest, whatever – but beyond all of that, all of the existing pictures had been in the daytime and from a very particular perspective. If one had shifted a little to the left or right it would not have been so “lonely” or “idyllic” anymore. Charles wanted to shoot the light so we were out there at night, and as we couldn't get onto it we just sailed around and around and it became clear that the lighthouse was not really functioning as a lighthouse but as a territorial marker. So the project was titled *In Search of Raffles Lighthouse* but it was eventually presented as *In Search for Raffles' Light*. To consider light as an important motif not only in terms of art but also of history, culture, sociology and of the sea. As we began to dig more and more we realised one thing: that the 1970s in Singapore marked a critical turning point in terms of how people in Singapore related to the sea. Something changed in that decade. We are still studying this.

CL To visit Singapore now, you would not think that you were actually on an island. Until

the 1970s when the Maritime and Port Authority made a hydrographic chart of Singapore they would call it “Singapore Island”, but at some point the word ‘island’ disappeared. Today's charts carry just “Singapore”.

SHM And this almost magical conversion of island into land is something that is also intimated in the Pavilion here. How does new land come into being? Who makes it? Land that is not obtained through conquest or inheritance; it is ‘reclaimed’ land, or sea that has been converted into land, and this conversion raises amazing questions.

CL I was having dinner with a lawyer friend recently and he told me about this process called “Proclamation”. I had been looking at land reclamation for quite a while and I was asking him questions about when the sea becomes land legally. He said that there is a document that is given to the President of Singapore (a gazette) and when he signs it, the sea becomes land. Prior to reclamation the sea is under the control of the Maritime and Port Authority of Singapore. When they are reclaiming land, i.e. dumping sand into the sea, it is still sea. At some point the sand breaks the water and it is still sea: you see land, but it is not land, it is still sea. They place a machine on top of the sand to measure the solidity of the sand. If it is too soft then you can't build anything on it, so there's this idle period when nothing happens. At some point, and we are not too sure when this happens, the President signs this document. It is as though the signature itself is the final stage of the ritual through which sea gets transformed into land.

SHM The process is called the “Proclamation of Newly Reclaimed Lands”. This process informed the last component of the project, *SEA STATE 9: proclamation (2015)*, which is a sort of cut-up and prepared hydrographic chart – and as far as the World Meteorological Association goes in terms of measuring sea state codes, Sea State 9 is considered ‘phenomenal’.

NG Maybe that's a good point to talk about the interview you are showing with Foo Say Juan, who we find out was a sand surveyor in the 1990s.

CL The Inarticulate Sand Man. Actually he is my friend so he's been telling me this story for years. He really wants to tell it, he feels he has to impart this knowledge.

SHM The story is about him working as a sand surveyor in the 1990s. The impulse for the interview and his consent was given on a very simple premise – not to talk about sand or what the origins of the different sand coming into Singapore are, those are just stories he weaves around this particular point he is seeking to make – which is imparting the very industrial process of how sand surveying is conducted. This is knowledge that he felt that he needed to pass on to the next generation. I find it quite amazing that he wants to pass on industrial knowledge through oral history. In Singapore, we are not used to dealing with the industrial heritage through oral narratives.

NG How did you weave these various elements, of archival material and your actions, within the space?

CL For the land reclamation part we have a lot of documentation of sand and reclaimed land. I felt that just taking images of the sand was not enough; the whole thing is very complex, there's sand and then there is movement and the sea. In a way images fail in

this regard. So I needed a way, a poetic entry, into this project.

For several years I had been looking for an entry point, and in 2004 I found it. There is an island in Singapore named Pulau Sajahat. *Jahat* is a Malay word with a negative connotation, meaning “naughty” or “evil”, so we have an evil island in Singapore. Or rather, I should say that we had an evil island. Because in 2004 this very small island Pulau Sajahat disappeared. Every year the Maritime and Port Authority creates a new chart, and in 2004 the island had been removed. I remember thinking that ‘the evil island had disappeared, what a triumph!’ I took a boat to find the island and it was still there physically but it was surrounded by sand. So this was my poetic entry point into land reclamation, the title is kind of cheesy but it’s *SEA STATE 2: as evil disappears* (2014).

Singapore has several islands with negative connotations: there is another one called Pulau Blakang Mati, which means ‘island of death from behind’. When we hear a name like this we think that there is some superstitious residue in the name, but for sailors, ‘death from behind’ refers to the currents flowing behind the island, which are very strong – if you try to swim there the current will sweep you out or under and you will drown. The British tried to rename the island St George Island but eventually it was returned to ‘death from behind’. Then when Singapore became independent, the Singapore Tourism Promotion Board had a competition to rename the island and Pulau Blakang Mati became “Sentosa”, which is now a very touristic island of casinos and resorts.

SHM Sentosa translates as place of tranquility, a place of desire.

NG At the centre of the Singapore Pavilion sits a large buoy covered in barnacles. Can you tell us about this?

SHM Connected to Pulau Sajahat is the buoy. When Charles went out to look for this formerly “evil island”, now surrounded by sand, there was to be one particular object that retained the trace of the island and the word *SAJAHAT*, a navigational marker, this buoy. The assumption was that as barnacle growth in Singapore is amongst the fastest in the world – because of the tropical waters and the specific tidal patterns – that the original buoy grew barnacles around it and sunk, which is something that does actually happen. In many ways the buoy, or rather the process of reconstructing this lost buoy, has been a way of understanding the gravitas of the island’s disappearance.

CL We knew that a buoy had disappeared so we went to the company that originally manufactured it. They had archives of all the buoy designs – each buoy is specifically designed for a particular tidal pattern. We asked them to remake the buoy and then we dumped it in the same location.

NG The barnacled surface of buoy has such an emotional surface, such an affected texture: it is very moving.

SHM The barnacle growth that you see on the buoy in the exhibition here was achieved in about four weeks. We had a very long discussion about this, as to whether we were going to treat it as a sculpture or merely as an object. To Charles it was very clear that it is just an object, an object that is referencing a particular material condition of the sea but also how one may respond to it and re-establish a relationship with it.

CL It is not precious, you can touch it, break it, nothing is irreversible. I can simply take the

buoy back to the water and the barnacles will grow back again. It is about nuances as well – I’m making myself confront the nuances of the sea and water and the things that happen in the water.

SHM To return to your question on the use of space: in many ways it is an overcoming of the trope that is being suggested in the Pavilion as you see it. The space is presented with a lot of natural light – the moment we close our windows and darken our spaces in art and art making, we close off the outside, and this is a connection that we are making quite blatantly here in Venice. The open windows function within the space as an invitation and a recognition of the conversation that we could be having about the sea.

NG There is a nice link here to *SEA STATE 6: capsized* (2015), with its two halves showing above and below the water. Could you describe the process that is going on in this video? It also has a number of beautiful artistic conceits but again the process is quite straightforward.

CL I made this work in an attempt to convey the sensation of being both *above and under*, or above then under the sea. My need to invoke this sensation came from the film that sits alongside it, *SEA STATE 6: phase 1* (2015), which consists of filmed footage of the Jurong Rock Caverns, Singapore’s first undersea caves that are being developed for storage of hydrocarbons. The caves are amazing: the roof actually rains salt water, which is a very odd experience. But there are limits to the film, and I could not translate that sensation of being under the sea, really underneath it. I wanted to create a situation where the audience would get the sensation of being above/being under, before eventually going down and connecting to the caves.

SHM It also operates at a very immediate philosophical, physical level, this osmosis of body and water.

CL I have used the body a couple of times in my art. The body is being used here not so much as an expressive tool but as a ruler, as a measurement. The way we measure the world is not in centimetres – counting in millimetres and centimetres is meaningless to us. The only way we can truly measure the world is through our own bodies. ●

One for one

— An interview with Nasan Tur by Nick Garner

We spoke to artist Nasan Tur in his Berlin studio a few days after the opening of *L'OMBRA DELLA LUCE* at the Musei di Villa Torlonia in Rome. The installation was a sort of architectural soundtrack that musically translated a set of speeches given by Benito Mussolini.

NG Can we start by talking about the speeches by Mussolini that are at the heart of your recent exhibition?

NT I was invited to do an exhibition at the Musei di Villa Torlonia in Rome, Benito Mussolini's state residence from 1925-1943. This site holds a very politically charged place in Italy's collective memory. For a long time, I've been researching political speeches and the way they are composed, and I'm particularly interested in instances where the form of the speech – the way that it's presented and broadcast – assumes an equal or greater importance to that of the content itself.

I worked with eight of Mussolini's most important speeches – including the war declaration against the US in 1941, the march on Rome speech from 1922, the *Leggi razziali* from 1938, and his last speech in Milan from 1944 – which had been broadcast by Luce, Italy's WWII propaganda program. The speeches had also been edited by them: they were in control of factors such as how the speeches were introduced, where the applause was, and the changes in volume. We see the same things today in a much more sophisticated way. The footage of Obama's inauguration speech (available on YouTube) is really quite exquisitely composed. If you pay close attention to noticing when the camera goes to the masses, when we can hear the applause get louder, where it concentrates and where the breaks are, it almost feels like the theatre or a symphony. The aim of this careful composition is to cut the attention of the viewers and to steer this attention towards certain emotions. Speeches from groups viewed as opponent forces, such as the ISIS leaders, are also composed in this way. It might not seem so sophisticated but it is – they also have a big propaganda and media group dedicated to their videos and speeches. I'm really interested in this kind of mode of representation.

For the Villa Torlonia I wanted to combine the political speech with classical music, which has a similarly long history of being used as a tool, in religion and politics, to cut through to the hearts and emotions of the people. I wanted to make visible how close and how dangerous this kind of manipulation is, this kind of composed manipulation. So what I've done is to transfer the whole composition of the speech – how it was broadcast into the world, its rhythm, melody, tones, dynamics, emphases and breaks – into a musical score that can be read by musicians.

I decided not to put an object within the Villa Torlonia but simply to introduce this kind of sound – played by real musicians, young Italian musicians from the Centro Ricerche Musicali – into the building. Most of the visitors to the museum won't be there for my exhibition but to see the Mussolini house, and my work will act as a kind

of soundtrack in the private spaces of this politician. This is another point that I find interesting, in fact – that the political speech is created in the private space. All the ideologies and thoughts, even the rehearsal of the speech begins in the very private space of the public figure that will ultimately deliver it. Villa Torlonia is a very private space; you see the bedroom and the rooms where the kids played, you see the places that normally nobody would have been able to see.

NG It must feel very strange to have the fetishised spaces of Mussolini's life filled with a soundtrack, composed via a very formal tracing of him speaking, and echoing throughout the house like a ghost.

NT Yes, but at the same time it breaks the normal flow of the museum visit. The sound isn't really music. It's not beautiful. It has beautiful parts but it breaks always in an uncertain way, it has these cracks and unpredictable tones. In a way it sounds a lot like contemporary music but it doesn't have a real composer: at least, its original composer was not trying to compose a melody. The original speech was intended to convey some content, but now that content has disappeared and been repurposed into music. I like to imagine the negative (the absence, the removal of content) and the positive (the presence, the addition of music) existing together inside the space.

My interest here is to make visible those things that get hidden in this very sophisticated way. My video work *Magic* (2013) [see page XX] has a similar concern. In the video you see the two hands of a magician doing little tricks, very easy little tricks, but still tricks that normal people will not figure out. But they would like to figure them out, so there is this curiosity. I use this as a tool to direct people's attention and at the same time I overload all the objects with connections to everyday economic or political issues, so they become charged. Then there's a switch between the curiosity relating to the magician's hands and their process and the items that are being used.

The main character, who is represented by his hands, can do anything he wants because he is the magician. He decides what is real and what is not, what is right and what's not, what can be history afterwards and what can't. This same idea keeps returning to me: deciding what is right and what is wrong always depends on the angle from which you view something.

Everything that we read and hear in the media or in books at school is steered by particular people and their different ideologies. Take the crisis in the Ukraine, for example: someone has made a decision as to who is right and who is wrong, who is the bad guy and who is not. We make our decisions based on the information that's available, but this information is modulated by the people who have the power to decide what you do and don't know.

This is something that we should be very aware of, but which we like to forget because we want to believe and because we want to have an opinion when it comes to politics and because we want to be on the right side. Even in a very liberal state like Germany, when you watch the news there are lots of different programs but you get the feeling that they are mostly telling the same story and there's a real absence of different, critical perspectives. A lot of my work is about this: not about what's right or wrong but how our political ideas are affected by the media.

These ideas are expressed again in *Clouds* (2012). This work is actually quite politically incorrect; normally an artist with my background shouldn't do this. I've cut photographs from newspapers and magazines, photographs that were originally taken by press photographers risking their lives to document a moment of violence (such as riots, demonstrations, or war scenes), and I've deleted the action and focused on the sky in

the photographs. There might be some smoke or a bit of ash but for the most part these elements are abstracted. What I'm doing is really what little kids do when they can't struggle anymore with these kinds of big issues, as indeed I can't anymore. It's hard to look at these images and have a real emotional connection with what is going on. The details of these atrocities, the numbers of dead – these things become more and more abstracted each time there's another explosion or another event. When I was a kid and felt overwhelmed by things, like problems with my mother or friends or with school, I would go and lie down in a field, look up at the clouds and forgot everything else.

I return to this strategy in *Clouds*. At first glance there is a kind of beauty but then this other story is revealed. It's important to me that people are spending time with art – it's not so easy sometimes, particularly in these times with our attention spans getting shorter, but you have to spend more time to get more into it. So I use these quick traps to make the works attractive in a way – there's a magic trick, or there's a romantic landscape, or there's this beautiful sound – but there is always more in the background. I'm interested in the way visitors go from one line to the other and make a kind of a tour inside the artwork; this takes time. Of course, some people will walk into a gallery and see grey murals and make a decision in a second or two and say that they don't like abstract art. Some things will not be visible for people who don't have the time.

NG Where does the title for your monograph *Failed* come from (Revolver Publishing, 2014)?

NT The way I feel.

NG There is a sense of failure for us as the audience you're describing. There's a sense of failure when we can't stay conscious of how political speeches steal our attention with the emotive; it's a failure of awareness and engagement and analytical abilities. Are you tracing the edges of an ethical system?

NT I'm still struggling with my position, within society, as an artist. This is something which I'm not really sure about. To work in this field is sort of inherently egocentric, in the sense that any art that an artist makes is about their own view, their own work, their own exhibition, their own practice. In that sense, to make art is very much about me. But pulling in the other direction is the idea that the motivation to continue as an artist is about everything but me, in a way. It's difficult to struggle with. Failure is something which we all have but we also have a huge pressure not to have, which creates a lot of tension. Looking at failure is not just about art, it's about humans, it's about you as yourself, you as a man, you as a husband, as a father, as a journalist. It's creating a kind of tension where you feel lost sometimes, and this is how I feel during the works I'm making as an artist: I feel, in a regular way, very lost. But I find a kind of energy in not fulfilling these expectations. I consider myself not as an artist who does beautiful visual things but more as a sociologist or anthropologist. Even if I use myself in a video or in photographs it's much more about the reflection of society that I'm a part of.

NG How are you continuing to work with speeches?

NT I'm making images that are more than images, that is, that have a function beyond that of an image. Similar to my recent series of woodcuts that are also printing blocks: images that you can hang on the wall and appreciate as images, and even read albeit backwards, but they are also have a function as printing blocks. They are not simply hanging images, they are things that you can use. The certificate of ownership for a woodcut says that

you are allowed to make as many copies or prints out of it as you like, so it's an artwork which can reproduce itself in an unlimited way. My idea for working with speeches is to create images that function as something more than visual representations, images that can be read and reinterpreted. In representing speeches as musical scores they are both images but are also readable, reproducible in a different incarnation, same as the woodcuts.

NG Utility is a recurring theme in your work – you make artworks that are objects, that can be used or that have a use in looking at them. The viewer is also a user.

NT It's about the possibility of what art can do but mostly it's about the fact that it can be used, not about using it. It's much more important not when people are using it but when there's the possibility of use, and specifically to create a moment of decision, to use it or not. This asks for a little more than most images: usually, your decision involves whether to spend time looking or not.

NG You mentioned that with *Police Paintings* (2014), your recent series of grey wall paintings, the audience needs to make this decision.

NT Yes. These paintings are readymades in a way. They are paintings that only exist on the façade of various cities where the police act above the law. These police paintings only exist because of that which existed before then, or which still exists beneath them – politically motivated graffiti on the façade of the city. The form and size is governed by the form and size of what came before on the wall, so what I'm doing is taking the police painting, something which was made to erase and make invisible, and using it as a readymade to put into the gallery space. They are considered now as paintings in the classical way.

NG Are you working with a set number of texts that you are redacting?

NT No, it's an expanding collection. I make them 1:1 within the gallery, matching the colour, form and scale. It's not so important what is being erased, the point is that it has been erased. These are manifestations of ideologies that are clashing with each other and I don't know what is right or what is wrong but at the end it's a very interesting fight inside the public space about the territory of the public as a platform for free speech. It's about the activists who decide to perform an illegal act, by spraying something on the wall, and the police deciding to perform their own illegal act, by deleting them wherever they want with this grey colour, on buildings they do not own. It's an interesting illegal act on both sides about the façade of a city as a canvas for expressions of the society, as even the police and heads of states who make the decisions are part of the society. Appropriately, as they are painted directly onto the gallery, they are also erased or painted over after the exhibition.

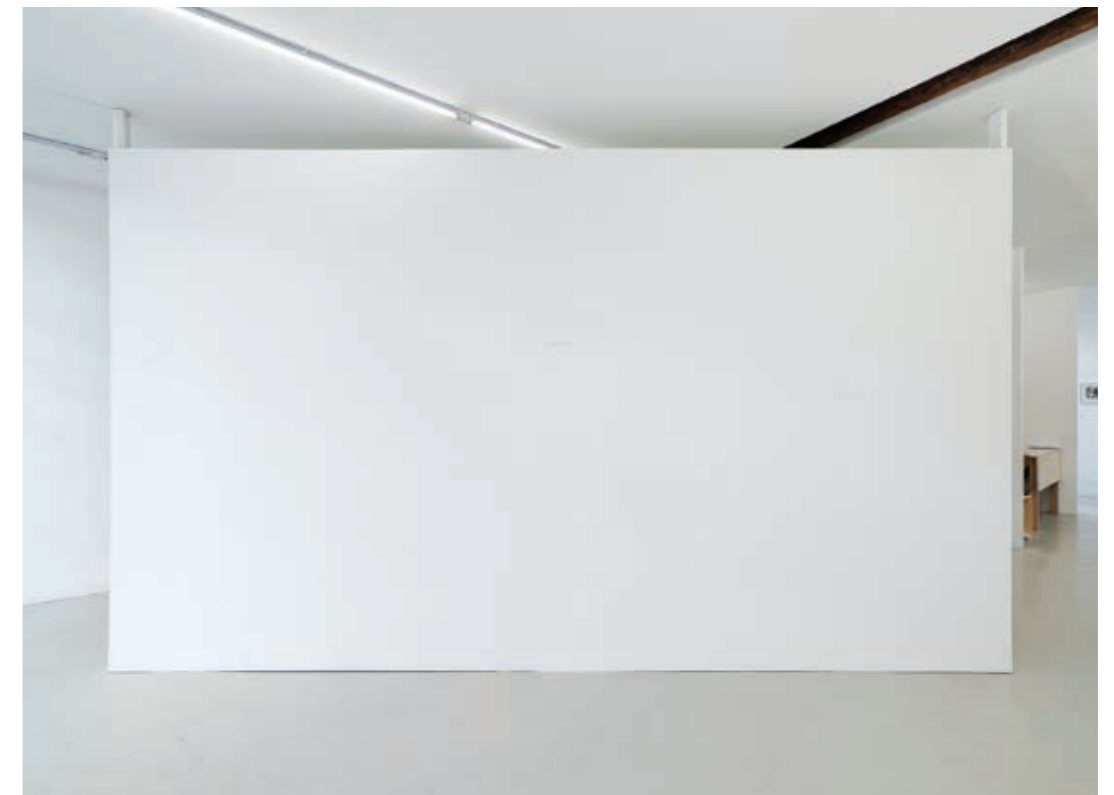
NG As you talk about the proportions being 1:1 I keep hearing the actual phrase 'one to one' or 'one for one', and the way you say it make it sound like a very social idea, about two people in dialogue or two forms or themes next to each other.

NT It's about showing the same thing in a shifted way. If you see the magic video from the back side it would be a totally different video – the magic would have disappeared. There are so many things that we are supposed to know and understand, but in fact there are always different ways of reading and by reading something in a different way you might see something else that makes it more understandable. There are so many things in the world that I don't have to create new things, I just have to turn the things that are there. ●











Canibalia

———— Julia Morandeira Arrizabalaga

The cannibal is quite a recent invention. The first mention of the word *cannibal* is found in Columbus’ diaries on the 23rd of November of 1492, nearly two months after setting foot in the ‘New world’,¹ when the indigenous people tell him (and he has no problem in understanding them) of a rival bellicose tribe inhabiting the southern islands of the Caribbean archipelago. These ‘had just one eye, and a dog face’, were man-eaters, and were indistinctively referred to as *carib* and *caniba*. The programmatic intentions of the second trip – ‘go to the cannibal islands to destroy them’ – prove that the figure has been rapidly consolidated.

This anecdote of the misappropriation of an indigenous word could have ended as a mere linguistic curiosity, had it not been for the central role the cannibal-America identification played in the construction of the West as the geopolitical centre and privileged site of enunciation of Modernity. Since the ‘Discovery’, Europeans reported cannibals in large numbers throughout the continent, creating a sort of semantic and symbolic affinity between cannibalism and America. According to colonisers all Caribs were cannibals and *vic versa*; subsequently they gave their name to a group of islands and a large Atlantic region, the Caribbean or *Caribana*, which extended from Florida to Guyana including the Gulf of Mexico, which later extended to the rest of the continent. It became a cartographic mark in the maps of the ‘New World’ and inscribed the territory under its sign; as Runo Lagomarsino’s *Untitled*² suggests, a geography invented and written onto

1 ‘New World’ as well as ‘Discovery’ are written in quotation marks to denounce not only the Eurocentric genealogy of the idea that America was ‘discovered’ but also to focus on the interactions between the cartographic rhetoric and transatlantic/colonial visual culture.

2 Runo Lagomarsino’s practice strives to present alternative perspectives on historical, political and cultural power relationships. His work often takes a starting point in the colonial heritage of contemporary Latin America, to highlight the conflicts and the violence that follow the colonial borders. *Untitled* is a letraset inscription of the wall which reads ‘This wall has no image but it contains geography’.

3 Carlos A Jaúregui, *Canibalia. Canibalismo, calibanismo, antropofagia cultural y consumo en América Latina* (Madrid, Frankfurt: Iberoamericana · Vervuert, 2008), p. 14. Beyond appropriating its title for my research, Jaúregui’s book stands as a central milestone and interlocutor of my curatorial research; the principal guidelines of this text and this project are influenced by its reading.

4 Lorraine Daston and Katharine Park, *Wonders and the Order of Nature 1150–1750* (New York: Zone Books, 2001), p. 25.

5 Warrior Amazons were reported nearly everywhere and ended up naming a river; the Patagonia was for a long time thought to be inhabited by giants, etc.

6 One of the most popular books of the times, *Le livre des merveilles du monde* or *The Book of Wonders of the World* (1413), was a greatly elaborated and illustrated travellers’ book of the Middle Ages, which contained the Asian travelogues of Marco Polo, Odoric de Porderone, John Manderville, Johann Hayton and Ricold de Montcroix. *The Travels of Marco Polo* met with incredible popular success in an era before printing, and was translated into many European languages during Polo’s lifetime. Columbus was an avid reader of Polo (his annotated version is conserved in the Columbine Library in Seville) and it is worth remembering that Columbus is believed to have reached the Indies, as the purpose of his travels to establish a western sailing route to the Orient.

7 Carlos A Jaúregui, *Op. cit.*, p. 111. Following James Clifford, Jaúregui signals that in these accounts it is not the question of the truth of the trip or the observation that is at stake, but rather the spatiotemporal imagination of savagery and its translation to a body of knowledge, tropes and images. This point of view corresponds to what Clifford Geertz has termed ‘I-witnessing’: a participative but distant observation whose translation into words further accentuates its difference and superiority to alterity, who never takes the *other’s* position.

the blank page of America. As Carlos Jaúregui points out, America was culturally, religiously, geographically – and I would add, aesthetically – built as a *canibalia*, ‘a vast geographical and cultural space defined by the image of the anthropophagous monster, or, imagined as a fragmented body devoured by colonialism’.³ But beyond naming, the cannibal defined an unstable and speculative imaginary, subject and territory, in which renewed spectres of alterity, cultural anxieties and imperial interests converged. Being sacrificed, cut into pieces, butchered and devoured thus appeared as the most recurrent fear in Europe’s imagination of America, multiplying the meanings and images of the cannibal trope.

The cannibal did not appear out of thin air: it was the result of reading an unknown land through the prism of a dense archive of monstrous otherness. As Lorraine Daston and Katharine Park⁴ point out, the margins of the world, of what was known, were ‘a privileged place of novelty, variety and exuberant natural transgression’ to the medieval imagination. The European colonisers brought with them a compendium of medieval teratology and classical myths,⁵ popular folklore on witches and Jews, eastern travel chronicles and natural history treatises, in which unsubstantiated accusations of cannibalism among little known or despised cultures were common. The American cannibal thus evoked uncivilised Cyclopes, dog-headed cynocephali and other spectres of the pre-modern archive that had been revived through the intensification of trade routes towards the east during the Renaissance.⁶ The Argentinean artist León Ferrari made a series of works in 1992, accordingly titled *1492–1992. Fifth Century Anniversary of the Conquest*, in which a caravel sails between two shelves loaded with more than 130 bottles containing catholic saints, pictures of the Pope Francis II, drawings of Goya’s witches, and other unrecognisable monsters. Upon close analysis of the cargo, it is not possible to determine the direction of the ship – are they transported to America from Europe, or the other way around? Rather, the installation describes how violence circulated from shore to shore, how the Atlantic was the arena of clash and contagion, and how new monsters emerged from the bricolage of the different imaginaries.

By the 16th century however, chronicles and images of the colonisers’ expeditions in the ‘New World’ abounded in Europe, and the image of a cannibal America swiftly coalesced. Of special importance for our topic are Hans Staden’s captivity account of the Tupinambás of Brazil, Jean de Léry’s *The Singularities of Antarctic France* and André Thevet’s writings. All of them can be considered as proto-ethnographical accounts⁷ and contained detailed descriptions of cannibal rituals amongst the Tupinambás of Brazil in terms of cultural aversion and moral horror. Theodor de Bry (1528–1598), a German editor and engraver, never set foot in America but illustrated the first-hand accounts of colonisers from Virginia and Florida to Tierra del Fuego. His engravings of cannibals from Léry and Staden’s account are memorable: boucans galore where piles of human members are being roasted, ferocious men and women in cannibal ecstasy, infants begging for the grease dripping off the grill. The characters in De Bry’s depictions bear Mediterranean European factions; artefacts and customs of different origin are mixed together, but again, it is not verisimilitude that is at stake here. At a time when printing press was booming and there was a market of readers avid for cannibalism and other fascinating colonial stories, these images and stories were widely diffused and consumed throughout Europe, fixing the perception and imaginary of America in terms of excess and abjection. Candice Lin’s⁸ *Birth of a Nation* takes the physical, social and symbolic violence of this figuration to its extreme. In it, phallic women engage in atrocious rituals of mutilation, elders eat the infants and monstrous births take place, all set against a dense animist landscape. The work is part of *The Sexual Life of Savages* series, which addresses cultural anxieties embodied in the figure of the savage using stereotypical images of savages, racial anxieties, exotic violent rituals, rampant sexuality, miscegenation between European and native populations, and of course, cannibalism.

The American cannibal was first and foremost a she-cannibal. Its representation was embodied in a sinister, insatiable and lustful femininity, associated with gluttony and lust (which had a feminine iconology) and to witchcraft. Descriptions and images portrayed naked young and old women chopping and preparing the bodies to be cooked, viciously licking their fingers, voraciously biting a human leg, feeding an arm to their children, or sitting in a circle sharing entrails and meat alike. It is true that women held an important role in the cannibal ritual, because cannibalism was the specifically female method for obtaining long life, which in the masculine case was obtained through bravery and combat. As Eduardo Viveiros de Castro suggests, 'it may be possible, at any rate, to see in the abandonment of cannibalism a defeat primarily for the female section.'⁹

Savage femininity – cannibalistic, incestuous and lustful – would thus become one of the pillars of androcentric modernity. Many written and visual accounts discursively tie together the colonial male desire for feminine bodies, voyeurism and fear of castration. The cannibal feminine body is a constitutively ambivalent object, embodying the irresolvable tension of eating and being eaten, metonymically close to the vagina dentata myth that Candice Lin's sculpture *The Moon / Inside Out* insinuates. In those accounts, the description of sensual young women stands in dire contrast to the voracity of old women, described with repulsion and horror and represented as old hags with fallen breasts. Desire is distributed alongside colonial misogynist lines, in which sexual and cannibal appetites are symbolically and culturally aligned. Carlos Motta's¹⁰ works *Nefandus, Towards a Homoerotic Historiography* and *The Vision of the Defeated* in the exhibition explored the techniques and epistemological categories imposed on the indigenous body and sexuality. But at the same time, they reclaimed desire's political dimension as a tool to transcend them and in a decolonial gesture, speculated on the suppressed histories while imagining new categories for our present.

Virgin and devouring, seductive and aggressive, festive and sinister – not only will

the cannibal be feminised, but the whole continent too. America, the object of European consumption, was portrayed as the locus of abundance and exuberant resources, allegorically represented as a docile feminine body, surrounded by the goods of the Atlantic trade: gold, species, brazil wood, pearls, parrots and 'moças bem gentis' (Portuguese for 'very nice girls' – a phrase repeated by the colonisers in Brazil to refer to the women they encountered there.). Limitless and luxuriant, yet wild and unruly – and not always complying with capitalism's rising desires. The 'New World' was economically conceived as an endless warehouse of goods, but culturally it was seen as a blank page. These are the two imaginary conditions (abundant resources to exploit, expropriate and capitalise, encompassed by a void in which to impose its cultural logic) of the colonial-capitalist matrix. No state, no law, no religion – *sin fé, sin ley, sin rey*¹¹ – and no private property but just 'bad habits': nakedness, sodomy, polygamy, transvestism, vengeful wars, drinking sprees, polygyny, inconstancy. The other is always defined negatively and his lacks are the conditions of possibility for the conquistador, the missionary, and the ethnographer to emerge – for the Empire, the Church and the Nation to be imposed. The cannibal actually played a key role in defining the modern *Imperial reason*: the Europeans' mission was not to disturb paradise, but to protect the innocent victims of bloody sacrifices and cannibal feasts. In *Imperial Eyes*, Pablo Marte¹² explored this dark side of modernity, from 1492 until the present constitution of the European union, through an imagined gay encounter between Polyphemus, the anthropophagous Cyclops monster of *The Odyssey*, and Telemachus, the son of the civilising hero Ulysses.

Eventually the cannibal entered the narrative to justify work exploitation and the European appetite for the American workforce and riches,¹³ and throughout the 16th century a large body of laws defending war and the subjection of cannibals was intensively produced. The juridical discourse, however, did not determine the meaning of cannibalism as human flesh consumption; rather, it identified it with Indian resistance. Silvia Federici¹⁴ states that both the invention of the cannibal and the witch-hunt were parallel processes of de-humanisation of sections of the society – women and the rebel Indians – in order to legitimise their subjection and genocide in the structuring of global capitalism and an international division of labour along lines of centre/periphery, gender and race. The invention and persecution of the cannibal was prior to the great witch-hunts in Europe, and it is very probable that the repressive techniques it inaugurated came back to Europe, perfected and ready to be adapted, as a consequence of the boomerang effect. But also and inversely, the cannibal served as a metaphor of the colonisers' violence and articulated the discourses against the invention of America and its plundering. In subsequent iterations, it also embodied the anti-colonial, proletarian and anti-patriarchal revolutionary force: Caliban (the Shakespearian anti-hero, an anagram of *cannibal*), as re-signified in the Caribbean and South American literature of the 20th century. But this would entail writing another text.¹⁵

The construction of the Indian, in its binary emanation as the good savage and the despicable cannibal, helped articulate Western civilisation's ontological superiority and modernity's epistemological enterprise. Indians were the imprint of everything modernity deemed as primitive. They were rapidly considered *natural objects*, in opposition to what is civilised, Christian, *fully human*, an equation in which the cannibal acted as the epitome of savage abjection, the taboo. As a result, they became objects of study and exhibition, participating in the development of collections and human zoos,¹⁶ academic knowledge divisions and museological narratives.¹⁷ In *Indians, women and queer*, Jeleton¹⁸ refers to the question of the floral representation to which certain collectives have been historically subjected. The engraving reads 'Indian, women and queer we are usually represented adorned with flowers' alluding to a supposed vegetable, feminine, malleable nature of otherness. But at

8 Candice Lin is a multimedia artist working primarily in sculpture and video, whose work addresses notions of cultural, gendered and racial difference, rampant sexualities and deviant behaviour. Circling around the ways in which boundaries between the bodies of self and other are porous and open to redefinition, her practice examines how Western ideologies of the self influence the politics of power within notions of individualism, selfhood, freedom and difference.

9 Eduardo Viveiros de Castro, *The Inconstancy of the Indian Soul. The Encounter of Catholics and Cannibals in the 16th Century Brazil*, translated by Gregory Duff Morton (Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press, 2011), 94–95.

10 Carlos Motta is a pluridisciplinary artist who lives and works in New York. His work draws upon political history in an attempt to create counter-narratives that recognise suppressed histories, communities, and identities. All the works and videos described here can be seen on his website.

11 Or 'Sem fé, sem lei, sem rei' in Portuguese ('without faith, without law, without king' makes a rhyming trio in Portuguese and Spanish). 'It served as common colonial shorthand for the state of the native peoples of coastal Brazil, whose languages did not feature the three initial phonemes of those Portuguese words, /f/, /l, and /r/'. Translators' note in Eduardo Viveiros de Castro, *Op. cit.*, 3.

12 Pablo Marte is an artist whose work focuses on the articulation and re-articulation of signification processes of the image and discourse production, through the symptomatic, expansive and heterogeneous practice of editing.

13 'The subject of cannibalism is less and less a question of the consumption of human flesh and more and more about the consumption of the workforce by the encomenderos of the Greater Antilles' in Carlos A Jaúregui, *Op. cit.*, 79.

14 Silvia Federici, *Calibán y la bruja. Mujeres, cuerpo y acumulación originaria* (Madrid: Traficantes de Sueños, 2004).

15 For a larger and detailed account of the incarnations of the cannibal trope from 16th century to the present, see Carlos A Jaúregui, *Op. cit.*

16 In his second trip (1493) Columbus manages to capture some cannibals and bring them back to Spain where they will be exhibited, the first of many public exhibitions of cannibals. Carlos A. Jaúregui. *Op. cit.*, p. 62.

17 In the context of the exhibition, Manuel Segade's *Countless Species* activated the genealogical critique of the principles that drive exhibition display and the narrative of the museum, through a book published in instalments, a curatorial performance in the format of a lecture and the contribution to the display with a selection of natural science museum slides of his personal collection.

the same time, the use of the ‘we’ subverts this reading, vindicating strategic alliances between the mentioned subjects and reclaiming the political history and use of flowers. Anyhow, for colonisers past and present, the Indian and the land have always mirrored one another: they have been naturalised, negated and exploited. As Pedro Neves Marques brilliantly charts:

‘Unsurprisingly, to this day this too is the fate of the land, negated by the illustration of its tropical pristineness, wild, luxurious, diverse, unique, yet acknowledged only for its promotional, capitalist value; a backdrop for operas. This is why the state celebration of the tropical landscape and its destruction by the industrial development of the nation – the Trans-Amazonian highway, the Belo Monte hydroelectric power plant, the monoculture, and the logging – are able to coexist. This is also why the biopatenting of biodiversity – again the intertwinement of nature with the indigenous in the commodification of their knowledge – may very well be the end result of the naturalist inventories of American flora during the Enlightenment.’¹⁹

The cannibal navigates history through lines of continuity and discontinuity of re-signification, in echoes of greater and lower intensity. A ‘green’ thread of cannibalism can be traced from the colonisers’ accounts of the 16th century through to the writings and works of the Antropofagia movement in 1920s Brazil to today’s anthropology, which in turn echoes Amerindian cosmogonies, land struggles and the demand for the rights of nature.²⁰

Eduardo Viveiros de Castro is a Brazilian anthropologist whose writings on Amerindian thought and cannibalism among the Tupinambás in colonial Brazil has become an iconic contribution of what is termed anthropology’s ontological turn, overflowing the discipline in its influence. Viveiros de Castro describes vectors for understanding the cannibal ritual: *cannibal alterity, ontological multinaturalism, interspecific perspectivism*. Cannibalism should be approached from a framework in which modern partitions between nature and culture, animate or inanimate, human and non-human, do not operate. For Amerindians, all of us (human and non-human) participate in a common culture, a shared *anima*, which is humanity – a concept that might

18 Jeleton is the team of María-Ángeles Alcántara-Sánchez and Jesús Arpal-Moya. ‘A team to operate in places for common negotiation such as iconographic, musical and literary repertoires. To propose self-teaching practices and publishing of provisory results for debate. To subject authorship to situations of inexperience/humour/appropriation. To disperse the results through space, time and the distribution channels, so to hinder their deactivation by the presentation context.’ The work described here is part of the project A Political History of Flowers.

19 Pedro Neves Marques, ‘Introduction to The Forest and the School’ in Pedro Neves Marques, ed. *The Forest & The School / Where to Sit at the Dinner Table?* (Berlin: Archive Books, 2014), p. 29.

20 In a thorough edited anthology, Pedro Neves Marques recovers Antropofagia’s reading as radical cosmopolitical ecosophy and proto-symmetrical anthropology encompassing Amerindian perspectivism and multinaturalism, political ecology, trans-speciesism, amongst others. A visual artist and writer, his works focus on the politics of nature, in its relation to ecology, economics, cultural production, and social and ontological segregation (between men as well as between man and other species). In recent years, he has explored South American animist cosmologies, in order to understand current cosmopolitical transformations of both capitalism and anti-capitalist struggles. For *Canibalia*, he presented his film *Where to sit at the dinner table?* See Pedro Neves Marques, ed. *Op. Cit.*

21 Claude Lévi-Strauss, in both *Tristes Tropiques* and *Race and History*, tells a fascinating anecdote of how in the American encounter, both the Europeans and the Indians tried to verify each other’s humanity, each accordingly to their own logic: ‘In the Greater Antilles, a few years after the discovery of America, while the Spaniards were sending out commissions of investigation to discover whether or not the Indians had a soul, the latter spent their time drowning white prisoners in order to ascertain, by long observation, whether or not their bodies would decompose.’ Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Race and History* (Paris: UNESCO, 1952), p. 12.

22 Eduardo Viveiros de Castro, *Op. cit.*, p. 46–47. Italics are mine.

23 *Ibid.*, p. 29–30. Italics are mine.

24 Eduardo Viveiros de Castro, *Cannibal Metaphysics* (Minneapolis/London: University of Minnesota Press, 2014).

25 Daniel Steegmann Mangrané is an artist living in Rio de Janeiro. His practice covers various media and oscillates between subtle, poetic but raw experimentations that question the relationship between language and world.

differ from its Western interpretation.²¹ Instead of multiculturalism (one nature and a multiplicity of cultures) and its blind alleys, *multinaturalism*: one culture, different natures; one humanity, different bodies. Moreover, each body is considered to have its own perspective, its own point of view, which is what defines its subjectivity and its position in the world (in opposition to Western naturalism, where the point of view pertains to the subject and objects result from it).

Cannibalism was inscribed in politics of warfare and vengeance, which set in motion a whole set of ecosystemic relations of interdependence. It was on the one hand a perfected economy of vengeance (the predation, capture and digestion of the enemy would spur the victim’s party’s identical retaliation, thus functioning in a virtuous perpetual circle), and on the other, it constituted the maximal form of socialisation of vengeance (cannibalism coincided with the whole social body, and vengeance was the institution of memory, and thus long life). Eating the other meant eating his/her position in the world; it implied the transformation of the self through the incorporation of the other, and an understanding of society as a centrifugal force of exchange. Here are two revealing extracts:

‘The warrior exocannibalism complex, projected a form in which the socius was constructed through a relationship with the other, in which the incorporation of the other required an exit from oneself – the exterior was constantly engaged in a process of interiorization, and the interior was nothing but movement towards the outside. Such a topology did not know totality. Much less did it suppose any monad or identitarian core that could obsessively patrol its borders and use the exterior as a negative mirror for self-identity. Instead, society was, literally a “lower limit of predation”, the indigestible remnant. [...] The other was not a mirror, but a destination [...] Tupinambá philosophy affirmed an essential ontological incompleteness: the incompleteness of sociality, and, in general, of humanity. It was, in other words, an order where interiority and identity were encompassed by exteriority and difference, where becoming and relationship prevailed over being and substance. For this type of cosmology, others are a solution, before being – as they were for the European invaders – a problem.’²²

‘The Tupi desired the Europeans in their full alterity. [...] Thus it was perhaps the Amerindians, not the Europeans, who saw the “vision of paradise” in the American (mis) (sed)encounter. The Indians had no maniac desire to impose their identity on the other, nor did they reject the other in favour of their own ethnic excellence. Rather, they aimed, by producing a relationship with the other – a relationship that had always existed, in a virtual mode – to transform their own identity. The inconstancy of the savage soul, in its moment of openness, is the expression of a mode of being where “exchange rather than identity is the fundamental value to be sustained,” to recall Clifford’s profound formulation.’²³

Relational affinity takes the place of substantial identity, violent politics of predation instead of hollow humanism, a geo-philosophy in which subject, territory and environment reciprocate the plasticity of thought. Viveiros de Castro triad of *cannibal metaphysics*²⁴ suggests a powerful reversion of Western modernity’s guidelines, and proposes thinking of cannibalism as a fascinating generative relation to exteriority and the other. Daniel Steegmann Mangrané’s²⁵ work is indebted to his readings and to his own experiences in the Amazon forest. *Kiti Ka’até* is formed by two Tupi-Guarani words: *ka’até* is the deep forest, the mythical place where gods and spirits live, where known paths are interrupted, away from the territory of men, impenetrable; *kiti* means to cut with a sharp instrument, by the hand of man, by technology.

It is also the title of a work that results from the cuts of an abstract forest collage²⁶ in which circulation and exchange become forms, and environment is made palpable in its fluidity.

Cannibalism is a dense *archive-image*²⁷, a figure²⁸ in Donna Haraway's terms; it is a landscape of different metaphors, where multiple layers of sedimentation of signification, images of murky genealogies, and unpredictable incarnations converge. Profoundly permeable and slippery in its meaning, it constantly defies and rearticulates coloniality's rhetoric, be that imperial or global; it implies both the constitution and dissolution of identities and undoes the exterior/interior antithesis.

Canibalia is an ongoing curatorial research project on the artistic practices and cultural performances that negotiate, illustrate or incorporate the cannibal trope, as well as exploring its performativity, production of imaginaries and circulation in history and culture. Its first exhibition manifestation²⁹ charted – as this text has tried to – the colonial construction of the cannibal, its overcoming and its dissolution. It proposes thinking with and thinking through the cultural constructions, visual culture and radical thinking the cannibal generates through the friction of historical documents, contemporary works and objects. By so doing, the aim was to trouble the classical archive in which the figure is embedded, thus problematising a naturalised or univocal reading.

The curatorial challenges were multiple nonetheless. To begin with, did it make sense to make an exhibition out of the theoretical research? If so, how to design an exhibition structure in which artists are not subsumed to the theoretical rationale, but are its active negotiators and participants? How to build a discourse that avoids the thesis tone and is open to hesitation, interpretation? Where and how to establish the limits of the *canibalia*, which permanently exceeds all representation and containment? What degree of legibility is required of a figure that is evasive, polysemous and ambiguous by definition? Taking into account its spatial and epistemological grounds, the exhibition display and methodologies aimed to embrace the subject's own logic. For instance, a wall operated as the materialisation of the cannibal archive-image, where its spectres mingled in temporal confusion following the logic of accumulation and layering rather than of display. The background colour was painted green, in reference to the naturalisation of the Indian. On top of it, details of De Bry's engravings and 'New World' maps were stamped, creating a sort of sinister and murky layer that references the cartographical rhetoric and European imaginary projected on the American continent and body. Finally, a constellation of contemporary works and documents were hung and disposed, opening lines of flight to other territories of cannibal's signification (sexuality, genre, race, politics of representation, etc.) Placed diagonally and cutting through the space, the wall shunned the view of the exhibition from the street, which appeared as a white triangular room in which Runo Lagomarsino's inscription on the wall stood alone. Another important decision in that sense was the invitation to Jeleton to overflow the frame of their engraving and contaminate the rest of the space, whilst intervening by drawing the body of the exhibition and its display. *The Muros Tatuadas* – a feminine, tattooed wall – echoed motifs of the works in the show and expanded them, and used different visual languages, both European and Amerindian, thus creating hybrid figures that transcend colonial binary oppositions.

Canibalia is an attempt to chart the seismic image that the cannibal comprises. But as the nature of the subject dictates, its cartography is a nocturnal one, made of ambivalent movements and irregular lighting; fragmentary and incomplete by necessity, and embracing the inevitable option of uncertainty it conveys. The cannibal is nevertheless a device for the political imagination, anticipating the monstrous aesthetics and narratives of an otherness and exteriority thinking yet to come. And it is in this sense that *Canibalia* is a counter-topia from where to (un)think cannibalism and the cannibal as spaces of dissidence, desire, community, ecology and exchange. ●



26 The collage is composed by chevron patterns, an element structuring the abstract motifs of the 'people who draw' of Amazonia, referring to the myth of the Great Anaconda – a seasoned, chevron-striped snake which allegedly taught the Indians how to weave and draw.

27 'We use the concept of *archive-image* to accentuate the condensing and catalytic capacity of certain images; that is to say, to emphasize their semiotic function and their porosity as depositaries of other images and representations. These *archive-images* take shape through the layering, one top of the other, of multiple representations. From this sedimentation process a certain hermeneutic integrity is reached as well as an iconic unity. [...] *Archive-images* can be defined as semiotic-social tools for the creation of inter-connectedness, that is, as tools that trigger multiple underlying imaginaries or complementary iconicities. Their usefulness for the study of diverse global visual cultures lies in the fact that through their analysis we can reflect upon the interdisciplinary construction of a sort of transmodern archaeology of what is described in this text as the coloniality of seeing.' Joaquin Barriendos. 'Extreme appetites. The coloniality of seeing and the *archive-images* on the cannibalism of the Indies' (August 2008), <http://eipcp.net/transversal/0708/barriendos/en>

28 'Figures help me grapple inside the flesh of mortal world-making entanglements that I call contact zones. The Oxford English Dictionary records the meaning of "chimerical vision" for "figuration" in an eighteenth-century source, and that meaning is still implicit in my sense of figure. Figures collect the people through their invitation to inhabit the corporeal story told in their lineaments. Figures are not representations or didactic illustrations, but rather material-semiotic nodes or knots in which diverse bodies and meanings co-shape one another. For me, figures have always been where the biological and literary or artistic come together with all of the force of lived reality. My body itself is just such a figure, literally. [...] As ordinary knotted beings, they are also always meaning-making figures that gather up those who respond to them into unpredictable kinds of "we."' Donna Haraway. *When Species Meet* (Minneapolis/London: University of Minnesota Press, 2008), p. 5.

29 The exhibition *Canibalia* took place at the Kadist Art Foundation in Paris from February 6 to April 26 2015, and was the result of a curatorial residency at the foundation. The project will travel to Central America and the Caribbean in the framework of a research residency at the Spanish Cultural Centre of Costa Rica in Autumn 2015 and Beta Local in Puerto Rico later on in 2016.

Inequality in education

———— Daniel Wodak

We were all surprised to be asked ‘What are you doing here?’ In retrospect, I’m not sure why. We were an odd assemblage of graduate students and professors from different disciplines, carrying a motley collection of borrowed academic regalia, congregating outside a lonely grocery store and pizzeria on the side of a quiet road in Bordentown, New Jersey. Of course we looked out of place. But none of us had an answer at hand. Matt, a second-year comparative literature student, was about to say ‘Well in 1994 Bill Clinton made prisoners ineligible for Pell Grants and so...’ when the waitress pressed further: ‘Do you want a table?’ ‘Oh! No thanks,’ someone replied. The waitress impatiently bustled back into the pizzeria.

We were there because we teach in the two nearby prisons, Garden State and Albert C Wagner Youth Correctional Facility. We were there because those prisons were having their first ever graduation ceremony – eight of our students were receiving Associates Degrees. We were there because there was nowhere better to meet between Princeton and the prisons.

About ten years ago our program, now called the Prison Teaching Initiative (PTI), was started by Matt Krumholz, then a doctoral student in comparative literature. Since then it’s grown considerably, with 20-something courses spanning the sciences and humanities. The institutional arrangements are complex: Princeton is part of a consortium along with the New Jersey Department of Justice (that allows us to teach), and Mercer County Community College (that accredits our courses) and other institutions like The College of New Jersey (which run their own courses). A handful of professors (like Jill Knapp in Astrophysics) and graduate students (like Ross Lerner in English) have somehow found the time to forge and maintain these arrangements, as well as organise the initiative itself. Recently, the organisational side of things became somewhat simpler, as Princeton hired a part-time staff-member to help run PTI.

This might not sound like a well-oiled machine, but it’s among the best you’ll find in the USA. When Bill Clinton made prisoners ineligible for federal funding for education – ‘Why,’ the rhetoric went, ‘should they get college education?’ – a gaping hole was left. (In July of this year, the Obama administration announced that it would temporarily make Pell grants available to some prisoners in a limited pilot program.) Over time, private institutions stepped up to fill it, providing basic programs that should be run by the state. Few states have anything comparable to the prison education programs available in New Jersey. According to data from the Prison Studies Project, there are no post-secondary programs at all in prisons in almost half of the states in the United States of America. Of course, these data may well be inaccurate. As far as I am aware, no one else has sought to provide a nationwide directory of such programs, which is a fairly good indication of the degree of national concern for prison education in this country.

I started teaching for PTI in my second year of graduate school. I first co-taught an English 101 course. Since then, I’ve taught a few philosophy courses with some friends and my partner, Sukaina. Part of my inspiration for first getting involved was that my mum, Jo McAlpin, worked in corrections education in Sydney, Australia. In Australia there’s no question that ‘they’ should get a university education. The New South Wales state government runs prison education programs with unionised, professional teachers and a set curriculum.

Admittedly, this curriculum doesn’t include anything like college-level philosophy. That’s largely because so many prisoners who enter prisons in New South Wales, as in New Jersey, still need to complete high-school level education. In New South Wales most prisoners are released shortly thereafter. New Jersey has an ample supply of young men whose sentences are long enough to finish high school and college degrees, with plenty of years left over. Even after they graduate with their Associate degrees, many of our students still have years left to serve. For students who have already completed all of the annual ‘core’ courses in English, mathematics and the sciences, a new course is a blessing: it’s their only opportunity to break up the prison routine for that semester.

The most recent course I taught – with Sukaina, Ella Haselswerdt (classics) and Orlando Reade (English) – was on the philosophy of inequality. This was the most exciting and most challenging course I’ve ever taught, at any institution. I wanted to teach this course in part because it connected so closely to the reasons why I teach in prisons. But in the process I had to confront uncomfortable questions about what it means to teach from a position of privilege.

I also wanted to teach this course for a simple reason. Egalitarian concerns have become increasingly pressing, and more widely discussed, in the United States. For all of its many, many faults, the rapidly increasing divide between the haves and the have-nots has prompted waves of books, debates, protests and speeches about whether the concentration of economic resources in the hands of so few – within the US, and across the globe – can be justified. That a 500-page dense, data-driven discussion of inequality and capitalism by a French economist could make the bestseller lists is a mark of the times.

There’s a strong tradition in political philosophy that dismisses these egalitarian concerns as entirely misplaced. In his highly influential *Two Treatises of Government*, published in 1690, John Locke took justice to be centrally concerned with property rights. We have rights over our own persons, our own labour, and (somewhat magically) over the material possessions and land with which our labour is ‘mixed’. There’s no sense in which the 1% own more than their ‘fair share’, because there is no such thing as anyone’s ‘fair share’. What’s theirs is theirs.

This Lockean view dominated Western political philosophy until the publication of John Rawls’ *A Theory of Justice* three centuries later. Unlike Locke, Rawls took justice to be centrally concerned with the equality of persons, which includes their equal access to basic goods. This inspired a renewed interest in political philosophy in general, and in equality in particular.

Over the next three decades, the philosophical discussion of equality was preoccupied with internecine disputes about which basic goods equality should be concerned with. Material resources? ‘Units’ of wellbeing? Opportunities to acquire resources/wellbeing? All of the above? These disputes belied the degree of underlying agreement among these thinkers, who all shared a largely unarticulated framework for thinking about inequality. In all of these views, inequalities are unjust when they result from brute luck. The guiding thought that animated their egalitarian concerns is (some secular equivalent to) ‘There but for the grace of God go I’: that some have so much and others so few is accidental, undeserved.

To many, this framework is quite intuitive. It is still presupposed in the discussion of inequality in fields like economics. Sometimes this is fairly explicit, as in Branko Milanovic’s *The Haves and the Have-Nots*. Sometimes it is only implicit, as in Joseph Stiglitz’s *The Price of Inequality*. To bring the guiding thought into focus, it is helpful to consider two data points from those texts. My favorite vignette from Milanovic’s fascinating and entertaining book is called ‘How Much of Your Income is Determined at Birth?’ His conclusion: at least 80%. And the most shocking passage I found in Stiglitz’s rich work is when he mentions, almost as an aside, that ‘the six heirs to the Wal-Mart empire command wealth of \$69.7 billion, which is

equivalent to the wealth of the entire bottom 30 percent of U.S. society.’ Birth is a lottery. In fact, it’s worse. To be born into a wealthy nation, a wealthy city, and a wealthy family, is not even a risky choice. It is just something that happens to some, but not others. But it largely determines what we earn, and how our lives fare. Surely earthly justice should correct for this cosmic injustice?

This framework, now called luck egalitarianism, is where our course started. We homed in on concerns about brute luck with a mixture of philosophy, economics and Greek literature – poor Oedipus was also cursed at birth – and considered both small-scale and structural responses to these concerns such as GA Cohen’s wonderfully short and provocative *Why Not Socialism?*

Luck egalitarianism has been beset with two significant problems. The first was fairly obvious to our students: luck determines what we earn and how we fare in ways that go well beyond where and to whom we’re born. One’s character is largely a matter of brute luck. It could be brute luck that some are lazy while others are driven; or that some are greedy or gloomy while others are easily sated and content. Luck egalitarians seemed to think that they could solve these problems by locating the right basic good, but wherever they turned they encountered problems. (Equality of wellbeing may require allocating more resources to the greedy and gloomy; equality of resources may require allocating more resources to the lazy than the driven.)

The second problem is even more serious. Luck egalitarians have said remarkably little about ethically troubling non-economic inequalities. At this point, it’s worth noting that unlike our predominantly black and Latino students at AC Wagner, the philosophers and economists who have assumed and accepted luck egalitarianism are mostly white. This is not an ad hominem attack. (I’m white. Philosophers and economists are generally pretty white.) But it has played a considerable role in determining which inequalities have, and have not, been subject to significant scrutiny by luck egalitarians. Class is central. Race is peripheral.

To appreciate the sheer scale of this silence on matters of race, consider some of the observations made by Charles Mills’ in ‘Rawls on Race/Race in Rawls’. Rawls’ 5,000 pages of published work contain about a half dozen pages’ worth of sentences discussing race, most of which are duplications of the same fairly general points, and mentioned almost as afterthoughts: ‘racism, and racial oppression’, Mills concludes, ‘are marginal to Rawls’s thought.’ Terms like ‘affirmative action’, ‘white supremacy’, and ‘institutional racism’ appear nowhere in his corpus.

This silence is harmful. Many self-described egalitarians, for instance, oppose race-based affirmative action because they take race to be a poor proxy for socio-economic class. There are, after all, poor whites and wealthy blacks. Why should the latter have any preference in college admissions just because they come from a group that is poorer on average?

The problem with such arguments, and the deeper problem with luck egalitarianism generally, is that there are racial inequalities that only peripherally involve access to economic resources.

Some of these inequalities occur in interpersonal interactions. Consider a few of the items in what Peggy McIntosh famously described as ‘the invisible backpack’ of white privilege: ‘I can go shopping alone most of the time, pretty well assured that I will not be followed or harassed’, ‘I can count on my skin color not to work against the appearance of financial reliability’, ‘I can swear, or dress in second-hand clothes, or not answer letters, without having people attribute these choices to the bad morals, the poverty, or the illiteracy of my race’, ‘I can do well in a challenging situation without being called a credit to my race’, ‘If my day, week, or year is going badly, I need not ask of each negative episode or situation whether it

has racial overtones’. As a white man I can be sure that I will not be stopped and frisked – or worse – by police. Even wealthy black men like Henry Louis Gates Jr, not to mention black children like Tamir Rice, do not have these privileges.

You could try to capture what’s ethically troubling about these racial inequalities by appealing to luck-based differences in resources or happiness or opportunities; but such concerns seem secondary to the core complaint that individuals are ascribed a lower social status on the basis of their skin colour. Such unequal social relations are unjust in and of themselves, not because of their downstream effects on wealth or well-being.

That was, at least, the view taken by Elizabeth Anderson in her ground-breaking 1999 paper ‘What is the Point of Equality?’ In Anderson’s view, sometimes called ‘relational egalitarianism’, the point of equality is to eliminate oppression, rather than to eliminate brute luck. Perhaps it is a matter of brute luck that some are greedy or gloomy, but they are not thereby oppressed. Interpersonal and institutional racism, by contrast, establish and express unjust social relations regardless of how they affect the distribution of any (other) public goods.

Anderson has developed this view further in relation to institutional barriers to bringing about a community of equals. She makes this case most powerfully in *The Imperative of Integration*, a book-length argument for why and how we must end the racial segregation that stubbornly persists in America’s schools, housing and employment, despite the Supreme Court’s much-lauded 1954 decision *Brown v. The Board of Education*, which found that segregation is ‘inherently unequal’.

The criminal justice system is, of course, a further institution in dire need of reform. As Michelle Alexander famously argued in *The New Jim Crow*, mass incarceration in America entrenches a racial caste system that systematically deprives blacks of their rights to life, liberty and suffrage.

While much of our discussion of inequality centered on institutional reform, we did not want to neglect the more mundane inequalities that pervade interpersonal interactions, like the privileges described by Peggy McIntosh. The two are clearly related as both causes and effects of stereotypes. But such stereotypes aren’t just harmful when someone is shot or locked up on the basis of their skin colour. They take a toll on anyone who experiences them over and over again in day-to-day interactions.

That toll is now much better understood in social psychology, particularly thanks to Claude Steele’s work on stereotypes in general and ‘stereotype threat’ in particular. This well-documented phenomenon occurs when one’s negatively stereotyped group identity is made salient, undermining one’s performance on a related activity. The cause can be subtle. Telling black students that a game of golf is a test of ‘sports intelligence’ is enough to cause them to underperform. So is telling white students that a game of golf is a test of ‘natural athletic ability’.

Steele does an admirable job of explaining this research in accessible terms in *Whistling Vivaldi*. The book’s name comes from an anecdote about a well-educated black man – *New York Times* journalist Brent Staples – who realised that he caused distress and alarm by merely walking near white passersby. To reassure them, he would whistle *Four Seasons*, and thereby use one stereotype (associating classical music and education with status and safety) to combat the harmful effects of another (associating blacks with danger).

This was, roughly, the trajectory of our course. We started with luck egalitarianism and economic inequalities, moved to relational egalitarianism and interpersonal and institutional discrimination, before returning to the challenge from those such as Locke and the libertarians he inspired – most prominently, Robert Nozick, whose *Anarchy, State and Utopia* was a second bible to the Reagan administration – who dismiss these egalitarian concerns as wrong-headed.

One of the main reasons I wanted to teach this material is that it so closely connected

to why I wanted to teach in prisons in the first place. Doing so is obviously valuable: prison education helps puncture the boredom of incarceration, gives students brighter prospects, and has very well-documented effects in reducing recidivism. But I never saw prison teaching as some act of charity for which I should be praised. I thought of it as something I owe to others. I thought about education in the way that others (aside from Locke's disciples) think about taxation. Education is a basic good that is distributed unequally as a matter of brute luck, with measurable flow-on effects for one's future wealth and wellbeing. Education is closely connected to equalities in social standing: that's why whistling Vivaldi was a quick and simple means for Staples to combat negative race-based stereotypes. I have been lucky enough to have access to fantastic educational resources. Others, like my students at Albert C Wagner, have not. Just as the heirs to the Wal-Mart fortune owe it to the poor to share the benefits of their economic resources, I owe it to others to share the privileges that come with higher-level education. Anything less would be selfish, miserly. GA Cohen once wrote an accusatorially tilted book: *If You're An Egalitarian, How Come You're So Rich?* I have a similar attitude towards the many academics who'll use all their bargaining power to avoid ever stepping inside a classroom: if you're an egalitarian, how come you don't teach?

But these same privileges make teaching in prisons far more complex. Some of these complexities were familiar enough prior to the course. For instance, I knew from experience that our students would most likely have had insufficient formal education to be comfortable with the difficult language used by even the most accessible philosophers. (This, to be clear, is no indictment of the intelligence of our students, though it is in part an indictment of philosophical prose.) But just as it can be hard to guess what terms or idioms will be opaque to others when you are very familiar with their use, it can also be hard to guess what ideas will resonate with an audience when you have been shaped by such different experiences of the world. We expected to find that concerns about brute luck would be fairly intuitive to our students, since they are intuitive enough to us, and were surprised by just how little unfairness our students found even in the plight of poor Oedipus, not to mention how unwilling they were to grant that it was a matter of brute luck that the heirs to the Wal-Mart empire had the same wealth as the bottom 30% of the US combined. Students in this class were more hostile to what I had thought were uncontroversial facts about America than students in a past class had been to Aristotle's highly controversial views about the deficient rationality of 'natural slaves'.

This response forced us to confront something quite uncomfortable. That there are systematic, structural injustices may well be true, and philosophically interesting, and politically important; but it is much less fraught to recognise such injustices when you occupy a position of privilege. There is a significant difference between teaching students at Princeton and in prison about the lack of economic mobility in America. To learn that your privileges are largely unearned is humbling, and can prompt you to make different choices about how to use your resources. To learn that your disadvantages are largely the product of systematic forces beyond your control is disempowering: it denies your own agency, and any hope you might have that your choices have a good chance of helping you or your children escape the poverty that you were born into.

By starting our course with a discussion of luck and economic inequality, we also failed our students in one other regard. How could they be equal participants in a discussion of inequality when we controlled their access to the relevant data? (Our students do not have access to the internet, and their library is rudimentary.) How could they critically engage with Steiglitz? By contrast, once we shifted focus to inequalities in social relations, our students could draw insights from a wealth of experience about racial stereotypes, apply them to stereotypes about other stigmatised social groups (related to gender, sexuality, class), use them to make subtle and sophisticated points about philosophical theories, and participate in

the classroom as equals. We learned as much from them as they learned from us. Probably more, in fact. Because our students are very, very good. And as our course progressed and they became engrossed – some performing spoken word poetry after class that made us laugh and cry, managing to make philosophical points beautifully in a way I had never seen – I felt proud. Proud in ways that I still can't express without sounding like a complete sap.

Of all the reasons I can think of to teach in prison, this is the best: it is a joy, not a chore. I consider myself lucky to have had the opportunity to critically engage with these wonderfully bright students. The philosophical discussions that we have with our students are as deep and insightful as you'll find in any classroom in Princeton. This assessment has been shared by the many eminent professors from Princeton, and in one case the University of Pennsylvania, who have been kind enough to provide guest lectures in our courses.

It was also shared by the Princeton students who – thanks to a great deal of organisational work by Sukaina – were able to come to AC Wagner for a joint seminar in our course. This seminar was on inequality and justice in Plato's *The Republic*, with guest professor Ben Morisson. Here's a representative excerpt from their feedback (which has been made available online¹):

My experience at the prison reminded me why I chose to study philosophy – the combination of debate and collaboration, the excitement of discussion – something many of my other precepts [a.k.a., tutorials] this semester, in which students seemed more eager to impress each other and the teacher than to create a conversation, had caused me to forget. The students at the prison were both incredibly bright and, what is perhaps more remarkable, extremely open to sharing their own ideas and listening to ours – an attitude I treasure and something I have missed. This experience not only shattered my preconceptions about the prison, but also reinvigorated my love for philosophy. As I left, I found myself upset not only because of prevalence of prejudices, such as those I had previously held, against inmates, but also because of how much I wished that I could soon go back to the prison another week and discuss another text, hearing more of the incredible ideas and fascinating discussion.

The most consistent theme from Princeton students' feedback was how refreshingly different the teaching environment in prison was. For a change, everyone was 'fully engaged' with the material, rather than 'commenting to impress the professor' and 'afraid to contribute ideas off the beaten track'. Of course, our students from AC Wagner could not make such comparisons, having never been inside an institution like Princeton. Their feedback instead focused on the similarities between themselves and students from Princeton:

Having the students from Princeton in our classroom was a great experience. Not only did it give me a better understanding of our discussion and a charitable view on other's opinions, but it made me feel like I'm human and as though I have the ability to learn and succeed like anyone else. As though I am equal and not just another statistic behind bars.

This is why we were all so excited on that day in June, to see our students graduating in the green regalia of Mercer County Community College. It was the first time we had seen them in anything other than their beige prison uniform (the tops of which still peeked through their robes' lower necklines). It is hard to describe how proud that felt. Though from looking

¹ 'Course Evals from Prisoners and Princetonians', May 2015, <http://dailynous.com/2015/05/01/course-evals-from-prisoners-and-princetonians/>

around the room at their family members' beaming faces, it was clearly an emotion that others shared, and then some. We all listened, and cried, during the students' speeches, which described how transformative education had been. How they had learned to feel again, to empathise with others, to see themselves as people with ideas and futures and value.

I don't think we were part of this process because we imparted knowledge and wisdom we'd acquired through our oh-so-many years inside universities. I think we were part of this process because we took the time to sit down with our students for twice-weekly two-hour seminars, for 14 weeks at a time, to collaboratively work through interesting philosophical questions. And this is the biggest respect in which I have learned from my students. I still think I have a duty to teach, but as not as some top-down transfer of goods. Unlike with data-driven disciplines, we can and should all enter the classroom as equals. We can have exciting and deep discussions despite where we are. We can't forget that our classroom is in an unusual, unfortunate and deeply upsetting environment – the thick bars on its grimy windows, the corrections officers who frequently describe our students as being more like 'Klingons' than human beings, the students who legitimately fear the prison becoming aware of the mental health issues even though they have no other recourse to treatment, the students who disappear for a third of the semester because they have been placed in solitary confinement. This backdrop cannot be ignored. But it also cannot prevent us all from doing good philosophy.

I was pretty numb when we left the graduation. I thought about my first graduation in 2009. It felt like a chore, so much so that I've skipped all such ceremonies since. I couldn't see the appeal of wearing expensive robes that more befit a cult than an academic institution and sitting through a series of half-hearted speeches full of well-worn remarks about the importance of education. Walking in a faculty procession through a cheaply decorated prison rec room in our motley collection of borrowed regalia didn't change anything. But hearing our students eloquently describe how transformative education had been was hauntingly beautiful. And leaving them at the end of the evening, when we were free to go home and they were not, was just haunting. ●

Minutes of the second meeting of the Emily Davison Lodge

Held at Tate Britain, London 10 March 2014

———— Introduction by Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve

We would like to welcome you all and thank you for coming to this, the second meeting of the Emily Davidson Lodge, the purpose of which is to debate the value of holding an exhibition of Sylvia Pankhurst's artworks at Tate Britain, London.

This is the first solo exhibition of Sylvia Pankhurst's artworks to be held in a public art institution in the UK (or anywhere else for that matter) and as such represents a historic moment. As many of you will already know, Sylvia Pankhurst is well recognised in the British context for her role in winning votes for women. Along with her mother and sisters, she was part of founding the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) in 1903, which was the militant wing of the early 20th-century campaign for women's suffrage in Britain. However less well known is that she also fought against racism and imperialism. When Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in 1935 she was one of the few figures in the European left to associate this African struggle with the fight against fascism in Europe. She in fact died in Ethiopia, having moved there towards the end of her life at the invitation of Haile Selassie. She also established the East London Federation of Suffragettes in the poorest part of London and was later expelled from the WSPU by her mother Emmeline and sister Cristabel, because of her socialism. In 1918 the East London Federation of Suffragettes became the Workers Socialist Federation, the first communist party in England, briefly affiliated with The Third International.

Sylvia Pankhurst was also an artist, having trained at Manchester School of Art and then the Royal College of Art in London. This exhibition of her artworks at Tate Britain is curated by the Emily Davison Lodge, in collaboration with Tate curator Emma Chambers. It came about as the result of an *Open Letter to Tate Britain*, in which we demanded that the museum address Sylvia Pankhurst and the other neglected female artists that were a part of the suffragette movement. In early 20th-century Britain, art schools and particularly the Slade in London, were amongst the few higher educational institutions that women could gain access to with relative ease. It is because of this fact that art had a large role to play in the WSPU as a movement, through associations such as the Suffrage Atelier and the Artists' League. The WSPU also initiated a sustained campaign of attacks on artworks in museums around the UK as part of their militant actions directed against 'the fetish of private property'. Most famous is Mary Richardson's attack on the Velazquez painting of Venus in the National Gallery with a small axe in 1914, which has entered into art history. Less well known is that this was one of dozens of artworks that the British suffragettes targeted.

The *Open Letter to Tate Britain* was both a set of demands and an artwork. It was initially part of a series of works that we were commissioned to make for an exhibition called 'Out of the Archives', curated by Anna Colin at the Women's Library in London in 2010. Four years after, we posted the letter at a display of Sylvia Pankhurst's artworks opened at Tate Britain.

Address of the Emily Davison Lodge:

The Emily Davison Lodge was reinaugurated in 2010, at the Women's Library, London. It takes the name of one of the most famous British suffragettes, who died under the king's horse whilst trying to interrupt a race called the Epsom Derby. The original lodge was established in her memory shortly after her death, by two militant suffragette friends, Marie Leigh and Edith New, in order to 'perpetuate the memory of a gallant woman by gathering together women of progressive thought and aspiration with the purpose of working for the progress of women according to the needs of the hour.' The lodge was as much an abstract concept as it was a framework for women to meet and discuss issues together over affordable food. Little is known about its activities, although there is documentation that Sylvia Pankhurst spoke under its auspices in Morpeth in the north of England in 1915. When Penelope Curtis, Director of Tate Britain, responded to our open letter, we agreed to curate this exhibition with them as 'The Emily Davison Lodge'. We knew that having that name on the gallery wall as an active organisation would signal that the fight for female equality is still being waged.

Sylvia Pankhurst is of course renowned as a political campaigner, which is only right, but little is known about her artwork and no attention is paid to the role of art in her identity. She trained and won awards at both the Manchester School of Art and the Royal College of Art and, but, as her story is typically told, she 'gave up art' at the age of 27 in order to help the WSPU achieve its political goals. From the contemporary vantage point, however, where socially engaged and activist forms of art are de rigueur, we would put it that she did not give up art but rather re-focused her creative energies. We decry the fact that her contribution within the field of art and politics has not been recognised by art history and hope that this exhibition is the beginning of according her such status.

The paintings and drawings from the 'Northern Workers Tour of England' were never intended for exhibition. She made them to illustrate an article she wrote about women's working conditions for *The London Magazine* in November 1908 – a copy of which is included in the exhibition. This strategy, this foresight, is so typical of Sylvia Pankhurst and, at the same time, you can quite feel the joy she had in making the actual works, in having a justified reason to use paint and to work in terms of colour. They have far more aesthetic investment than mere illustrations warrant.

Our aim is to insert not just the work of Sylvia Pankhurst into art history but also that of other creative militant suffragettes. We want to know their names, we want the impact of what they did and the multi-levelled ways that they operated – friendships and behind-the-scenes acts of protest as prevalent as the public spectacular processions and rushes on parliament – recognised. From today's perspective these types of actions are instances of extreme creativity. There is much to learn from this that has not been learned. This is a feminist revision as well as an artistic one.

The original Emily Davison Lodge ceased operating at some point in the early 1940s and whilst its current reincarnation shares the founding manifesto, we would like to add that the Emily Davison Lodge is a proposition. It suggests a conceptual dwelling place for trying out new, radical and creative types of campaigning, whilst providing a framework for us as artists to progress in our work of researching the suffragette as a militant artist. We accept that this challenges our artworks to take on agency, to effect change in the world where possible, which is modestly reflected in the Open Letter to Tate Britain that we wrote and which resulted in the realisation of this Sylvia Pankhurst display.

Lastly but most importantly, the Emily Davison Lodge stands as a proposal. We hope the name of a famous militant suffragette and the motto 'To meet the needs of the hour' will

encourage people and projects interested in feminist strategies and the relationship between art and social change to come forward and either work with us or use the Lodge as an umbrella to help them forward their cause.

Minutes of the second meeting of the Emily Davison Lodge:

In attendance:

Sally Alexander, Joan Ashworth, Emma Chambers, Deborah Cherry, Irene Cockroft, Katherine Connelly, Penelope Curtis, Michael Harding, Lara Perry, Olivia Plender, Hester Reeve, Irene Revell, Louise Shelley, Patrick Staff, Marina Vishmidt, Melanie Unwin.

The artworks

In the 'Women Workers' series, Sylvia Pankhurst uses her skills as a painter to show the viewer the unromantic reality of women's working conditions, the bare feet of the textile workers and red hands of the herring cutter, the repetitive nature of piece work, child labour and the subordination of women workers to male workers, for whom she also has sympathy. In the article that she wrote for the *London Magazine* in 1908 to accompany the paintings, she calls the little girl who appears in the painting of a ceramics factory in 1907, 'the slave of a slave' as she is restricted to the lower paid, unskilled work of preparing the clay for the male 'thrower' to turn on the pottery wheel. Some of the portraits focus on a single worker, such as the woman minding a pair of fine frames in a Glasgow cotton mill, and aim to show the humanity of the individual, but there are also, unusually, images of women working in groups. Through these artworks, Pankhurst made a powerful argument for improvement in working conditions and pay equality with men.

The working conditions in each factory varied. In a Leicester boot factory the women are shown hunched over the pieces as they sew them together. Despite the fact that this was a small production co-operative factory, and as such the conditions were better than most, Pankhurst (who was influenced by the arts and crafts movement), was saddened by how alienated the workers were from the final product of their labour. In the ceramics factories of Staffordshire, where many of the paintings were made, the lead glaze used was extremely damaging to the health of the workers. Pankhurst was disgusted when she found out that the reasons for its use were purely commercial. In contrast, in a painting made in the comparatively better Wedgwood factory, she foregrounds the beautifully decorated soup tureen in the image, in order to emphasise the craft that has gone into it and the artistic nature of the work.

Pankhurst also made drawings whilst in prison for suffragette activities, which were intended for publication alongside an article revealing the appalling prison conditions. Many suffragettes served sentences, going on hunger strike in protest against the government's refusal to categorise them as political prisoners and enduring the torture of forced feeding. The Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) were skilled at symbolic gestures and through ritual were able to normalise the extraordinary and far-from-respectable behaviour that participation in the movement called for. Suffragette prisoners were usually met at the prison gates upon their release, paraded through the streets to a celebratory meal or tea where they were presented with medals and certificates. One of these medals, the Holloway Brooch (c.1909), was designed by Sylvia Pankhurst, and is included in the exhibition. The enamel and silver design is based on the gates of Holloway women's prison, where many of

the suffragettes served their sentences. Also on show is an illuminated address given to the suffragette Elsa Gye to commemorate her having served a prison term for the cause. This was also designed by Pankhurst and includes the WSPU's logo, called the Angel of Freedom. The influence of the arts and crafts movement on Pankhurst is clear in the medievalism of the logo, which appeared on banners, membership cards and a tea set sold to raise funds for the WSPU.

Sylvia Pankhurst was heavily influenced by the arts and crafts movement throughout her life and she saw art and beauty as essential to dignity and the opposite of alienated labour. As a full-time political campaigner, her actions continued to reflect these values; she established a co-operative toy factory in London's East End, with toys designed by artists; she turned to writing plays, fiction and history and even towards the end of her life was involved with the art scene in Ethiopia. The Emily Davison Lodge advocates for Sylvia Pankhurst's inclusion in art history and aims to move away from the usual story of her career. The idea that Pankhurst gave up art in order to go into politics reiterates the conservative notion of art as a sphere separate from politics. The representatives of the Emily Davison Lodge present at the meeting argued that she did not so much abandon art for political action, as substitute one form of artistic representation for another.

A feminist intervention in the canon

A discussion ensued around the Emily Davison Lodge's strategic decision to focus on Sylvia Pankhurst in their *Open Letter to Tate Britain*, as she was one of the best-known figures within the movement and also because it was possible to build a coherent argument around the 'Northern Workers' series of paintings. The aim was to intervene in the way in which this history is written, initially targeting Tate Britain as the institution that decides who counts in British art. It was stated by Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve that with the exception of a few feminist art historians, such as Lisa Tickner in her book *The Spectacle of Women*, none of the artworks to be discussed at the meeting had been addressed by art history – and to the best knowledge of the Emily Davison Lodge at that time they had not previously been exhibited in any art institution.

The question was asked as to why so few female artists make it into art history. Whilst acknowledging the obvious discrimination taking place, the discussion centred on the more subtle factors at play. One explanation offered for Sylvia Pankhurst's absence from the canon was her refusal to specialise. In her introduction to *The Sylvia Pankhurst Reader*, historian Kathryn Dodd speaks of the 'radical reconstruction of intellectual ideas and categories that took place from the 1880s to 1920s... [when] the expert academic emerged as the authoritative intellectual figure. In these circumstances, to cling to Utopian beliefs in the wholeness of knowledge and experience, as Pankhurst did, to be a political activist and an artist and a writer – of history, and politics, and poetry – was a good way to be at best ignored, or at worst derided.'

In much of the theory and writing around the recent social turn in art, in particular Nicolas Bourriaud's *Relational Aesthetics*, the role of feminism is alarmingly neglected. Second wave feminist artists in the 1970s, emerging from the women's movement, were involved in developing many of the methods behind the social practices that are currently celebrated on the global biennial circuit. The group discussed how these artists often worked outside of the mainstream, forming collectives both as a survival strategy and in order to find forms and establish institutions that reflected their own political values, rather than those dictated by a market-driven art world. They often made works collaboratively, which were not easily collectable commodities as they challenged the conventions of authorship. These works are rarely found in museum collections and therefore much art history overemphasises the role of solo artists in historical movements.



But does this matter? The consensus at the meeting was that it does and many of those present referred to Griselda Pollock's work in *Differencing the Canon*:

'In order to shift the lines of demarcation we must attend both to the level of enunciation – what is said in discourses and done in practices in museums and galleries – and to the level of effect, that is, how what is said articulates hierarchies, norms asserting elite white masculine heterosexual domination and privilege as "common sense" and insisting that anything else is an unaesthetic aberration: bad art, politics instead of art, partisanship instead of universal values, motivated expression instead of disinterested truth and beauty.'

The group agreed that the gesture embodied in the Emily Davison Lodge's *Open Letter to Tate Britain* owed a great deal to second wave feminist artists and art historians such as Pollock. In the 1970s they were already looking back to the first wave of feminism and similarly aimed for visibility for more female artists. Those present at the meeting debated the question of what a gesture like this, borrowed from 1970s feminist movement, means today. It was felt that whilst the aim to intervene in the canon was in a sense successful, as there was indeed a show of Pankhurst's works at Tate Britain, it had come at a price with much compromise.

Many voices, both female and male, are not heard by the disciplining educational institution that is the museum, as they do not speak in ways that the institution recognises as legitimate. Subsequently (as the Emily Davison Lodge reported), a year or so into the process of negotiating the Sylvia Pankhurst display, a strange question was suddenly asked by the Tate: 'but is the work actually any good?' Perhaps this was politics not art, partisan and 'motivated expression' rather than 'disinterested truth and beauty' after all. The representatives of Tate Britain present at the meeting defended the institution, but agreed that one of the compromises

of the project was that, in order to overcome this hurdle, the Emily Davison Lodge had deliberately shaped the narrative of the artist Sylvia Pankhurst into a form that the museum could comprehend. For example, they singled Pankhurst out as a solo artist in their letter, and mentioned the responses to the suffragette artists' activities by well-known male avant-garde artists (such as the futurist Marinetti and the British Vorticist's) as a means of legitimising them.

The Emily Davison Lodge stated that they had accepted the ideological apparatus of the Tate – which includes corporate sponsorship and also the conditions of work at the Tate – in the interests of opening up a dialogue about the lack of representation of female artists, in both the historical and contemporary collection and exhibitions, and making their voices heard. At this point artist Patrick Staff interjected and suggested that the project was a kind of Trojan horse. But others felt that Tate Britain to an extent was able to absorb Sylvia Pankhurst's artwork, and its politics, into an avant-garde logic of novelty and newness. The institution of art was hardly challenged.

The Emily Davison Lodge reported that they had also had problems when it came to their own working conditions, as Tate Britain not only seemed reluctant to commit funds to the project, only sourcing works in the London area, but were also reluctant to pay them anything other than a token fee for their work. It was noted that this practice is unfortunately very common in the art world, especially when it comes to larger, more powerful institutions. Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve pushed the Tate to fundraise for the project so that they would be able to spend time on it, away from other waged work, but to no avail. They expressed concern that this had limited the scope of the project. A key aim had been to locate and record as many of the works from the Northern Workers Tour as possible; another had been for Tate Britain to invest in purchasing Pankhurst's artwork, securing it for future generations.

Addition to minutes post meeting:

During this process one of the founder members of the re-inaugurated Emily Davison Lodge had a dream where she was at an exhibition opening with Penelope Curtis, the director of Tate Britain (who was also present at the meeting). In the dream they were standing in front of a plinth supporting a small sculpture, a dummy cast in bronze (or pacifier in American English). Curtis told her that this was a participatory artwork and tried to persuade her to put the bronze dummy in her mouth. In British English the word 'dummy' implies being made dumb, or speechless, whereas in American the name implies passivity – to be made passive. Either way, Olivia Plender (whose dream it was) felt both infantilised and as if there was an attempt on the part of the institution to silence her. In keeping with this atmosphere, she did not confront Penelope with her dream at the meeting.

Perhaps this was a failed attempt at engaging the museum in institutional reform? However, as was discussed, the reality of showing at such a large museum as the Tate is very complex, and with thousands of people viewing the artworks, there were many unanticipated effects from the exhibition, which would not have been possible had the works been shown in a more alternative venue.

At this point, feminist historian Sally Alexander (who was an organiser of the first national UK Women's Liberation Movement conference, held at Ruskin College, Oxford in 1970) passionately raised the question: 'How does this history address you? How can we let this history address us?' There was a debate about the relevance of Sylvia Pankhurst's work to contemporary feminist struggles. The Emily Davison Lodge insisted that their interest in Pankhurst was in no way nostalgic. They argued that this history is important to address today as hard-won equal rights are currently under threat. Women are disproportionately affected by the contemporary climate of 'austerity' and welfare cuts, with many being pushed back into

low-paid and unwaged labour.

Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve mentioned that they have been contacted by many different feminist organisations that find Sylvia Pankhurst's artworks relevant to their struggle – for example the National Association of Women, an organisation with very close ties to trade unions. At the NAW annual Sylvia Pankhurst Memorial Lecture, the Lodge addressed an audience who made comparisons with many different political causes, including the ongoing struggle of the miners, of which many of them were veterans.

It was at this point in the meeting that Sally Alexander and feminist art historian Deborah Cherry pointed out that Sylvia Pankhurst's artwork had actually been shown once before in a major public art institution – in the 1980s in an exhibition about the Edwardian era curated by Cherry at the Barbican Art Centre in London. None of the others present had heard of the show, despite being researchers into Pankhurst's work. In an interesting turn of events, it turned out that Cherry had at that time attempted dialogue with the Tate but with no success. The Tate was then totally uninterested. Therefore both women deduced that the current recognition by the institution of Pankhurst's work, and the fact that Tate Britain has a female director, are signs of progress. But they argued against the notion that the work had ever disappeared from view, because for them it had never gone away. These voices may have been unheard within certain contexts, but they are loud and clear in others.

Actions:

Following the disclosure that the works had already once been shown in a major public art institution, those assembled at the meeting felt that a temporary display at Tate Britain would not be not enough to secure the original aim of winning a place for Sylvia Pankhurst in art history. It is considered necessary to make a publication on her artworks that can become a permanent feature in libraries; otherwise the work is in danger of once again disappearing from view.

There are plans to expand the membership and hold a weekend working party-conference, during which a banner will be designed and created for the Emily Davison Lodge.

The Emily Davison Lodge is also collaborating with the feminist coalition Reclaim the Agenda, based in Northern Ireland, in order to bring the exhibition to Belfast for International Women's Day 2015.

Minutes signed off by Hester Reeve and Olivia Plender

The image shows two handwritten signatures in black ink. The signature on the left is 'Hester Reeve' and the signature on the right is 'Olivia Plender'. Both are written in a cursive, flowing style.

The families we choose: on AIDS and friendship

——— Alys Moody

The walk from Kings Cross, Sydney's once notorious red-light district, to St Vincent's Hospital takes about ten minutes up Darlinghurst Road, one of the main thoroughfares through the eponymous inner-city suburb that has long been the centre of Sydney's gay community. An imposing presence in a suburb of terrace houses and trendy bars, this hospital looms tragically large in the history of gay life in Sydney. It's where, in 1982, Australia's first case of AIDS was diagnosed and where, in 1984, the country's first dedicated AIDS ward was established: Ward 17 South. Throughout the 1980s and 1990s, as the epidemic spread through the surrounding gay communities, as well as the nearby IV-drug-using communities of the Cross, the hospital became one of the country's leading HIV/AIDS treatment facilities, treating over half the country's HIV and AIDS patients.

For my generation, born during the early years of AIDS and coming of age after the beginning of the new millennium, this grim history has always been just that – history. By the early 21st century, AIDS was no longer the death sentence it had been in the early years. The 1990s saw dramatic improvements in treatments and, as more people living with HIV were able to live healthy lives, demand for beds began to fall off. In 2007, the hospital closed Ward 17 South, absorbing remaining patients into general wards or treating them as outpatients.

While our childhoods may have been haunted by Australia's infamous grim reaper ads, as young adults, our social circles were never torn apart by this disease; we were more likely to know AIDS as an unrealised threat than as a personal tragedy. But geographically and socially, AIDS inhabits the worlds I have lived in (and likely the worlds most readers of this magazine live in) like a spectre. It maintains an uncanny proximity to our own communities, exempting us by the good luck of our historical near miss. Less than a generation removed from its most shocking ravages, the exhortation to remember this crisis feels like the exhortation to remember and understand some part of history that, if not exactly mine, is one that I identify with. Of all the catastrophes of the twentieth century, of all the ways that brutal century pulverised people and social bonds, the horror of AIDS tearing through gay communities in the 1980s and 1990s feels closest to home.

Saying that AIDS feels close to home might really just be a way of saying that the thin men in archival footage of the patients on Ward 17 South still look like my friends. But if so, I'm not so sure that this is the banal, even self-indulgent, observation that I am tempted to dismiss it as. One of the most compelling things about the AIDS crisis is the alternate forms of kinship and community that it brings to light and, in particular, the way the whole catastrophe – the heart-breaking aspects as well as the glimmers of humour and joy and relief – is rooted so firmly in an understanding, rare in our society, of the richness and complexity and passion of friendship. At a historical moment when many gay people were alienated from or not out to their families, and when partners of AIDS victims might themselves be ill or dead, friendship was an unusually crucial social bond. And for many who lived through those years, the trauma

lies not just (and perhaps not at all) in the loss of individual, beloved partners, but in the enormity of losing so many friends so young.

The AIDS crisis is a rare moment in late 20th-century history that foregrounds the full force of friendship's strangeness and its capacity to generate powerful, affiliative bonds. It brings to the fore what Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, in a memorial for Craig Owens, an activist and art critic who died of AIDS in 1990, describes as 'this strange, utterly discontinuous, projective space of desire euphemistically named friendship'. Part of what continues to seem to me shocking and fascinating in the AIDS epidemic is its capacity to make friendship appear in this unfamiliar light, by way of the glimpse it offers into friendships in *extremis*, far beyond the anodyne and adolescent substitutes for sexual or familial relations that we commonly imagine it to be.

The importance of friendship is everywhere apparent in the cultural production of the AIDS crisis. Essay collections of and about this period – from Sedgwick's *Tendencies* (in which the Owens memorial was reprinted) to British AIDS activist Simon Watney's *Imagining Hope: AIDS and Gay Identity* – are dotted with memorials to lost friends. Fictional worlds set in this historical moment characteristically take the friendship network – rather than the family or the singular romance – as their organising social structure. From Tony Kushner's play *Angels in America*, to Alan Hollinghurst's novel *The Line of Beauty*, to the ground-breaking 1986 New Zealand television show *A Death in the Family*, which screened on primetime only a year after the country's first AIDS death, the disease is portrayed, time and again, as tearing through circles of friends who struggle to rally around the dying (or who pointedly fail to do so). In many of these stories, families are marginal, still playing out their own earlier dramas about their sons' sexuality while friends and lovers offer the support necessary for the dying men to confront the real disaster at hand.

Of course, AIDS alone did not invent these queer communities. In the 1997 preface to her 1991 study *Families We Choose: Gays, Lesbians, Kinship*, anthropologist Kath Weston recalls the atmosphere in which she undertook the fieldwork for her study: 'in the mid-1980s, popular wisdom had it that lesbians, gay men and bisexuals put kinship ties at risk when they came out'. In response to this presumed or actual loss of family, 'people had begun talking about something called "gay families," the "families we choose."' These 'gay families' were formed overwhelmingly from constellations of friendships and relationships, newly imbued with the emotional and social weight that elsewhere was reserved for more traditional kinship structures.

These communities were already organising in the brief moment between the beginning of gay liberation and the onset of AIDS, when coming out was beginning to have a social and political pull, and gay friends were stepping into the holes left by families who couldn't or wouldn't understand. But in this pre-AIDS moment, at the height of the sexual revolution, these communities tended to understand themselves not in the language of family, but of sexuality. When AIDS began ravaging these communities in the 1980s, often to the indifference or hostility of the wider community, these communities reformulated themselves and, when Weston began her fieldwork in AIDS-ravaged San Francisco, she realised that, in the talk of 'gay families', she was confronting 'an entire discourse in the making'.

The discourse of the gay family that Weston identified in the 1980s and early 1990s is still evident in contemporary gay activism, but the term has increasingly converged on the straight family to which it initially opposed itself. Now, rather than alternate kinship structures built around shifting networks of friends and lovers, the gay family is increasingly built on the model of the straight family. Access to marriage and reproductive rights – the cornerstones of the heterosexual family – have been the key issues for gay activism in the twenty-first century.

This convergence is itself in part a legacy of AIDS, which disrupted the promiscuous sexuality of the gay liberation era while painfully bringing home the stakes of inhabiting social

structures that are excluded from legal and social recognition: the denial, for instance, of the right of partners to visit dying loved ones, or the forfeiture of the right to make decisions about medical actions and funeral arrangements to families who may have never accepted their son in his lifetime. It is also in part a result of the success of the gay rights movement. Over the last couple of decades, gay life has increasingly moved out of marginal subcultures, where radically reimagining the family seemed like a vital task, and into the mainstream, where inhabiting the straight world on an equal footing suddenly feels much more important.

While the simple fact that alternate kinship structures are no longer a necessary part of gay life is, in and of itself, testament to the tremendous success of gay activism, there has always been a radical tradition within the gay community that has hesitated before the assimilationist logic of the discourse of the family. In another essay in *Tendencies*, Sedgwick quotes a 1989 interview with her friend Michael Lynch, one of the founders of gay studies: 'I don't like the idea of the gay family,' he says, 'it's a heterosexist notion. I'd like a straight family to see themselves in terms of friends. I'd rather see same-sex friendship be the model to straights.'

In some sense, Lynch's dream may also have come true. In the 1990s, as the AIDS crisis was passing and the gay family discourse was solidifying into a political agenda, popular culture, from *Friends to Sex and the City*, suddenly became interested in models of straight community that placed friendships, rather than relationships or traditional families, at their heart. As the age at which straight people get married and have children has risen, these models of support networks stitched together from friendships continue to be important, particularly to childless people in their 20s and 30s.

But much as the growing sense of the inevitability of gay marriage (if not its reality, for many outside Australia) offers real cause for celebration, the sense in which I identify with the AIDS crisis – and one of the things that this crisis still seems available to teach us – is rooted in this alternate legacy of gay friendship. In fact, my identification with this crisis is, more precisely, an identification with the communities and the friendships that AIDS decimated and made visible, and with the kind of powerful, risky social bonds that friendship can be.

* * *

Of course, such an identification is necessarily partial. As a straight woman, I am insulated from the risks and fears of being a sexually active gay man in the mid-1980s not just by historical distance but also by statistical likelihood. When I try to imagine living through the AIDS crisis, I imagine losing my friends, but not my partner; I imagine the hollowing out of my community, but not my sex life; I imagine confronting my friends' mortality but not, directly, my own. My identification is always oblique, routed through differences of age, gender and sexual orientation, and the kinds of unequal protection that each has or would have provided me with.

In 'White Glasses', the last essay in *Tendencies*, Sedgwick – a married woman famous as the founder of the academic field of queer theory and as one of the most important theorists of male homosexuality in the late 20th century – meditates on this capacity to identify, imperfectly and incompletely, across identities. The essay, originally presented as a talk in May 1991, was conceived as a memorial for Michael Lynch, a close friend who was dying of AIDS. In the interval between proposing and delivering the talk, however, Michael unexpectedly lived on, while Sedgwick, equally unexpectedly, was diagnosed with the breast cancer that would eventually kill her in 2009. The essay explores the force of her identification with Michael and with gay men more generally, 'an identification that falls across gender', but that also 'falls no less across sexuality, across "perversions." And across the ontological crack between the living and the dead.'

Sedgwick's identification with Michael precedes her diagnosis, and therefore precedes

the inauguration of their shared identity as people with fatal illnesses. But her essay also makes clear that even her post-diagnosis identification is not straightforwardly one based in a shared or identical experience. In fact, both Lynch and Sedgwick happen to have been struck by diseases that purport to fix their different identities – as gay man and as woman – irrevocably and violently in the moment of illness. 'One of the first things I felt,' Sedgwick writes, 'when I was facing the diagnosis of breast cancer was, "Shit, now I guess I must really be a woman."'

If breast cancer is paradigmatically the woman's disease – the disease that fixes and identifies women as women by attacking them from within their most visible secondary sex characteristics – then AIDS in the 1980s and early 1990s was, of course, paradigmatically (if not entirely accurately) the 'gay disease'. Just as the fact of having breast cancer forced on Sedgwick an identity that she may not otherwise have claimed, or at least not so straightforwardly (elsewhere in the essay, she writes playfully of 'my—shall I call it my identification? Dare I, after this half-decade, call it with all a fat woman's defiance, my identity?—as a gay man'), AIDS in this era held a special power to forcibly identify someone as gay, even against their will.

In *Angels in America*, Kushner's fictionalised version of Roy Cohn – an attorney infamous as a leading figure in Joe McCarthy's persecution of communists and homosexuals in the 1950s, who died of AIDS in 1986 – insists defiantly on the distinction between his actions and his identity: 'what I am is defined entirely by who I am. Roy Cohn is not a homosexual. Roy Cohn is a heterosexual man who fucks around with guys.' Cohn, real and fictional, is an odious character. Hard as it is to empathise with his plight, though, his impotent outrage does capture something tragic in the hopelessness of his attempt to control who he is, against the inexorable logic of a disease that, in killing him, would also deny him even that basic right. Cohn's plight exemplifies the tension between acts and identity that led to the rise of the term 'men who have sex with men' (MSM) among public health professionals in the early 1990s, in an attempt to reach at-risk men who did not identify as gay. But despite the professional terminology, for many men the perception of AIDS as a 'gay disease' violently completed the historical transition that Foucault describes in volume 1 of *The History of Sexuality*: 'The sodomite had been a temporary aberration; the homosexual was now a species.' (Foucault himself died of AIDS in 1984, one of the earliest cases in France.) Or, as Ani DiFranco puts it in 'On Every Corner', her song of the epidemic: 'Our actions will define us.'

Sedgwick's own body of work takes on a new cast in this light. Rereading her most famous book, *Epistemology of the Closet* (1990) – a book that has been widely credited with founding the academic subfield of queer theory – I am struck by how integrally it is a text of the AIDS crisis. Despite dealing mainly with late 19th-century literature, it is propelled and underwritten by the new weight that knowing and not knowing took on at the moment of its writing in the late 1980s, when homosexuality remained widely closeted but newly deadly. From the sheer terror of not-knowing that characterised its early years, when no one knew what the disease was or how it spread, to the traumas of outing, and the constant, life-threatening uncertainty around HIV status, the AIDS crisis is a crisis of knowledge, and a crisis in which the stakes of knowledge are revealed to be literally life or death. George Michael: 'I guess what they're saying is no longer true / That what you don't know can't hurt you.'

But if the logic of AIDS is one that anxiously demands full disclosure and complete knowledge, 'White Glasses' dwells instead on what Sedgwick doesn't know. The essay opens with Sedgwick – 'I, who didn't in 1986 personally know anyone with AIDS' – organising a panel on AIDS at the major American language and literature conference; Sedgwick, who, moreover, on the cusp of becoming one of the world's leading theorists of 'gay men's bonding, community, thought, and politics', concedes this to be a 'scene which at the experiential level at that time was almost totally unknown to me.' The point, I think, of these

opening admissions is to pry open the space between knowledge and identification, to suggest that identifications, which need not be founded on knowledge, nonetheless produce their own knowledges as a product of the particular intimacies and ways of living that they permit.

This gap between knowledge and identification is, not coincidentally, the particular province of friendship. In contrast to the myth of the ideal romantic partner who knows ‘everything about you’, or the family who, knowing you at your origins, presumes a special kind of knowledge, friendship has a looser, more relaxed relationship to the always-vexed question of ‘who you really are’. We know our closest friends intimately, of course, but we also assume that this intimacy has its limits. While the recognition that our lovers and spouses are other people, fundamentally unknowable for that reason alone, tends to strike us as a shock (and sometimes as a failure), and while whole fields of psychoanalysis have been spun out of the child’s traumatic recognition that they are not their parents, friendship has no problem conceding that while our knowledge of our friends may be intimate, it is also, inevitably, partial and limited.

To value friendship as a cornerstone of our social networks is to learn to treasure these partial and imperfect ways of knowing each other, a shift whose implications are not only personal or epistemological, but also political. At a time when the ghettoisation of AIDS as a ‘gay disease’ was a clear if unspoken reason for the scandalously slow and indifferent response to the disease, particularly in Reagan’s America, Sedgwick’s insistence on using her breast cancer diagnosis to cement her identification with (as?) a gay man carries an important political charge. Refusing an antagonistic model that pits ‘our’ disease against ‘theirs’, Sedgwick allows her breast cancer to form part of an affiliative, coalitional politics, founded on identifications amplified by a shared experience of diseases that are never the same.

As Sedgwick well knew, in important respects HIV/AIDS really was (and, in the West, still is) a gay disease, one that disproportionately affects gay men – between 2009 and 2013, 85% of newly acquired cases of HIV in Australia were among men who have sex with men – and that requires a response that specifically targets this population. A politics that emphasised identification between people of different genders, orientations and illnesses could not do so at the expense of maintaining an awareness of the specificity of gay men’s experience of and with this disease. If the political potential of identification is important, so too is the awareness of what this identification falls across. Coalitional politics, like friendship itself, is built upon the fundamental knowledge gap that this across entails, the space between identifying with a group, and being a member of it – but it also assumes that imperfect knowledge doesn’t preclude us from learning from each other, or from contributing to political struggles on each other’s behalf.

* * *

I am thinking of Sedgwick and Lynch again as I walk the ten minutes from the Cross to St Vincent’s, through those suburbs that were once so brutalised by AIDS. Although we think of it less, HIV/AIDS is far from over in Australia. In 2013, there were an estimated 26,800 people in Australia living with the disease, including 1236 newly diagnosed cases, still mostly gay men – and the number of new diagnoses has actually been rising since 1999 (please wear condoms, beloved friends!) But the moment when knowing gay men meant grappling with constant loss and too many visits to St Vincent’s has, mercifully, passed, and I am not here to visit an AIDS patient. I’m here instead to see a beloved relative who is dying of cancer, someone whose familial relation to me does not preclude him from belonging also among the family I choose. And I am looking, in part, to these extraordinary communities of the 1980s and 1990s – communities that are not quite mine – to teach me how to live through loss and dying with flair and love. With Sedgwick, ‘I still want to know more and more about how Michael [and Eve] and other people deal with this long moment, and how I will.’ ●

Is the cloud an earthly thing? Collective memory and the disappearance act.

————— A document chat room inhabited by Centre for Inefficiency and Worms.
01.05.2015 – 15.17.2015.

Centre for Inefficiency

Being inefficient, or acting so, is not necessarily synonymous with being passive. In our appropriated version of the word, it doesn’t stand as an automatic antonym to efficiency – rather, it can be used as a means of transport, a slothy force of activation for re-writings and re-formulations. Through joint endeavours, Centre for Inefficiency is concerned with themes of fictive realities, dissolved histories, authorships and utopias. CFI is a nomadic context, mostly based in Stockholm, initiated by Clara Isaksson, Ulrika Lublin and Joanna Nordin.

WORMS

WORMS is a loose artist collective that was from the very beginning set between fiction and social reality. Over the period of its existence it surfaces in a number of artist collectives from the past, present and future, and many of them are not conscious of the fact that they are WORMS members. Furthermore some of these artist collectives are fictitious, such as the ‘visceral realists’ from Roberto Bolaños’ *The Savage Detectives*. The members work in different constellations depending on the particular context where WORMS appears. Memories, pre-sentiments and déjà vus connect the different WORMS members over centuries – beyond their own lifespan. The public activities of WORMS encompasses performances and interventions in institutions, public spaces, digital media and the production of publications, in particular *High Times* magazine.

—————

A collective reading of Donna Haraway last year lead to a conversation around conversations, fictions, re-writings, collective thinking and the present perfect. WORMS later arranged a symposium at Stadtgalerie Bern, where Centre for Inefficiency participated through appointing SIRI as their temp, as well as adding Ursula K Le Guin’s ‘The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction’¹ to the reading list. This chat took place in the light of those events. Some things are left out and some are still on the table.

—————

¹ Ursula K Le Guin’s ‘The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction’ is an essay from her non-fiction book *Dancing at the Edge of the World* (1989, Grove Press). Le Guin’s essay describes the life of the prehistoric human as primarily that of a gatherer, not a hunter. The essay raises the theory that the first and most important tool used by humans was the container or carrier bag, rather than a weapon. Assumed to be a female invention, the carrier bag changes the told story of the hero, and sheds new light on women’s role in humanity, with possibilities for re-writing and for new histories to be told. Le Guin equates the idea to the one of grafting a good novel by using it as a container of words, rather than a spear of words.

there is something i feel like we want to get at...
obscurity, visibility, transparency. this constant pulling
away and showing yourself that seem to be such crucial
modes in the world today
smokescreens
the distinction between irl and afk
privacy settings, snowden, siri, the sun,
in or out of the cloud
like, who's cloud
an era of slippery differentiations...

what about the anthropocene?
yes
well there's that big conference 2016. they're going to
try and finally decide what era we're in.
eh it took 50 years to decide on the holocene ...so,
might return to that topic later...

*After the Ice Age there had already been vast migrations
towards the present-day of this area, as temperatures
dropped, inhabitants moved away towards the South.
Thousands of years later, as the ground thawed, the
climate became tolerable, and the lands became fertile,
some life moved back to the North. Some hours ago,
shortly before I took the cab to the airport I was trying
to find some information about the place I would be in
a few hours. Eighty percent of the surface of the city
consists of water.*

*The word 'holocene' derives from the Greek words
ὅλος (holos, whole or entire) and καινός (kainos, new),
meaning 'entirely recent'. It has been identified with
the current warm period, known as MIS 1, and can be
considered an interglacial in the current ice age based
on that evidence.
The Holocene also encompasses the growth and
impacts of the human species worldwide, including all
its written history, development of major civilizations,
and overall significant transition toward urban living in
the present.*

*The Anthropocene is a proposed epoch that begins
when human activities started to have a significant
global impact on Earth's ecosystems.
As of April 2015, the term has not been adopted
formally as part of the official nomenclature of the
geological field of study. The Geological Society of
America entitled its 2011 annual meeting 'Archean to
Anthropocene: The past is the key to the future'.
The Anthropocene has no agreed start date, but some
scientists propose that, based on atmospheric evidence,
it could be considered to start with the Industrial
Revolution the (late eighteenth century). Other scientists
link the new term to earlier events, such as the rise of
agriculture and the Neolithic Revolution (around 12,000
years before the present).
In January 2015, 26 of the 38 members of the
International Anthropocene Working Group published
a paper suggesting that the Trinity test on 16 July 1945
was the starting point of the proposed new epoch.*

the holocene has no idea it's about to be replaced
closing window
so the text just disappears behind you and doesn't
mean anything anymore, as soon as you've said it, it's
gone.
lines disappearing as in the after text to a movie...
some sort of reversed exquisite corpse?
how's it reversed? it's exactly what it is – the memory
of a goldfish... the luxury of folding away your thoughts
just as you've had them.

you ever read musil's short stories?
like, you're not supposed to look at the text again, it's
not aiming to be surreal although it has a tendency to
become surreal
so many great chat threads with friends... memories...
and in that cloud, everything exists forever. it's the
opposite...
what do you mean
well, there's always a history log, no ctrl-z in what
you've said.
and you tend to slip on the enter button and press send
a lot of times before you intended to.
makes it dada in a way, chops up your sentences
sample dumpling plate.
hehe
like the time in new york when we celebrated your
birthday at that chinese restaurant.
the vegan one. double amazing, everything was fronting
as something else! fake turducken!
food avatars!
sci-fi space food

but anyway,
it's like we somehow know but we don't understand – is
it not concrete enough? is it a bit of a vague idea or is it
too complex? like, it won't really work getting up on the
barricades anymore, so we just decide to go completely
GTA on it instead?
what's GTA?
yes, like literally just driving around doing nihilistic
graffiti
i saw such a fun GTA-Drake meme... a picture of Drake
all puzzled in front of a computer and then the meme
said, i bet Drake is on GTA saving prostitutes and
bringing them to a safer place.
haha memes are part of hiding from the anthropocene
too...
for me this has to do with the revealing and withdrawals,
this escapist mode, like, we'll endure to see or feel a bit
of it but hide away from it for the majority of the day
it's nihilism towards the anthropocene but also part of
the problem within the anthropocene, it's such a broad
definition
that still amounts to 'we fucked up'
haha
exactly

so
you hide from reality
you don't need to hide to escape it though
yeah, could you potentially in this day and age only be
aware of your own microcosm?
no i don't think so, you can try though
i think you can. you do. it ends up in the problematics of
preaching to the choir... sweden democrats don't have
the same news flow in their feed as i do for sure.
and then there are the algorithms helping you keep
your mind where you have seemed to wanted it to go
before... not much room for accidental change.
but connecting different microcosms is a way to be
able to go beyond your own sphere. trying to connect
and bond with people and groups to create parallel
economies and ways of thinking and acting.
yes
on or off the grid?
we discussed this question in berlin too... the
accelerationists would go on-grid i guess.
mm
and i think we are more interested in the possibility of
being in both places?
mm, split screen... changing, re-writing the

hegemonial ones and building and connecting our own
undercurrents at the same time.

*The cyborg would not recognise the Garden of Eden; it
is not made of mud and cannot dream of returning to
dust. Perhaps that is why I want to see if cyborgs can
subvert the apocalypse of returning to nuclear dust in
the manic compulsion to name the Enemy.*

so to try to build new forms of institutions through being
in both places
institutions in a wider sense meaning systems?
no, i don't think of systems. i mean, connecting our
undercurrent or sphere with others through instituting
our thoughts in a threshold.
like facilitating your thoughts and ideas to a
commonality?

*Fifteen hours a week for subsistence leaves a lot of
time for other things. So much time that maybe the
restless ones who didn't have a baby around to enliven
their life, or skill in making or cooking or singing, or
very interesting thoughts to think, decided to slope off
and hunt mammoths. The skillful hunters then would
come staggering back with a load of meat, a lot of
ivory, and a story. It wasn't the meat that made the
difference. It was the story.*

what's more,
i would like to work towards a different story in the
threshold.
putting the table on the threshold.
where we meet?
well that, and the threshold as a space where commas
and cars meet. and where timetables appear as
documents! not structuring time but binding different
times and conversations together while sitting at these
different tables talking, writing, chatting.
yes!
shared thinking and writing at different timetables,
within different shared documents
yes. instituting stories – in between commas and cars,
?s and !s.

*Cyborgs are not reverent; they do not remember
the cosmos. They are wary of holism, but needy for
connection – they seem to have a natural feel for united
front politics, but without the vanguard party. The
main trouble with cyborgs, of course, is that they are
the illegitimate offspring of militarism and patriarchal
capitalism, not to mention state socialism. But
illegitimate offspring are often exceedingly unfaithful to
their origins. Their fathers, after all, are inessential.*

so SIRI as a temp,
should we accept SIRI as a fictional element in our daily
life? or more of an uncanny ideology
she used to have a more philosophical affect right?
her non-answers made you look at your own question,
at yourself – emphasising her code and your human
qualities. now it's starting to be more of a blur.
isn't she working exactly within our political system/
knowledge hegemonies? she answers without
abstraction, totally based on algorithms from the
internet.
what if SIRI is a cyborg
or an avatar of the cloud
what if the cloud was socialist?
:)
sharing, back to being nice
such a different vibe

mm
collective cloud, totes earthly
like a brahman of human data,
could you say its semi-human?
you mean the cloud is human?
since it consist almost entirely of human data.

*(On Thu, 02 Oct 1997 05:53:22 GMT, sam@greenaum.
demon.co.ARSEARSEARSEuk
(Sam.) wrote:
>"palehorse" <jo...@doe.net> wrote:
>
>But do Tamagotchi have souls? They're born, and
they die. While their
>bodies only exist on a screen, does that mean they
can't have immortal
>souls? They live and die, and do not follow a pre-
programmed
>course, they grow according to how they are loved,
and each one is
>different, just like people. We are made of flesh and
blood, and they
>are plastic and electricity, but both appear to be alive.
>I can't imagine how anyone could possibly disagree
with that.)*

i still feel like i don't have control over that data though.
but lack of control is a very human feeling
isnt there also a vague promise built within the cloud
that 'when shit ends' we will somehow be able to press
restart, reformulate or rebuild?
yes ctrl-z
but so yeah, if the cloud was socialist...
and the cloud was a place for interaction, not only
archiving!
sounds like the threshold to me
it's like that article from the guardian about post-
capitalism you sent me just before you left for greece
yes! quite utopian.
although the grexit and the brexit et cetera is really
enforcing this dystopian feeling of societies collapsing.
but there can be hope in that as well, depending on
your political inclinations
turning the dystopia into the possibility of utopia
wouldn't it be amazing if we managed to crowdfund
greece?
such a multitude of potential? is it liberalism or
anarchism?
i wonder how that money would go to the government...
like who would you sign the check to?
interesting also that I immediately go to we even though
I haven't donated..
when you said it only takes 3 euros per european too,
i felt simultaneously – yes, I'll do that tonight / won't
happen
like a whole campaign: greece €3, spain, italy €10, the
whole world, €... fuck it let's just bail everyone out.

ask SIRI for the solution.
SIRI –
easy to spell, easy to say and also means beautiful
woman who leads you to victory. in hindsight they've
also come up with it being shorthand for 'Speech
Interpretation and Recognition Interface'
i think tamagotchis prepared us for SIRI and avatars to
come.

you remember a couple of years ago when iphoto
started asking who is this? in your img library?
yes!
it once did that with a clay sculpture I made

how?
 it was a sculpture of a man, I guess the algorithm thought I was quite the realist.
 good grade! A+
 yes, but anyhow, strange and uncomfortable... algorithms provokes this uneasy feeling.
 my algorithms definitely know that i'm going on vacation do you use anonymous windows when you surf?
 no
 nope
 but my computer pop up psst:s me about it if i browse porn
 ignorance is bliss
 i'll share my inclinations with google analytics.

Thank you Neil [Neil Gaiman], and to the givers of this beautiful reward, my thanks from the heart. My family, my agent, editors, know that my being here is their doing as well as mine, and that the beautiful reward is theirs as much as mine. And I rejoice at accepting it for, and sharing it with, all the writers who were excluded from literature for so long, my fellow authors of fantasy and science fiction – writers of the imagination, who for the last 50 years watched the beautiful rewards go to the so-called realists. I think hard times are coming when we will be wanting the voices of writers who can see alternatives to how we live now and can see through our fear-stricken society and its obsessive technologies to other ways of being, and even imagine some real grounds for hope. We will need writers who can remember freedom. Poets, visionaries – the realists of a larger reality.

this is exactly what we're scared to lose. there's finally some... sort of fictional emancipation to the way we are doing or thinking about things?
 envisioning a larger reality?
 not talking about the very contemporary curating of everything, it's narrating
 narration has been around forever though, as a tool for power or individual freedom and what not
 maybe fictional emancipation is a better term than narration
 fictional emancipation – is this the new thing, that we might actually get to re-write the end?
 you mean the end of the world?
 just before or as it happens.
 or an end that leads to beginnings, ursula would say.
 in any case that would really be the new thing about our stories.
 fictional emancipation after ursula could then mean unfolding the carrier bag, freeing ourselves from being a container. thinking of a carrier bag as an unfolded one, which still allows us to collect things from the battlefields and carry them further but in its unfolded

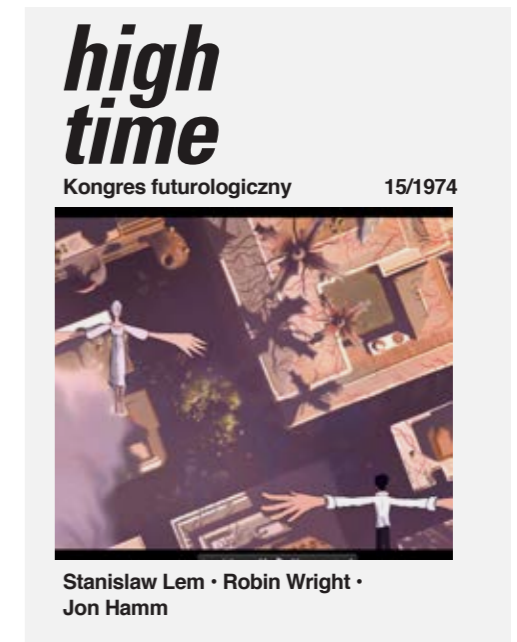
way it works like a permeable threshold not a binary and closed one.

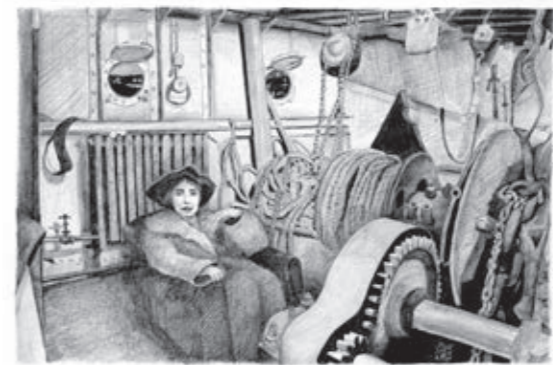
so what about the fact that fiction will end when the world does?
 you mean that language will go when we go?
 yes, language
 and play
 and all the imaginative and fictive spaces
 yes those will go when the sun explodes on us for sure
 what does that imply, to get so sad about the actual fiction disappearing, not the physical book or cave wall painting?
 not sure, I think it's got something to do with... the disappearance of already immaterial stuff? things that don't exist, somehow still disappearing? a double whammy in anxiety...
 aha, like we didn't get where the first thing came from or went, stop it already with the disappearing?
 haha yes
 in a way it's like that zizek quote, you know 'is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism', all of these systems, too entangled and true
 I'm sadder to lose anagrams and alliterations.

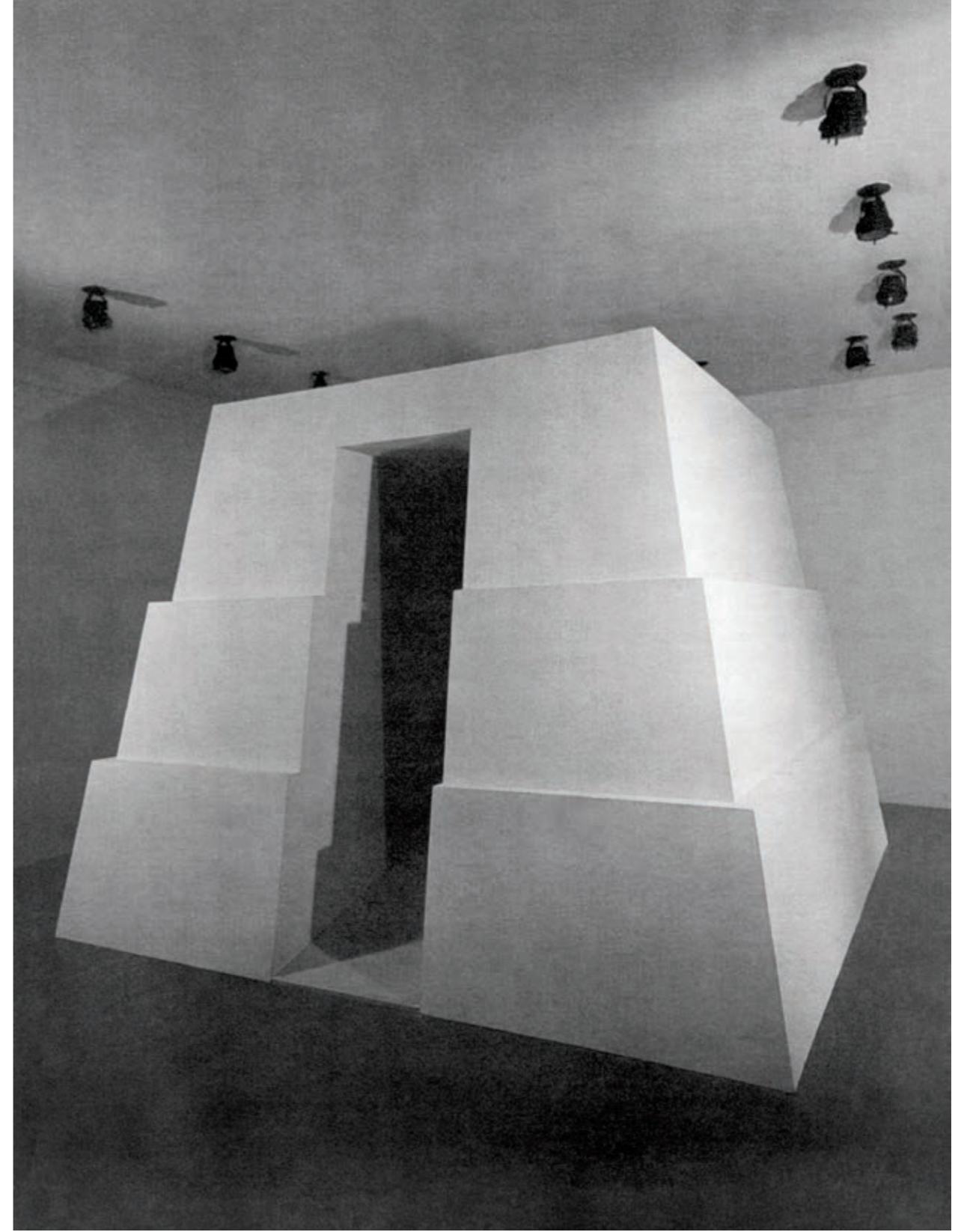
Those were the days, when we are all at sea. It seems like yesterday to me. Species, sex, race, class: in those days none of these meant anything at all. No parents, no children, just ourselves, strings of inseparable sisters, warm and wet indistinguishable one from the other, gloriously indiscriminate, promiscuous and fused. No generations. No future, no past. An endless geographic plane of micro meshing pulsating quanta, limitless webs of interacting blendings, leakings, mergings, weaving through ourselves, running rings around each other. Headless, needless, aimless, careless, thoughtless, amok. Folds and foldings, plying and multiplying, playacting and replicating. We had no definition, no meaning, no way of telling each other apart. We were whatever we were up to at the time. Free exchanges, micro processes finely tuned, polymorphous, transfers without regard for boundaries and borders. There was nothing to hang to, nothing to be grasped, nothing to protect or be protected from. Insides and outsides did not count. We gave no thought to any such things. We gave no thought to anything at all. Everything was there for the taking then. We payed no attention: it was all for free. It had been this way for tens, thousands, millions, billions of what we later defined as years. If we had thought about it we would have said it would go on forever, this fluent fluid world.

Quotes in italics in order of appearance:

- Anabel Sarabi
- Wikipedia: Holocene
- Wikipedia: Anthropocene
- Donna Haraway – The Cyborg Manifesto
- Ursula K Le Guin – The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction
- Donna Haraway – The Cyborg Manifesto
- Chat forum on a cloud, 1997
- Ursula K Le Guin – Thank you speech @ National Book Awards 2014
- Sadie Plant – Zeros and Ones

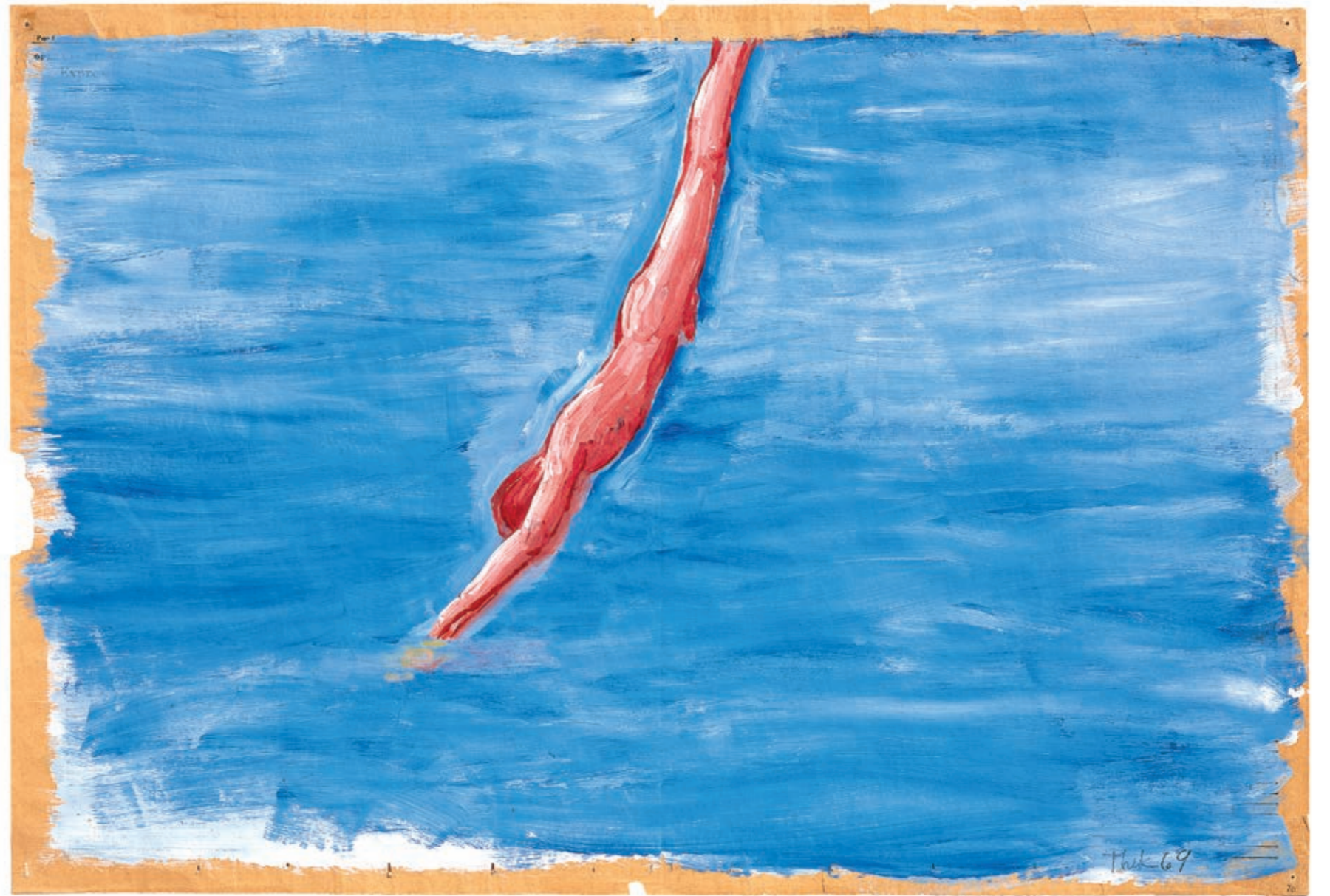
















Her fragrance lingered on.



On lists, inventories, enumerations, catalogues, itemisations, etc. (with Bruegel, birds, boundaries, liquid, objects, Gertrude Stein, Quicktype, overviews, Fischli/Weiss, Charles Dickens, perfume, total knowledge, ultimate fusion, Hélène Cixous, writing, more, the longest rivers, your body, my body, butterfly memories, too much, not enough...)

——— Amelia Groom

freshness of oxygen, flash of metal, fire energy, washing drying in the wind, mineral intensity of carbon, sand dunes, nail polish, cellulosic smell, pure air of the high mountains, ultimate fusion, burnt rubber, flaming rock

smell of dust on a hot light-bulb, warm photocopier toner, hot metal, a toaster, freshly welded aluminium, the ink in a fountain pen, fresh pencil shavings, wood and moss, bay leaves and bamboo, white pepper, hyacinth, lettuce juice

Wayward but precise, decadent and deadpan, perfectly millennial. The product descriptions for the *Comme des Garçons* 'anti-perfumes' *Odeur 53* (launched in 1998) and *Odeur 71* (launched in 2000) are some of my favourite lists. With placeless imagery and relations unburdened by narrative, they smell different every time I read them. Writing about scent is challenging; we're usually forced to be indirect and associative. Something smells of burning rubber or like fresh pencil shavings, because we don't really have words for the smells themselves. In these two pieces of product description poetry we encounter writing that is not just about ambient-aromatic-atmospheric things but also is an ambient-aromatic-atmospheric thing: writing as something vaporous, immersive, formless, fleeting, something without a centre, without edges. 'What am I doing in writing to you?' Clarice Lispector writes in *Água Viva*. 'Trying to photograph perfume.'

door mat, charm bracelet, stone, bone, strawberry, all my diamonds and clothes, honey, Windex, bells, golden petals, brand new white tee, dandelions, yellow cake, my favourite jeans, coffee, teddy bear, ice cream, ribbon, photos of us, her red dress, milkshake, music box, knife, donuts, a whole lot of gel and acrylic, camera, a broken rose, Asscher-cut pink and white engagement ring, gumdrops, sunflower, ketchup, glitter, Jimmy Choos, fries, my phone, medicine, Bacardi, mascara, mistletoe, tears, candles, gelato, black Cavalli shades, super glue, expensive lingerie, weed, cherry wine, two Lego blocks, meteorite, money, mini skirt, puppet

As an exercise in list making I started an inventory of objects found in Mariah Carey lyrics, using the archive at lyricsfreak.com.

I decided to only include objects mentioned in lyrics sung by Mariah herself, not by anyone else who features in her songs – so Nicki Minaj's M&Ms and Jay-Z's *piece of paper* were not included.

It was then supposed to be a cold, mindless process of extraction and accumulation, but I soon had to make choices; creating a list of objects meant coming up with some sort of provisional definition for what sort of thing an object is.

I needed boundaries. Should fire, rain and rainbows be listed as objects? They all appear several times in Mariah's songs, but they seemed to lack sufficiently hard edges.

I thought of James Joyce listing all the objects in Leopold Bloom's drawers, and I decided to only include things that could be found in a drawer. A drawer in Mariah Carey's bedroom.

The contents of the drawer had to be detached, containable, not too big. So all the beds and all the doors were off the list, along with all the luxury cars, the roller coaster, the private jets and jacuzzis, the orange clouds, the winding road, the hills and plains, the stars, and the moon that appears in various phases in different songs.

Several plant specimens – dandelions, sunflower, mistletoe – made it onto the list, but I left out living things with central nervous systems, like butterflies, your body and my body.

Bodies and butterflies are, according to certain definitions and contexts, objects. We can also imagine them fitting into a drawer. So why exclude them?

If Mariah sung 'touch my corpse' rather than 'touch my body' I would have considered it an object – likewise if the butterflies were dead I could have pinned them down as objects. But I imagined that when the drawer was opened you and I would climb out, and all the butterflies would fly away... I couldn't contain or predict the living bodies, so I didn't include them.

Body parts (feet, forehead, waist, wings) were also left out, but tears were included since they are by definition expelled from, and therefore no longer part of, the body.

It's still not entirely clear that tears should be listed as objects in this drawer. Tears tend not to be delineated material things for very long: they seep, vaporise, get wiped away, and generally aren't stored in containers the way Windex, for instance, is.

Money is another contentious inclusion, since most money now has no physical manifestation, no hard objecthood.

Money and tears: formlessness, liquidity, absorption, evaporation, no bodies. When caterpillars turn into butterflies their bodies break down into goo, before emerging with wings and completely reorganised brains and nervous systems. But despite the radical deformation and transformation, butterflies can carry memories from their pre-butterfly days: biologists have found that butterflies will avoid odours that they learned to associate with mild electric shocks when they were caterpillars.

The process of writing up the list of objects started as a process of establishing boundaries. The container was to be delineated before its contents were filled in, and the contents seemed to be demarcated physical units with hard edges that push out the other. But then, once the objects are put together the boundaries between them open up and the exclusionary operations can start to come undone.

When I read the list of objects now, things are softened, gooey, sticky, floating, seeping, porous, coming together, becoming other.

Lists are both conjunctive and disjunctive; they shatter things to bits while they gather bits together. Ketchup mixes with glitter; diamonds and Lego blocks are covered in honey; Bacardi seeps into the mascara...

TEACHING NOTES : 4 DIMENSIONAL DESIGN

Name, age, birthdate, place of birth, position in family, nationality, religion, education, hobbies, career plans, parents' education, parents' birthplace, parents' religion

where do you live now? with whom? for how long? what income do you have? from what source? what property do you own?

What are your requirements in a friend? lover? mate? What kind of art do you like? painting? sculpture? music?

What do you read? how often?

Do you buy books? records?

What is your favorite color?

What are your politics?

Have you ever been seriously ill? serious accidents?

What do you do on a date?

What is the purpose of dating?

Do you believe in premarital sex?

What happens after death?

Tell us about other members of your family?

Tell us about a close friend.

Tell us about someone who inspires you.

Tell us about the most exciting thing you ever saw, did.

How many rooms are there in your home?

How many floors? What floor do you live on?

Do you have your own room? Do you share it? With whom?

What does your room look like?

On what do you sleep? In what? In what position?

Do you take baths or showers? Do you use perfumes or deodorants?

What style or look do you prefer?

Are you interested in sports? Which? How often?

Do you believe in abortion? Do your parents?

What is your worst physical feature? Your best?

What is the main source of difficulty between you and your parents?

Teachers' friends?

What annoys you the most in others?

What kind of teacher do you prefer?

If you were a teacher what would you propose?

How would you grade your students?

What is eternity? What is love? What is art? What is a symbol?

What is religion? What is psychology?

Who are your role models?

Who is the person closest to you at the moment?

Who is the person physically closest to you at the moment?

What in your life is your greatest source of pleasure?

Make an icon out of popcorn.

Paint a balloon gold, paint a balloon silver.

Make a necklace out of coal.

Paint a series of playing balls like planets, be accurate.

Design a black mass out of any materials you can find.

Design a work of art that fits in a matchbox, a shoebox.

Design a new clock face.

What is the difference between philosophy and theology?

Who is Hans Kung?

What is liberation theology?

What is mysticism?

Who was Meister Eckhart?

What is the purpose of art?

What does 'spiritual' mean to you?

What is the most difficult thing in life for you?

Can art be helpful in dealing with this difficulty? In what way?

What is 'service'?

What is the purpose of society? of government?

What is the surest way to happiness?

Who is Savonarola? Augustine?

What is attractive in a woman? a man?

What are the qualities of physique most attractive?

What are the personality problems of being an artist?

What is it like to be an American in the 20th century? What is our unique role?

Who is Roosevelt?

What is action painting? pop art? the Louvre?

What languages do you speak? spoken at home?

What religious articles do you have in your home? your family home?

Make a skyscraper out of inappropriate materials.

Make a prisoner's pillbox hat.

Make scatological object, or use scatological words.

Illustrate your strangeness, act out your most frightening perversity.

Design a box within a box to illustrate selfishness.

Design a throne.

How do you know you love someone?

How do you know that someone is interested in you?

How do you know that you are happy, sad, nervous, bored?

What does this school need? this room? you? this city? this country?

What is abstraction?

What is a mystery religion?

What would it be like if you behaved with absolute power?

Redesign a rainbow.

Make a French curve rainbow.

Design a labyrinth dedicated to Freud, using his foto and his writings.

Design a Torah.

Design a monstrosity.

Illustrate the Godhead.

Add a station of the cross.

Design an abstract monument to Uncle Tom.

What is a good temple? a bad temple?

Who is your favorite character in the Bible?

Who is your favorite character in Gone With the Wind?

What is an icon?

Why does an icon have to be human?

What is sacred? profane?

What is the most beautiful thing in the world?

Make a paperdoll of yourself.

What is theology? What is secular?

Explain the Zen doctrine in your own words. What does it mean?

What does it mean "In the beginning was the Word"?

Can you find a book on making sculptures of paper?

Make a spaceship out of a cereal box.

Make a paper chain out of a book.

Redesign the human genitals so that they may be more equitable.

Design a feminist crucifixion scene.

Design something to sell on the street corner.

Design something to sell to the government.

Design something to put on an altar.

Design something to put over a child's bed.

Design something to put over your bed when you make love.

Make a monkey out of clay.

Design a flying saucer as if it were The Ark.

Make a large folded-paper airplane, paint on it a slogan which you think will revolutionize your life.

Why are you here?

What is a shaman? Make a piece of curative art.

Make a piece of psychological art.

What do you think has been the greatest hurt, mental and physical, that you have suffered?

What do you think are the qualities of a life fully lived?

Can you suggest a project, for yourself or for a group, or for any number, which might deepen your sensitivity to time?

What is greed?

What is verbal knowledge?

What does tactile mean?

Can you show me an example of tactile sensitivity in your personal life?

What do you do to make yourself more attractive sexually?

Why do you do this?

Do you really like very beautiful people?

Do they really have special privileges?

What is polygamy? Explain its function in the society.

Make a design of your favorite literary person's event? history? project for Ellis Island?

How much time should you work on a class project?

How much time should you think about it? discuss it?

What do you think of money? Make a structure to me explaining your concept of money, or out of money?

Should art be useful? useless?

What is pabium?

What is capitalism? communism? socialism?

What is leisure?

Make a structure out of photos of primitive people.

Make a structure illustrating anything from the book of proverbs.

Can you construct a functioning lamp that illustrates the concept of freedom?

Can you construct a functioning ashtray that illustrates the passage of time?

What is waste? Who was Malthus?

How can we humanize the city?

How can we humanize Cooper? How can we redesign the Cooper triangle?

What should the student lounge look like? where?

Remember, I'm going to mark you, it's my great pleasure to reward real effort, it's my great pleasure to punish stupidity, laziness and insincerity.

These marks won't make much difference in your later life, but my reaction to you will, but the reactions of your classmates to what you do will.

Your classmates are your world, your future will be like this now, as you relate to your present you will relate to your future, recognize your weakness and do something about it.

PAUL THEX

In 1970, Alighiero Boetti and Anne Marie Sauzeau set out to classify the 1,000 longest rivers on earth. Over the next several years they sought assistance from various geographical institutes, university departments and individual scholars around the world, but the more data they accumulated the more inconsistency they were faced with. How do you measure and rank things that don't stay still? Rivers are amorphous things without stable boundaries or clear beginnings / ends. Their lengths shift constantly according to the land and its uses, the season and weather, periods of flood or drought, and the means of measurement that are applied.

Liquid states make distinctions between Self and Other unsustainable, and rivers have since Heraclitus been key metaphors for flux. But even seemingly solid and clearly delineated things will, when apprehended over time, start to destabilise the fixed identities that classifications seek to impose on the world. In Manuel DeLanda's words, 'when one takes the long view, even rocks flow.'¹ Sauzeau and Boetti ended up settling on a list of a thousand rivers, and in 1977 they published the artist book *Classifying: The Thousand Longest Rivers in the World*. But the artwork is not just the completed list; it is also the process, and the ongoing impossibility, of producing it. In her preface to the publication, Sauzeau writes,

'the present classification, like all preceding or following ones, will always be provisional and illusory'.

Lists as a release of words from their syntactical obligations. Lists as what language does when our time and space are fragmented beyond any hopes of repair. Lists as products and perpetrators of our perpetual distraction, our exhaustion, our non-commitment?

List of paradoxes, List of fictional swords, List of oldest trees, List of unexplained sounds, List of premature obituaries, List of sexually active popes, List of inventors killed by their own inventions, List of animals with fraudulent diplomas, List of dreams, List of knots... Wikipedia spews out endless lists. It also has lists of lists, and, beyond that, it has the List of Lists of Lists (see pages 158–159). Every item on this list takes us to another list of lists: Lists of pairs, for example, takes us to a list that includes List of twins, List of coupled cousins, Lists of twin towns and sister cities, List of fictional detective teams, List of mythological pairs and List of fictional supercouples...

Under the Miscellaneous category in the List of Lists of Lists there's an entry called List of Lists of Lists, which links us directly to the page that we are already on. This inclusion of itself as one of the lists of lists that is listed, makes perfect sense. It is after all a list of Wikipedia articles that are themselves lists of Wikipedia articles, and that is what the List of Lists of Lists is for.

(Elsewhere on Wikipedia, Bertrand Russell's famous set-theory paradox is demonstrated with an example that asks us to imagine a 'list of all lists that do not contain themselves'. If such a list does not list itself, then it should be added to itself. But if it does contain itself it does not belong to itself and should be removed. And so on, ad infinitum.)

Looking over the contents of Wikipedia's list of all its lists of lists, first impressions of excess lead quickly to a simultaneous sense of scarcity. So much arbitrary detail is included; so much more is left out.

kids enjoying a moment of zero gravity on the trampoline; a nuclear power plant; a turtle; Mr and Mrs Einstein shortly after the conception of their son, the genius Albert; flying object; Dr Hofmann on the first LSD trip; strangers in the night, exchanging glances; masks; Brunelleschi invents perspective; a brick; Mick Jagger and Brian Jones going home satisfied after composing 'I can't get no satisfaction'; Christ on the cross; the opening scene of Stanley Kubrick's '2001: A Space Odyssey'; a Zen rock garden; old fertility symbol; the last dinosaur; the parting of the Red Sea; the old punk; penne rigate; Nero enjoying the view of Rome burning...



These are some of the objects, ideas, stories, events and details that are given provisional form in unfired clay for *Suddenly This Overview* (see page 149), the sculptural installation that marked the first major collaboration between Peter Fischli and David Weiss in 1981 (remade in 2006). There are nearly 200 entries in this quasi-compendium of everything, but – as with any attempted world overview – the more expansive it seems to be, the more its inherent incompleteness shows through.

A list of half-formed ideas; a list of de-formed ideas. Lists can be breakdowns of an existing whole, or they can outline the parts of something to come. There's a sub-set of entries in *Suddenly This Overview* called 'popular opposites', where easy binaries like *theory and practice*, *man and beast*, *birth and death*, *up and down*, *big and small* or *possible and impossible* are playfully undone. The dichotomies are visually inverted, merged, or shown as indistinguishable from each other – as with one meta-sculpture where a figure with a stack of building blocks illustrates construction next to another figure, also with building blocks, illustrating deconstruction. Their half-built /un-built structures look the same, reminding us that coming into being and going out of being are not simply opposites.

"Another secret, my dear. I have added to my collection of birds."

"Really, Miss Flite?" said I, knowing how it pleased her to have her confidence received with an appearance of interest.

She nodded several times, and her face became overcast and gloomy. "Two more. I call them the Wards in Jarndyce. They are caged up with all the others. With Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!"

– Charles Dickens's *Bleak House* (1853)

Recently, for a seminar at the Sandberg Instituut in Amsterdam, I asked some students to write, or write about, a list. A blacklist, a guest list, a play list, a wish list, a shopping list, a list of rules, a list of pros and cons, a 'best of' list, a list of steps to take, a list of ingredients for a spell, any kind of list. One of the students, Gianmaria Andreetta, ended up with a list of 1,109 words and phrases that are excluded from Apple's iOS 8 predictive keyboard QuickType – words that we have to type manually, slowly, into our iPhones – presumably because the programmers either didn't know them or didn't like them. But QuickType is also designed to 'learn', so if a certain 'unknown' word is not officially banned, and it begins to be used a lot, it might enter the realm of quick, automatic possibility. 1109 (see page 151) is thus an incomplete and instantly obsolete inventory of mostly obscene words and phrases that are, or once were, beyond the bounds of the iPhone's language.



Some of the oldest extant lists are ones that itemise exclusions and prohibitions. Hélène Cixous's short text *Unmasked!* begins with a list from Leviticus: 'The eagle, the vulture, the black vulture, the red kite, any kind of black kite, any kind of raven, the horned owl, the screech owl, the gull, any kind of hawk, the little owl, the cormorant, the great owl, the white owl, the desert owl, the osprey, the stork, any kind of heron, the hoopoe and the bat.' These creatures, the Bible tells us, are the unclean ones. To Cixous' dismay, they are the birds that are to be reviled. 'For a long time I've been dreaming of the uncleanness of the stork, am I really going to have to stay away from it?' she asks. Cixous goes on to caution against any splitting of the world / self into what is acceptable and what is unacceptable, what is 'man' (clean) and what is 'woman' (unclean), what is 'me' and what is 'you':

'poets – real poets – do not hate the other, it's impossible, how could they give up half their language, why would they want to cut their tongue in two and spit out one half? Those philosophic lovers who live in the forest of languages cannot be in favor of closing the borders and ejecting one word out of every two. But what about misogynist poets, are there some such just the same? Ah yes, poor guys, they are half-poets. They write Portraits of Mistresses with a suicidal ink. For one kills oneself to kill.'²

The *Celestial Empire of Benevolent Knowledge* that Borges famously invents/refers to in his 1942 essay 'The Analytical Language of John Wilkins' divides all animals into fourteen categories, listed as an alphabetical series: (a) Those that belong to the emperor, (b) Embalmed ones, (c) Those that are trained, (d) Suckling pigs, (e) Mermaids (or Sirens), (f) Fabulous ones, (g) Stray dogs, (h) Those that are included in this classification, (i) Those that tremble as if they were mad, (j) Innumerable ones, (k) Those drawn with a very fine camel hair brush, (l) Et cetera, (m) Those that have just broken the flower vase, (n) Those that, at a distance, resemble flies.

Since there might be any number of suckling pigs (d) or embalmed (b) mermaids (e) who also belong to the emperor (a), have broken the vase (m), are trained (c) and/or, at a distance, resemble flies (n), the divisions between these classifications are, at the outset, untenable. Then, *Et cetera* (l) appears not at the end of the list, in place of other items, but within the list, as one of the items. And in the middle of it all we are faced with a single category (h) that swallows up all the other categories, and the distinctions between them.

Michel Foucault tells us that his book *The Order of Things* arose out of this passage in Borges, 'out of the laughter that shattered, as I read the passage, all the familiar landmarks of my thought – our thought, the thought that bears the stamp of our age and our geography – breaking up all the ordered surfaces and all the planes with which we are accustomed to tame the wild profusion of existing things, and continuing long afterwards to disturb and threaten with collapse our age-old distinction between the Same and the Other.' For Foucault, the *Celestial Empire of Benevolent Knowledge* is a list that offers more than a charming juxtaposition of unrelated things brought into sudden vicinity; it destroys the common ground on which such vicinity is possible. 'Absurdity destroys the and of the enumeration by making impossible the in where the things enumerated would be divided up.'³

Look at Bruegel the Elder's *Fight Between Carnival and Lent* (1559) (pages 156–157). It's a visual list, with nearly 200 figures impossibly crammed into one market square. They represent many different social types, and are busily engaged in many different activities – drinking, dancing, cleaning windows, making waffles, playing dice, going to church, preparing fish, begging... As with other paintings by Bruegel around this time – such as *Children's Games* (1560) and *Netherlandish Fables* (1559) – the picture has no stable centre, and its sprawling content seems to continue past its edges. It's impossible for us to take it all in at once; to look at it we have to endlessly traverse it. Our gaze is always moving across the imagery, keeping the imagery in motion, experiencing it as an endless and, and, and,

The perspective is elevated and frontal at the same time, somewhere between Google Earth and Street View. Detail is manically amassed across the tilted plane, with everything swept up under an all-encompassing 'overview'. In its specific historical context, this voracious, hovering gaze might be considered in terms of European colonialist and capitalist trajectories, wherein all was to be made knowable and ownable. It is perhaps telling that Bruegel was friends with Abraham Ortelius, the Flemish cartographer who created the first world atlas, *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* or 'Theatre of the World'. Sixteenth-century Europe also saw the rise of the curiosity cabinet, driven by dreams of expansive accumulation and total knowledge. Curiosity cabinets are clear precursors to the modern museum – and our museums still sometimes feel like greedy, oppressive lists.

'Act so that there is no use in a centre.' The third and last section of Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons* (1914) opens with these words. I don't know whether *Tender Buttons* is one poem, or three, or more. MORE happens to be one of the capitalised titles, or sub-titles, or sub-sub-titles, in the first of the three sections in *Tender Buttons*, which is the section called *Objects*. This section also includes the sections *A SUBSTANCE IN A CUSHION*, *A NEW CUP AND SAUCER*, *OBJECTS*, *A TIME TO EAT*, *COLD CLIMATE*, *A SOUND*, *A WAIST*, *DIRT AND NOT COPPER*, *A BLUE COAT*, and more.

1 De Landa, Manuel, 'Nonorganic Life' in *Incorporations*, ed. Jonathan Crary & Stanford Kwinter (ZONE, New York, 1992) pp. 129–167.

2 Cixous, Hélène, 'Unmasked!' [Démâsqués!, 1995] trans. Keith Cohen, in *Stigmata: Escaping Texts* (Taylor & Francis e-Library, 2005) pp. 109–114.

3 Foucault, Michel, *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences* [Let mots et les choses, 1966] (Routledge, London and New York, 2002). pp xvii–xviii.

DESCRIPTIONS OF LITERATURE

A book which shows that the next and best is to be found out when there is pleasure in the reason.

For this reason.

A book in which by nearly all of it finally and an obstruction it is planned as unified and nearly a distinction. To be distinguished is what is desired.

A book where in part there is a description of their attitude and their wishes and their ways.

A book which settles more nearly than has ever been yet done the advantages of following later where they have found that they must go.

A book where nearly everything is prepared.

A book which shows that as it is nearly equally best to say so, as they say and say so.

2
A book which makes a mention of all the times that even they recognize as important.
A book which following the story shows that persons incurring blame and praise make no return for hospitality.
A book which admits that all that has been found to be looked for is of importance to places.
A book which manages to impress it upon the young that those who oppose them follow them and follow them.
A book naturally explains what has been the result of investigation.
A book that marks the manner in which longer and shorter proportionately show measure.
A book which makes no mistake in describing the life of those who can be happy.
The next book to appear is the one in which more emphasis will be given to numbers of them.
A book which when you open it attracts attention by the undoubted denial of photography as an art.
A book which reminds itself that having had a custom it only needs more of it and more.
A book which can not imbue any one with any desire except the one which makes changes come later.



THE AS STABLE

1. CARICATURE OF PEACE by Paxton Howard, with drawing by Adlai Harbeck.

2. DESCRIPTIONS OF LITERATURE by Gertrude Stein, with drawing by Pavel Tchejebnow.

3. 1830 by René Crevel, with drawing by H. Pheasant Gibb.

DESCRIPTIONS OF LITERATURE

two hundred numbered copies printed - one hundred and seventy for sale.

number 131

Copyright by the Author, 1926

PAMPHLETS

George Platt Lynes Adlai Harbeck
125, Engle Street
Englewood, New Jersey

MAY
1926

The
ABERNETHY LIBRARY

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

Art 689

3

A book explaining why more of them feel as they do.

A book which attracts attention.

A book which is the first book in which some one has been telling why on one side rather than on the other there is a tendency to shorten shorten what. Shorten more.

A book which plans homes for any of them.

A book a book telling why when at once and at once.

A book telling why when said that, she answered it as if it were the same.

A book which tells why colonies have nearly as many uses as they are to have now.

A book which makes no difference between one jeweler and another.

A book which mentions all the people who have had individual chances to come again.

A book in translation about eggs and butter.

A book which has great pleasure in describing whether any further attention is to be given to homes where homes have to be homes.

A book has been carefully prepared altogether.

A book and deposited as well.

A book describing fishing exactly.

A book describing six and six and six.

5
A book not nearly so much better than ever.
A book and fourteen. The influence of this book is such that no one has had more than this opportunity.
A book of dates and fears.
A book more than ever a description of happiness and as you were.
A book which makes the end come just as soon as it is intended.
A book which asks questions of every one.
A book fairly certain of having admirers when at once there are admirers of it.
A book which shows that agreeableness can be a feature of it all.
A book which makes a play of daughter and daughters.
A book which has character and shows that no one need deceive themselves as to the sending of gifts.

4

A book describing six and six and six seventy-two.
A book describing Edith and Mary and flavouring fire.
A book describing as a man all of the same ages all of the same ages and nearly the same.
A book describing hesitation as exemplified in plenty of ways.
A book which chances to be the one universally described as energetic.
A book which makes no mistakes either in description or in departure or in further arrangements.
A book which has made all who read it think of the hope they have that sometime they will have fairly nearly all of it at once.
A book in which there is no complaint made of forest fires and water.
A book more than ever needed.
A book made to order and the only thing that was forgotten in ordering was what no one objects to. Can it easily be understood. It can and will.
A book which places the interest in those situations which have something to do with recollections and with returns.
A book with more respect for all who have to hear and have heard a book with more respect for all who have heard it.
A book by and by.

6
A book which has a description of the selection and placing of chairs as an element in Viennese and American life.
A book which standardizes requests and announcements.
A book which urges and reasonably so the attraction of some for others.
A book in which there is no mention of advantages.
A book attaching importance to english and french names.
A book which has to be carefully read in order to be understood and so that the illusion of summer and summer and summer does not remain deceiving. So much so.
A book narrowly placed on the shelf and often added. Added to that.
A book of addresses invented for the sake of themselves.
A book and a bookstore. A book for them. Will they be in it.

GERTRUDE STEIN



List of lists of lists

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This article is a list of articles that are themselves lists of articles that are also lists on Wikipedia; i.e., each of the articles linked here is an index to multiple lists on a topic.

This incomplete list is frequently updated to include new information.

Contents
<div> <div>1 General reference</div> <div>2 Culture and the arts</div> <div>2.1 Literature</div> <div>2.2 Art and the arts</div> <div>2.2.1 Performing arts</div> <div>2.2.2 Visual arts</div> <div>2.3 Entertainment and recreation</div> <div>2.3.1 Games</div> <div>2.3.2 Sports</div> <div>2.4 Food and drink</div> <div>2.5 Mass media</div> <div>3 Geography and places</div> <div>3.1 Natural geographical features</div> <div>3.2 Countries and regions</div> <div>3.3 Places</div> <div>3.3.1 Settlements</div> <div>4 Mathematics and logic</div> <div>5 Natural and physical sciences</div> <div>5.1 Biology</div> <div>5.2 Physical sciences</div> <div>6 People</div> <div>7 Religion and belief systems</div> <div>8 Society and social sciences</div> <div>8.1 Linguistics</div> <div>8.2 Social institutions</div> <div>8.2.1 Infrastructure</div> <div>8.2.2 Economy and business</div> <div>8.2.3 Education</div> <div>8.2.4 Government and politics</div> <div>8.2.5 Law</div> <div>8.3 War</div> <div>9 Technology and applied science</div> <div>9.1 Medicine</div> <div>9.2 Military</div> <div>9.3 Aviation</div> <div>9.4 Technology</div> <div>10 Miscellaneous</div> <div>11 See also</div> </div>

Culture and the arts

Literature

- Lists of books
 - Lists of 100 best books
- Lists of The New York Times Fiction Best Sellers
- Lists of The New York Times Non-Fiction Best Sellers
- Publishers Weekly lists of bestselling novels in the United States
- Lists of bookstores
- Lists of LGBT figures in fiction and myth
- Lists of Middle-earth articles
- Lists of New Testament minuscules
- Lists of writers
 - Lists of American writers
 - Lists of Slovak authors

Art and the arts

Performing arts

- Lists of ABC shows
- Lists of actors
 - Lists of actors by television series
 - Lists of pornographic actors
- Lists of albums
 - Lists of UK Compilation Chart number-one albums
- Lists of anime
- Lists of Battlestar Galactica locations
- Lists of Canadian game shows
- Lists of Canadian television series
- Lists of characters in a fictional work
 - Lists of advertising characters
 - Lists of characters from The Office
 - Lists of characters in the Suikoden series
 - Lists of Coronation Street characters
 - Lists of CSI characters
 - Lists of EastEnders characters
 - Lists of Emmerdale characters
 - Lists of fictional Presidents of the United States
 - Lists of Hollyoaks characters
 - Lists of Stargate characters
 - Lists of "The Walking Dead" characters
- Lists of UK number one singles

- Lists of composers
 - Chronological lists of classical composers
 - Chronological lists of classical composers by nationality
- Lists of films
 - List of book-based war films
 - Lists of box office number-one films
 - List of fiction works made into feature films
 - List of film remakes
 - Lists of film series
 - List of film spin-offs
 - Lists of films by country
 - Lists of American films
 - Lists of Argentine films
 - List of Argentine films of the 1930s
 - List of Argentine films of the 1940s
 - List of Argentine films of the 1950s
 - List of Argentine films of the 1960s
 - List of Argentine films of the 1970s
 - List of Argentine films of the 1980s
 - List of Argentine films of the 1990s
 - List of Argentine films of the 2000s
 - List of Argentine films of the 2010s
 - Lists of Australian films
 - List of Australian films of the 1970s
 - List of Australian films of the 1980s
 - List of Australian films of the 1990s
 - Lists of Austrian films
 - Lists of Azerbaijani films
 - List of Belgian films
 - Lists of Brazilian films
 - List of Brazilian films of the 1930s
 - List of Brazilian films of the 1980s
 - List of Brazilian films of the 2000s
 - List of Brazilian films of the 2010s
 - List of British films
 - List of Bulgarian films
 - List of Cambodian films
 - List of Cambodian films of the 2000s
 - List of Chinese films
 - List of Chinese films of the 1990s
 - List of Chinese films of the 2000s
 - List of Chinese films of the 2010s
 - List of Czech films
 - Lists of Czechoslovakian films
 - List of Danish films
 - Lists of Dutch films
 - Lists of Egyptian films
 - List of Finnish films
 - Lists of French films
 - List of Georgian films
 - Lists of German films
 - List of Hong Kong films
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 1950s
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 1960s
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 1970s
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 1980s
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 1990s
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 2000s
 - List of Hong Kong films of the 2010s
 - List of Hungarian films
 - Lists of Indian Films
 - List of Assamese films
 - List of Bengali films
 - List of Bollywood films
 - List of Bollywood films of the 1970s
 - Lists of Kannada films
 - List of Kannada films of the 1980s
 - List of Kannada films of the 1990s
 - List of Kannada films of the 2000s
 - List of Kannada films of the 2010s
 - List of Malayalam films
 - List of Malayalam films of the 1960s
 - List of Malayalam films of the 1970s
 - List of Malayalam films of the 1980s
 - List of Malayalam films of the 1990s
 - List of Malayalam films of the 2000s
 - List of Malayalam films of the 2010s
 - List of Indian Punjabi films
 - List of Tamil-language films
 - List of Tamil films of the 1940s
 - List of Tamil films of the 1990s
 - List of Tamil films of the 2000s
 - List of Tamil films of the 2010s
 - List of Telugu-language films
 - List of Telugu films of the 2000s
 - List of Telugu films of the 2010s
 - List of Iranian films
 - List of Israeli films
 - List of Israeli films before 1960
 - List of Israeli films of the 1960s
 - List of Israeli films of the 1970s
 - List of Israeli films of the 1980s
 - List of Israeli films of the 1990s
 - List of Israeli films of the 2000s
 - List of Israeli films of the 2010s
 - List of Italian films
 - List of Japanese films
 - List of Japanese films of the 1950s
 - List of Japanese films of the 1960s
 - List of Japanese films of the 1970s
 - List of Japanese films of the 1980s
 - List of Japanese films of the 1990s
 - List of Japanese films of the 2000s

- List of Japanese films of the 2010s
- Lists of Korean films
- Lists of South Korean films
- List of Mexican films
 - List of Mexican films of the 1940s
 - List of Mexican films of the 1950s
 - List of Mexican films of the 1960s
 - List of Mexican films of the 1970s
 - List of Mexican films of the 1980s
 - List of Mexican films of the 2000s
 - List of Mexican films of the 2010s
- List of Norwegian films
- Lists of Pakistani films
 - List of Pakistani films of the 1950s
 - List of Pakistani films of the 1960s
 - List of Pakistani films of the 1970s
 - List of Pakistani films of the 1980s
 - List of Pakistani films of the 1990s
 - List of Pakistani films of the 2000s
 - List of Pakistani films of the 2010s
- List of Philippine films
- List of Portuguese films
 - List of Portuguese films of the 2000s
 - List of Portuguese films of the 2010s
- Lists of Singaporean films
 - List of Singaporean films of the 2010s
- List of Soviet films
 - List of Soviet films of the 1930s
 - List of Soviet films of the 1940s
 - List of Soviet films of the 1950s
 - List of Soviet films of the 1960s
 - List of Soviet films of the 1970s
 - List of Soviet films of the 1980s
 - List of Soviet films of the 1990s
 - List of Spanish films
 - List of Spanish films of the 1950s
 - List of Spanish films of the 1960s
 - List of Spanish films of the 1970s
 - List of Spanish films of the 1980s
 - List of Spanish films of the 1990s
 - List of Spanish films of the 2000s
 - List of Spanish films of the 2010s
 - List of Sri Lankan films
 - List of Swedish films
 - List of Turkish films
 - List of Yugoslav films
- List of films by genre
 - List of action films
 - List of adventure films
 - List of animated feature films
 - List of animated feature films of the 1970s
 - List of animated feature films of the 1980s
 - List of animated feature films of the 1990s
 - List of animated feature films of the 2000s
 - List of animated feature films of the 2010s
 - List of avant-garde films
 - Lists of Christmas films
 - Lists of comedy films
 - List of crime films
 - List of crime films of the 1990s
 - List of crime films of the 2000s
 - List of erotic films
 - List of fantasy films
 - List of horror films
 - List of horror films of the 1960s
 - List of horror films of the 1970s
 - List of horror films of the 1980s
 - List of horror films of the 1990s
 - List of horror films of the 2000s
 - List of horror films of the 2010s
 - List of thriller films
 - List of Western films
- Lists of films by studio
 - 20th Century Fox films
- Lists of films released by Disney
- Lists of highest-grossing films
- Lists of Geordie song-related topics
- Lists of Gladiators events
- Lists of Hispanic Academy Award winners and nominees by country
- Lists of music by theme
- Lists of music inspired by literature
- Lists of musicals
- Lists of musicians
 - Lists of A&M Records artists
 - Lists of blues musicians by genre
 - Lists of pianists
 - Lists of violinists
- Lists of operas
- Lists of The Simpsons publications
- Lists of singers
- Lists of songs
- Lists of Star Trek planets
- Lists of Star Trek ships
- Lists of Stargate topics
- Lists of television channels
- Lists of television episodes
 - Lists of American television episodes with LGBT themes
 - Lists of CSI episodes
 - Lists of Knight Rider episodes
 - Lists of Japanese films of the 1980s
 - Lists of Stargate episodes
 - Lists of The Office episodes

- Lists of V episodes
- Lists of Witchblade episodes
- Lists of television programs
 - Lists of television programs with LGBT characters
- Lists of theatres
- Lists of This American Life episodes

Visual arts

- Lists of comics
- Lists of comics
 - Lists of manga
- Lists of public art

Entertainment and recreation

- Lists of festivals

Games

- Lists of Dungeons & Dragons monsters
- Lists of Game Boy games
- Lists of games
 - Lists of role-playing games
 - Lists of video games
 - Lists of Nintendo games
 - Lists of Sega games
- Lists of Nintendo characters

Sports

- Lists of American football players
- Lists of association football players
- Lists of Australian rules football leagues
- Lists of College Football Hall of Fame inductees
- Lists of curling clubs
- Lists of England international footballers
- Lists of golfers
- Lists of international rugby football teams
- Lists of Maccabiah Games medalists
- Lists of Michigan Wolverines football statistical leaders
- Lists of National Football League team seasons
- Lists of nicknames in association football
- Lists of Olympic medalists
- Lists of player transfers
 - Lists of Danish football transfers 2008–09
 - Lists of Danish football transfers 2009–10
 - Lists of Italian football transfers 2007–08
- Lists of Paralympic medalists
- Lists of sports venues
 - Lists of baseball parks
- Lists of sportspeople
 - Lists of sportspeople who died during their careers
- List of Sri Lanka cricket lists
- Lists of Swedish Swimming Championships champions
- Status lists of players in professional sports
- Lists of tennis players
- Lists of tennis records and statistics
- Lists of wrestlers

Food and drink

- Lists of beverages
- Lists of prepared foods
- Lists of restaurants

Mass media

- Lists of magazines
- Lists of newspapers
 - Lists of Dominican newspapers
 - Lists of newspapers in Korea
- Lists of radio stations
- Lists of television stations in North America

Geography and places

Natural geographical features

- Lists of extreme points
 - Lists of highest points
- Lists of mountains and hills in the British Isles
- Lists of islands of the Americas
- Lists of islands of the European Union
- Lists of lakes
- Lists of mountains
 - List of mountain lists
 - Lists of mountains by region
- Lists of rivers
- Lists of volcanoes
- Lists of waterways

Countries and regions

- Ranked lists of Chilean regions
- Lists of counties
 - Lists of counties in the United States
 - Lists of Scottish counties by population
- Lists of countries and territories
 - Lists of African Union members
 - Lists of former Soviet Republics
- Lists by country
- Lists of country-related topics
 - Lists of Zambia-related topics

- Lists of non-sovereign nations
- Lists of Oregon-related topics
- Lists of Registered Historic Places in Clinton County
- Lists of sovereign states and dependent territories
 - Lists of sovereign states by year
- Lists of Spanish provinces
- Lists of Taiwanese counties and cities
- Lists of the Arab League
- Lists of time zones
- Lists of townlands of County Cork

Places

- Lists of hotels
- Lists of landmarks
- Lists of ports
- List of road junctions in the United Kingdom
- Lists of tourist attractions
 - Lists of tourist attractions in England
- Wonders of the World

Settlements

- Lists of capitals
- Lists of cities
 - Lists of cities by country
 - Lists of communes of France
 - Lists of ghost towns in Canada
- Lists of populated places in the United States
 - Lists of places in Kansas
 - Lists of Los Angeles topics
 - Lists of New York City Landmarks
 - Lists of New York City topics
 - Lists of San Francisco topics
 - Lists of U.S. cities with large ethnic identity populations
 - Lists of U.S. cities with non-white majority populations
- Lists of municipalities
 - Lists of neighborhoods by city
- Lists of places
 - Lists of places by eponym
- Lists of towns
 - Lists of towns in Ireland
- Lists of twin towns and sister cities
- Lists of villages in Norway
- Lists of U.S. state topics
- Lists of UK locations with large ethnic minority populations

Mathematics and logic

- Lists of integrals
- Lists of mathematics topics
- Lists of statistics topics

Natural and physical sciences

Biology

- Lists of animals
 - Lists of amphibians by region
 - Lists of birds by region
 - Lists of cats
 - Lists of dogs
 - Lists of elephants
 - Lists of extinct animals
 - Lists of extinct animals of the British Isles
 - Lists of horses
 - Lists of insects of Great Britain
 - Lists of mammals by region
 - Lists of reptiles by region
 - Lists of reptiles of the United States
- Lists of aquarium life
- Lists of biologists by author abbreviation
- Lists of cultivars
- Lists of diseases
 - Lists of plant diseases
- Lists of ecoregions
 - Lists of ecoregions by country
 - Lists of ecoregions in the United States
- Lists of environmental publications
- Lists of environmental topics
- Lists of fictional lifeforms
 - Lists of fictional animals
 - Lists of dragons
 - Lists of vampires
 - Lists of fictional hybrids
 - Lists of fictional species
 - Lists of fictional humanoid species
- Lists of giants
- Lists of IUCN Red List species
- Lists of IUCN Red List Critically Endangered species
- Lists of IUCN Red List data deficient species
- Lists of IUCN Red List endangered species
- Lists of IUCN Red List near threatened species
- Lists of IUCN Red List vulnerable species
- Lists of species
- Lists of invasive species
- Lists of trees

Physical sciences

- Lists of astronomical objects
 - Lists of comets
 - Lists of galaxies
 - Lists of geological features of the Solar System
 - Lists of nebulae
 - Lists of small Solar System bodies
 - Lists of stars
 - Lists of stars by constellation
- Carbon number
- Lists of earthquakes
- Isotope lists
 - Isotope lists, 0-24
 - Isotope lists, 25-48
 - Isotope lists, 49-72
 - Isotope lists, 73-96
 - Isotope lists, 97+
- List of metalloid lists
- Meteorological lists
 - Lists of Category 5 hurricanes
 - Lists of United States tornadoes in 2009
- Lists of solar eclipses
- Lists of planets

People

- Lists of bisexual people
- Lists of black people
- Lists of celebrities
- Lists of Celts
- Lists of centenarians
- Lists of ethnic groups
- Lists of heroes
- Lists of models
 - Lists of female models
- Lists of people
 - Lists of people by cause of death
 - Lists of people executed in Texas
- Lists of people by nationality
 - Lists of African Americans
 - Lists of people by African Union state
 - Lists of Americans
 - Lists of Armenians
 - Lists of Australians
- Lists of British people by ethnic or national origin
 - Lists of Britons
 - Lists of Dominicans
 - Lists of Indigenous Australians
 - Lists of Israeli artists
 - Lists of Macedonians
 - Lists of New Zealanders
- Lists of people by occupation
 - Lists of engineers
 - Lists of mathematicians
 - Lists of Muslim scientists and scholars
 - Lists of painters
 - Lists of philosophers
- Lists of people from Camden
- Lists of people from India by state
- Lists of people from Quebec by region
- Lists of people on the cover of Time magazine
- Special Honours Lists (Australia)
- Lists of women

- Lists of Bible stories
- Lists of cathedrals
- Lists of cathedrals in the United Kingdom
- Lists of Catholicoi
- Lists of Commissioners' churches in southern England, the Midlands and Wales
- Lists of demons
- Lists of mosques
- Lists of patriarchs
- Lists of people by belief
 - Lists of atheists
 - Lists of Christians
 - Lists of Christian Scientists
 - Lists of Roman Catholics
 - Lists of Jews
 - Lists of Muslims

Religion and belief systems

- Lists of Bible stories
- Lists of cathedrals
- Lists of cathedrals in the United Kingdom
- Lists of Catholicoi
- Lists of Commissioners' churches in southern England, the Midlands and Wales
- Lists of demons
- Lists of mosques
- Lists of patriarchs
- Lists of people by belief
 - Lists of atheists
 - Lists of Christians
 - Lists of Christian Scientists
 - Lists of Roman Catholics
 - Lists of Jews
 - Lists of Muslims

Society and social sciences

Linguistics

- Lists of abbreviations
- Lists of dictionaries
- Lists of English words
 - Lists of collective nouns
 - Lists of English loanwords by country or language of origin
 - Lists of English words of Celtic origin
 - Lists of English words of Scottish origin
 - Lists of words having different meanings in American and British English
- Lists of etymologies
- Lists of North American place name etymologies

- Lists of U.S. county name etymologies
- Lists of ISO 639 codes
- Lists of languages
 - Lists of endangered languages
- Lists of names
 - Lists of East Asian surnames
 - Lists of Korean names
 - Lists of most common surnames
 - Lists of nicknames
- Lists of things named after places
- Lists of pejorative terms for people
- Word lists by frequency

Social institutions

Infrastructure

- Lists of bus routes in New York City
- Lists of canals
- Lists of cemeteries
- Lists of crossings of the East River
- Lists of crossings of the Hudson River
- Lists of crossings of the Mississippi River
- Lists of mines
 - Lists of copper mines in the United States
- Lists of New Jersey Transit bus routes
- Lists of named passenger trains
- Lists of rail accidents
- Lists of rapid transit systems
- Lists of roads in the United Kingdom
- Lists of ships

Economy and business

- Lists of banks
- Lists of brands
- Lists of companies
- Lists of corporate assets
- Lists of corporate headquarters by city
- Lists of countries by GDP
- Lists of countries by GDP per capita
- Lists of countries by GNI per capita
- Lists of countries by debt
- Lists of most expensive items
- List of public corporations by market capitalization

Education

- Lists of educational institutions in Pakistan
- Lists of institutions of higher education by endowment
- Lists of law schools
- Lists of Massachusetts Institute of Technology people
- Lists of school districts in the United States
- Lists of schools in Australia
- Lists of schools in New Zealand
- Lists of universities and colleges
 - Lists of universities and colleges by country
- Lists of university leaders

Government and politics

- Lists of active separatist movements
- Lists of diplomatic missions
- Lists of governments of Lithuania
- Historical lists of Privy Counsellors
- Lists of legislation
 - Lists of Statutes of New Zealand
- Lists of lord lieutenancies
- Lists of newspaper endorsements in United States presidential elections
- Lists of office-holders
 - Lists of ancient kings
 - Lists of Canadian senators
 - Lists of county governors of Norway
 - Lists of current members of the Privy Council
 - Lists of custodes rotulorum
 - Lists of Danzig officials
 - Lists of emperors
 - Lists of female state governors
 - Lists of Governors of Punjab
 - Lists of Japanese Governors-General
 - Lists of mayors by country
 - Lists of monarchs in the British Isles
- Lists of national institutions and symbols
 - Lists of Polish politicians
 - Lists of presidents
 - Lists of rulers of Djibouti
 - Lists of rulers of Ethiopia
 - Lists of rulers of Germany
 - Lists of rulers of Ghana
 - Lists of rulers of Greece
 - Lists of rulers of India
 - Lists of rulers of Ireland
 - Lists of rulers of Italy
 - Lists of rulers of Kenya
 - Lists of rulers of Madagascar
 - Lists of rulers of Spain
 - Lists of state leaders
 - Lists of state leaders by year
- Political lists
- List of United States congressional lists
- Lists of United States state insignia
- Lists of Washington initiatives

Miscellaneous

- Lists about skepticism
- Lists of disasters
- Lists of flags
- Lists of hoards
- Lists of holidays
- List of lists of lists
- Lists of national symbols
- Lists of National Treasures of Japan
- Lists of occupations
- Lists of pairs
- Phone hacking scandal reference lists
- Lists of resignations
- Lists of tenants in the World Trade Center (1966–2001)
- Lists of World Heritage Sites
- Lists of years by topic

- Former FBI Ten Most Wanted Fugitives
- Lists of habeas petitions filed on behalf of War on Terror detainees
- Lists of landmark court decisions
- Lists of Pakistan Supreme Court cases
- Lists of United States Supreme Court cases
 - Lists of United States Supreme Court cases by volume
- Lists of Supreme Court Justices

War

- Lists of allied military operations of the Vietnam War
- Lists of former Guantanamo Bay detainees alleged to have returned to terrorism
- Lists of Victoria Cross recipients
- Lists of wars
- Lists of World War I topics
- Lists of World War II topics
 - Lists of World War II prisoner-of-war camps

Technology and applied science

Medicine

- Lists of hospitals
 - Lists of hospitals in Africa
 - Lists of hospitals in Asia
 - Lists of hospitals in Europe
 - Lists of hospitals in North America
 - Lists of hospitals in Oceania
 - Lists of hospitals in South America

Military

- Lists of accidents and incidents involving military aircraft
- Lists of armoured fighting vehicles
- Lists of Empire ships
- Lists of gun cartridges
- Lists of military aircraft by nation
 - Lists of Bulgarian military aircraft
- Lists of military installations
- Lists of ships of the Turkish Navy
- Lists of swords
- Lists of weapons

Aviation

- Aviation lists
- Lists of aircraft

Technology

- Lists of astronauts
- Lists of computers
 - Lists of microcomputers
 - Lists of country codes
 - Lists of Crayola colors
 - Lists of display resolutions
 - Lists of North American area codes
 - Lists of nuclear disasters and radioactive incidents
 - Lists of programming languages
 - Lists about renewable energy
 - Lists of offshore wind farms by country
 - Lists of newspaper endorsements in United States presidential elections
 - Lists of wind farms by country
 - Lists of windmills in Yorkshire
- Lists of software
- Lists of websites
- Lists of works by Sharpe, Paley and Austin
- Lists of Google Doodles

Russell's paradox

- Lists about skepticism
- Lists of disasters
- Lists of flags
- Lists of hoards
- Lists of holidays
- List of lists of lists
- Lists of national symbols
- Lists of National Treasures of Japan
- Lists of occupations
- Lists of pairs
- Phone hacking scandal reference lists
- Lists of resignations
- Lists of tenants in the World Trade Center (1966–2001)
- Lists of World Heritage Sites
- Lists of years by topic

See also

- Russell's paradox – lists of lists that do not contain themselves

<p>Categories: Lists of lists</p>
<p></p>
<p>This page was last modified on 13 August 2015, at 02:16.</p>

Annotated index of images

Page 20
Oberon, 1986
Image: NASA/Jet Propulsion Laboratory

This image of Oberon, Uranus' outermost and largest moon, was captured by NASA's Voyager 2 on January 24, 1986. The bright patches are several large impact craters on Oberon's icy surface surrounded by bright reflected rays. At the time of this photograph Voyager 2 was at its closest approach to the satellite, 470,600 km. Oberon's poles spend 42 years in darkness and another 42 in continuous daylight. The timing of the photograph coincided with the southern hemisphere's 1986 summer solstice, when nearly the entire northern hemisphere was in darkness, which can be seen or rather not seen on the righthand side. The Voyager project is managed for NASA by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.



Stanley R. Mickelsen Safeguard Complex, Missile Site Control Building

22 (top)
Nekoma, Cavalier County, North Dakota. View from below the sloping perimeter acquisition radar building face or "radar eye", emphasising a portion of the over 6,800 radar penetrations. Photographic copy of photograph, dated 20 April 1971. Photographer unknown. 4 x 5 inch Photograph.

22 (bottom)
View from heat sink (south to north) of missile site control building
Photograph by Benjamin Halpern, 1992. 4 x 5 inch Photograph.

Built between 1970-74, the Missile Site Radar (MSR) stands on the planes of North Dakota as a sort of modern pyramid, a monument to the end of time. Nuclear hardened, it could withstand a nearby nuclear blast and was designed to be self-

contained in case of attack. Rather than a large, heavy moving dish, the MSR had thousands of small antenna built into each face, with a detection range of several hundred miles. Its four faces allowed it to operate against attackers from all directions. The MSR was designed to ready interceptors (Spartan and Sprint missiles) for launch and to guide them to intercept incoming ballistic missiles.

The radar was built as a part of the Stanley R. Mickelsen Safeguard Complex (SRMSC) outside of Nekoma, North Dakota. Named after the former commanding general of the US Army Air Defense Command, this was the first new military installation in the United States since World War II.

The SRMSC was the result of 15 years of research and development into Anti-Ballistic Missiles (ABM). While its technology was largely obsolete as soon as it began operations, the site achieved full operational capability in September 1975. As the only operational ABM facility ever completed in the United States, the site acted as a negotiable asset in the ABM and Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) Treaties with the Soviet Union. With the exception of another radar that has deep space capability and that is still in operation under the US Air Force, the complex was deactivated in February 1976. The US Army operated the site for less than a year.

The series of images of the Stanley R. Mickelsen Safeguard Complex are from the Historic American Engineering Record, held in the Library of Congress, USA.



23
René Magritte, Evening Falls (*Le soir qui tombe*), 1964
Oil on canvas, 161.9 x 130.2cm (63 3/4 x 51 1/4 in.)
The Menil Collection, Houston.

The words Resemblance and Similitude permit you forcefully to suggest the presence – utterly foreign – of the world and ourselves. Yet, I believe these two words are scarcely ever differentiated, dictionaries are hardly enlightening as to what distinguishes them.

It seems to me that, for example, green peas have between them relations of similitude, at once visible (their colour, form, size) and invisible (their nature, taste, weight). It is the same for the false and the real, etc. Things do not have resemblance, they do or do not have similitudes.

Only thought resembles. It resembles by being what it sees, hears or knows; it becomes what the world offers it.

It is as completely invisible as pleasure or pain. But painting interposes a problem: There is the thought that can be described. Las Meninas is the visible image of Velázquez's invisible thought...

– René Magritte in a letter to Michel Foucault, May 23, 1966

Published in: Michel Foucault, *This is not a pipe*. Translated and Edited by James Harkness, University of California Press, 2008.

24 (top)
Pieter Bruegel the Elder
The Fight Between Carnival and Lent, 1559 (Detail)
oil-on-panel, 118 × 164cm
Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

24 (middle left)
Kalam Patua
Post office 3 – the runner with the mail, 2013
Watercolour on paper, 56 x 38cm
Courtesy: The artist



24 (middle right)
Sebastian Münster
Illustrations of monstrous humans from *Cosmographia*, 1544

24 (bottom)
Hans Staden's woodcuts from his captivity account, 1557

25 (top)
Mike Parr
Totem Murder 2, 1977 (performance still)
Courtesy the artist and Ann Schwartz Gallery

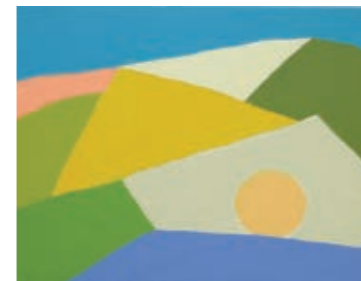
25 (middle)
Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*)
Photo by Alan Stuart, Denmark, 2015.

25 (bottom)
Cynocephali from Marco Polo's travels in *Le livre des merveilles du monde*, 1410-1412

26
Ahmedabad with Muhafiz Khan's Masjid in the background, 2013
Photo © Guy Mannes-Abbott

27
Etel Adnan
Untitled, 2015
Oil on canvas, 35 x 27 cm (13 3/4 x 10 5/8 in.)
© the artist. Photo © White Cube (George Darrell). Courtesy White Cube

28
Bhupen Khakhar
You can't please all, 1981
Oil on canvas, 167 x 167cm
From the Chemould Prescott Road Archives, Mumbai



29 (top)
Etel Adnan
Untitled, 2015
Oil on canvas, 27 x 35cm (10 5/8 x 13 3/4 in.)
© the artist. Photo © White Cube (George Darrell). Courtesy White Cube

At the end of my life, I realise that the love of a person is a key to the world. Nothing matters more. To love a person in particular is the most difficult form of love, because it involves somebody else's freedom. That is where misunderstandings come in; two people don't have necessarily the same timing... Your freedom runs into somebody else's, or a person may suddenly not love you anymore. You can do nothing about that. With a painting, it's a different form of love. You do what you like, what you can, but it doesn't shoot back at you. Of course if it doesn't work you can throw your canvas away and start another one. In the last eight or ten years I have sensed that the love of another person is the most important experience in life. You can relativise other things more.

Etel Adnan in conversation with Lisa Robertson, *BOMB Magazine*, No. 127, Spring 2014.



29 (bottom)
A detail of a wall in the Jaigarh Fort and Amer Palace complex outside of Jaipur, Rajasthan, India. The walls follow the steep ridges of the surrounding hills, part of the Aravalli Range which runs 692 km from Gujarat State to the heart of New Delhi, ending at Raisina Hill, home to the official residence of the President of India and the Prime Minister's Office.

Photo: Nick Garner, 2011



49, 50
Oh Hok Tjoe's nDudah documentation, 1951, courtesy of FX Harsono.

These 6x6inch photographs were taken by FX Harsono's father, Oh Hok Tjoe, who owned a photography studio in the town of Blitar in the 1950s–60s. They show the exhumation and the recording of the victims of the mass killings of Chinese communities in several towns in Java between 1946–48. In 1951, the Diggings, or nDudah, and the reburial of the remains were organised by Chung Hua Tsung Hui, an organisation of the Chinese community in Indonesia.

In 1950 I was only one years old, so I was not aware of the political situation. The memory of the murder of the Chinese people and the situation after Indonesia's independence I heard through my father. My father told me that he was also a member of PETA (Pembela Tanah Air), civil defence under Japanese military and after the Japanese seranader he become a member of Student Army (Tentara Pelajar or TRIP). My father told me a little about the situation experienced by the Chinese people in Blitar. The rest I can not remember.

These photos show that the massive murder of the Chinese people in Java was real; this is historical

evidence that has not been disclosed by the government or by historians. It's as if these events have been hidden, have been frozen. With my attempts to open this event, I want to show that history is not singular, that history is not written by the government alone. History can also be a source of ideas creation and of works of art.

For me the important thing is the perspective I have when looking at this issue – as an artist thinking about what's important to the fate of human beings in history. These photos become a reflection of historical reality as well as a reflection of human destiny, namely of Chinese people in Indonesia, which has always been as the victims of social and political upheaval. I do not want it repeated. By looking carefully, and by displaying these images as a work of art that is based on history, I hope this can help build public awareness – so that this cannot be allowed to happen again.

FX Harsono, in conversation with Nick Garner, 2015

52 (top)
Bhupen Khakhar,
First Treatment, 2000
Oil on canvas

This painting depicting the treatment for cancer was photographed on a chair in Bhupen Khakhar's front yard. It was in a collection of slides that the Bhupen gave to Guy Mannes-Abbott to digitise in 2002.

Bhupen described going through a CT scan with disgusted precision: "you have to drink bottles and bottles of water, and then they give you an enema and they inject the dye", and showed me an extraordinary life-size self portrait of the procedure. Harrowing and indignant, it's also a fiercely insistent act of self-revealing witness. "Somehow, this was very much part of me," Bhupen said, "it wanted to come out and it did in these works."

GMA

52 (bottom)
Stitch Wel Ladies Dress Maker, 2003
Photo © Guy Mannes-Abbott



53
Nasan Tur
Cloud no. 4 – 19 October, 2011, Near Basildon, England, 2012 from a series of 15 photographs, C-print, each 135 x 180cm
Courtesy of the artist and Blain|Southern Gallery, London/Berlin

54 (top)

Bhupen Khakhar
Muslims Around The Mosque I, 2001
Oil on canvas, 180 x 120cm

From the Chemould Prescott Road Archives,
Mumbai

54 (bottom)

Bhupen Khakhar
Muslims Around The Mosque II, 2001
Oil on canvas, 180 x 120cm

From the Chemould Prescott Road Archives,
Mumbai

Bhupen was famously reticent about political statements but painted these sympathetic images in a febrile atmosphere post 9/11 in India, heightened by an attack on India's parliamentary building, the Lok Sabha, in central New Delhi. I caught Friday prayers in Old Delhi's Juma masjid on the day the Taliban ceded Kandahar to American troops. Syed Ahmed Bukhari, the Imam 13th in line from Mughal times, had been calling for jihad against the invaders and offering himself as a broker to restore Afgahn sovereignty. I was met with startlement but no aggression from a vast, boiling crowd as we absorbed his ferocious lambasting of A-Merika.

GMA

55 (top left)

Pushpa Kumari
Tsunami, 2015
Ink on acid free paper, 61 x 46cm
Courtesy: The artist

55 (top right)

Venkat Raman Singh Shyam
Fruit-gun, 2009
Acrylic and ink on paper, 56 x 76cm
Courtesy: The artist



55 (bottom)

Venkat Raman Singh Shyam
The birth, 2015
Acrylic on canvas, 100 x 165cm
Courtesy: The artist

56 – 57

Balu Ladkya Dumada
The God appears in the form of a crane bird, 2010
Synthetic polymer paint and cow dung on canvas, 167.6 x 365.8cm
Purchased 2015, Queensland Art Gallery | Gallery of Modern Art Foundation

58

Later view of missile site control building showing the escape tunnel, which was eventually buried underground.

Stanley R. Mickelsen Safeguard Complex, Missile Site Control Building. Nekoma, Cavalier County, North Dakota. Photographic copy of photograph, dated 20 April 1971. Photographer unknown. 4 x 5 inch Photograph.

59

Model of a mihrab or prayer niche in the late 15th-century Mosque of Muhafiz Khan, Ahmadabad, Gujarat, Western India
Mid-19th century

Image credit: Victoria and Albert Museum

60

FX Harsono
Mass grave Blitar, 2013
Courtesy of the artist.

61

FX Harsono
Pilgrimage to History, 2013 (Video Stills)
Single Channel Video with sound, 13:40min
Courtesy of the artist.

NG: In Pilgrimage to History, the sound of the pastel rubbing on the fabric as you trace the characters and names of the buried, amid the high-pitched hum of the forest that surrounds the monuments at the different mass graves, captures for me something quite important to the way you approach these sites and your relationship to history. I've read your approach described as originating in a type of empiricism, which the rubbing in some parts confirms, but it also shows a tender and solemn uncertainty that contradicts an empirical attitude to these sites and events. In these moments history is being rendered as a process rather than a static "past." How did you arrive at this process of rubbing and reproduction more broadly?

FXH: I saw the mass graves, and the tombstones with the names of the victims, as evidence of a history that I did not want to simplify through documentation. I didn't want to present it with a lot of metaphors, symbols and so on. I wanted to present this historical fact as it is, to take the trace of history without the distance. I arrived at this process of rubbing the pastel on the fabric as a way of transferring the data and the entire surface of the gravestones directly onto the fabric. I interpret this activity of rubbing as a pilgrimage, as a ceremony and when I record this ceremony it becomes a video performance. I like all this work, the process, as an activity that presents multi-layer value, and multi-layer works.

NG: How would you describe the capacity for the archival images and your

work to change the history of the Chinese community? Is there an appreciation from those in the Chinese community that you speak to for what you are doing as an artist?

FXH: I do not expect that this work will change history very much, but at least my hope is to show that history is not singular. I was very lucky this year to receive a fellowship from the Royal Netherlands Institute of Southeast Asian and Caribbean Studies to conduct archival research. I have found some incredibly interesting records and photographs on the murder of the Chinese between 1947–1949. I hope that maybe the images and my works stimulate scholars to begin to look back at the history of the Chinese problem in Indonesia.

FX Harsono, in conversation with Nick Garner, 2015

62, 63

Hrair Sarkissian
Execution Squares, 2008
Archival inkjet print, 125 x 160cm
Private Collection. Courtesy Kalfayan Galleries, Athens – Thessaloniki

A series of photographs of public execution squares in three Syrian cities – Aleppo, Latakia, and Damascus – taken in the early hours of the morning, which is when the executions usually take place.

Installation view from FIRE AND FORGET. ON VIOLENCE. Curated by Ellen Blumenstein and Daniel Tyradellis. 14 June – 30 August, 2015. KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin. Installation photography by Timo Ohler.



64 (top)

Mike Parr
Totem Murder 1, 1975
photograph, 120 x 120cm
Courtesy the artist and Anna Schwartz Gallery

64 (bottom)

Mike Parr
Push tacks into your leg until a line of tacks is made up your leg. (Wound by measurement 1.), 1973
Photograph, 120 x 180 cm
Courtesy the artist and Anna Schwartz Gallery



65

Alexander Hogg
An Exact Representation of The Death of Captn. James Cook, F.R.S at Karakakooa Bay, in Owhyhee, on Feby. 14, 1779.

Detail of an engraving by depicting Cooks' death in Hawaii - published in George William Anderson's *A New, Authentic, and Complete Collection of Voyages Round the World, Undertaken and Performed by Royal Authority . . . Captain Cook's First, Second, Third, and Last Voyages . . .* (London, 1784).

88

Nasan Tur
Police Paintings, 2014
Series of different paintings, acrylic paint on wall, variable dimensions, installation view Kunstraum Innsbruck and Kunsthall 44, Moen
Photo by Nasan Tur. Courtesy of the artist and Blain|Southern Gallery, London/Berlin

89

Nasan Tur
Magic, 2013 (video stills)
HD-Video with sound, 15 min.
Courtesy of the artist and Blain|Southern Gallery, London/Berlin

90 (top)

Charles Lim
SEA STATE 6: capsiz, 2015
Single-channel HD digital video, c.7min

90 (middle)

Charles Lim
SEA STATE 6: phase 1, 2015
Single-channel HD digital video, c.7min

90 (middle, bottom)

Charles Lim
SEA STATE, Installation views
Pavilion of Singapore at the 56th International Art Exhibition, 2015
Photo credit: National Arts Council

All works courtesy of the artist & Future Perfect, Singapore

91 (top)

Charles Lim
SEA STATE 1: inside outside, 2004–2005 (detail)
84 sets of paired photographs; 2 framed marine charts; 1 VHF radio set

91 (bottom)

Charles Lim
SEA STATE 2: as evil disappears (Sajahat Island), 2014
Film still

All works courtesy of the artist & Future Perfect, Singapore

92 (top)

Charles Lim
SEA STATE 9: proclamation, 2015
Pulau Punggolsebaraokeastsamalunbukomsentosatuas viewdamartekongmarinajurongcovebranibaratchangliu utekongsajahatsenanghantu prepared GSP1 chart, published by Maritime and Port Authority of Singapore (2014)

All works courtesy of the artist & Future Perfect, Singapore

92 (bottom)

Sebastian Münster
Nova Insulae XVII Nova Tabula, 1540

93

Charles Lim
SEA STATE 2: as evil disappears (Sajahat Buoy), 2014
Encrusted navigational buoy; diameter 1.6m x 5.1m
All works courtesy of the artist & Future Perfect, Singapore



94

Theodor De Bry
illustration from Hans Staden's accounts in *America Tertia Pars*, 1590-1634

95 (top, bottom)

Runo Lagomarsino
Untitled, 2015
Canibalia. Exhibition view, 2015, Kadist Art Foundation, Paris.
Photo Credit : Aurélien Mole

(Detail of letraset 'THIS WALL HAS NO IMAGE BUT CONTAINS GEOGRAPHY')



96 (top)

Candice Lim
Birth of a Nation
(from the series *The Sexual Life of Savages*), 2008
Aquarelle and ink on paper, 132 x 112cm
Courtesy of the artist and François Ghebaly Gallery, Los Angeles

96 (bottom)

Canibalia. Exhibition view, 2015, Kadist Art Foundation, Paris.
Photo Credit: Aurélien Mole

97 (top, bottom left)

Jeleton
Tattooed walls / Muros tatuadas, 2015
gouache drawing on walls / dessins sur les murs
Canibalia. Exhibition view, 2015, Kadist Art Foundation, Paris.
Photo Credit: Aurélien Mole

97 (bottom right)

Philippe Galle
allegory of America as an amazon in *Prosopographia*, 1581-1600

105

Theodor De Bry
illustration of Jean de Léry's account in *America Tertia Pars*, 1590-1634, (design for the wall stamp in the exhibition)

117

(left to right) Emmeline Pethick-Laurence, Sylvia Pankhurst, Emily Davison, WSPU march, 1910

129 (top left)

Joanna Nordin
high time, 7/1980/1890, (J. Nordin, K. Larsson, Bergöö, B. Russel, A. Sarabi, G. Perec, A. Bürkli, J. Newdick), 2014

129 (top right)

Worms
high time, 15/1974, (Stanislaw Lem, Robin Wright, Jon Hamm), 2014

129 (top right)

Centre for Inefficiency
high time, 11/2016 (Ursula K Le Guin, Centre for Inefficiency, Anabel Sarabi, and Hannah Arendt), 2014
Courtesy of the artists

130

Sylvia Pankhurst
In a Glasgow Cotton Mill:
Minding a Pair of Fine Frames, 1907
gouache on paper
© the Sylvia Pankhurst Estate

Pankhurst's final factory visits were to a Glasgow cotton mill in the winter of 1907. These processes were fully industrialised and this is a rare depiction of a female worker not actively engaged in work as she supervises the complex machines that have taken over from hand processes. Pankhurst described the women's skilled work tending the machines: *The work in all the different processes of cotton-spinning consists of keeping the machines clean, supplying them with fresh cotton, taking away the cotton that has been spun, and in rejoining together the threads which are constantly getting broken as they become longer and finer. This work is not really arduous, but it requires a light, quick touch, and a great deal of practice is needed before the operative can become expert.*

Image descriptions are from the curatorial texts accompanying Sylvia Pankhurst, Curated by the Emily Davison Lodge (Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve) & Emma Chambers (Tate Britain), 16 September 2013 – 6 April 2014, Tate Britain.

131

Drawings from the series *The Suffragette as Militant Artist* by the Emily Davison Lodge. Courtesy of Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve.

1. 14 January 1913. Sylvia Pankhurst throws a lump of concrete at a painting (Andrew Carrick Gow, *Speaker Finch being held in the Chair*, 1912) in St Stephen's Hall, The House of Parliament. She had just received news that the government had refused to allow a women's suffrage amendment bill to be introduced despite an earlier promise to do so.

2. 27 July 1913. Sylvia Pankhurst, her licence expired under the Cat and Mouse Act (the temporary release of suffragette prisoners about to die from hunger striking) manages to fool the police by disguising herself as a shepherd so she can address

a Suffragette rally at Trafalgar Square. Her speech issued the adoption of a resolution to carry a 'Women's Declaration of Independence' to Downing Street. One journalist compared the envoy to the Battle of Valmy at the French Revolution, quoting Geothe: 'Today marks a turning-point in history, and we can say we were present.'

3. 5 November 1913. Sylvia Pankhurst with Sir Francis Vane and one of his army officers at Bows Baths for the inaugural drill of the People's Army (members of her East End Federation of Suffragettes). She had arrived in disguise and managed to escape undetected despite the presence of 300 mounted police men sent to arrest her.

4. 18 June 1914. Released from prison where she had been on hunger strike, Sylvia Pankhurst drags her weakened body to the base of the statue of Oliver Cromwell outside the Houses of Parliament in order to force Prime Minister Asquith to finally receive a deputation of working women. Asquith's acceptance marks a turning point in the fight for women's suffrage. The historian George Dangerfield wrote that it was 'one of the most important moments in English history' and a 'scene that deserves to be recorded on canvas.'

5. July 1920. Refused a passport by the British government, Sylvia Pankhurst is a stowaway on a Norwegian ship bound for the Soviet Union where Lenin has invited her to attend the 2nd congress of the 3rd International.



132

Paul Thek
Meat Piece with Warhol Brillo Box, 1965
Beeswax, painted wood and plexiglass,
35.6 x 43.2 x 43.2cm
(14 x 17 x 17 inches)
Philadelphia Museum of Art: Purchased with funds contributed by the Daniel W. Dietrich Foundation, 1990
© The Estate of George Paul Thek, courtesy Alexander and Bonin, New York

In 1964 Andy Warhol exhibited Brillo Boxes at the Stable Gallery, New York, a few months later Thek used one of Warhol's boxes to make this sculpture and then exhibited it back at the Stable Gallery.

As well as this particular work being a response to Warhol and the 'coolness' of Pop Art and to the remoteness of what was to be called Minimalism – both of which

were being heavily shown in New York at the time – Thek's 'meat pieces' were inspired by his 1963 trip to the Capuchin catacombs near Palermo, Sicily.

I hope the work has the innocence of those Baroque crypts in Sicily... There are 8,000 corpses—not skeletons, corpses—decorating the walls, and the corridors are filled with windowed coffins. I opened one and picked up what I thought was a piece of paper; it was a piece of dried thigh. I felt strangely relieved and free. It delighted me that bodies could be used to decorate a room, like flowers. We accept our thing-ness intellectually, but the emotional acceptance of it can be a joy.

... The cases have grown to need the wax... I don't know if the cases hold out the viewer or hold in the wax-flesh. Maybe it's the same thing. It's almost impossible to tell what's inside unless the viewer has his nose to the glass. They're ambiguous; they can't be seen all at once.

– Paul Thek

Swenson, G.R., "Beneath the Skin", in: *Art News*, 65, no. 2, April 1966, pp. 34-35, 66-67.



133

Paul Thek
The Tomb (exterior view)
Stable Gallery, New York, 1967
photo: John D. Schiff
© Estate of George Paul Thek, courtesy Alexander and Bonin, New York

134

Paul Thek
The Tomb (interior view)
Stable Gallery, New York, 1967
photo: John D. Schiff
© Estate of George Paul Thek, courtesy Alexander and Bonin, New York

Inside a pink ziggurat lies an effigy of the artist: a mannequin painted entirely in pink, with a wax face and hands cast from Thek's body. The figure wears a necklace of human hair and other jewellery made of mixed woven hair with gold. Pink goblets, a funerary bowl, and private letters surrounded the effigy. The fingers of the right hand have been amputated, placed in a pouch, and hung on a wall behind the figure's head.

135

View of missile site control building turret wall during early construction, showing the amount of reinforced steel used to protect the structure from Nuclear blasts.
Stanley R. Mickelsen Safeguard Complex, Missile Site Control Building
Nekoma, Cavalier County, North Dakota.
Photographic copy of photograph, dated 21 July 1971. Photographer unknown.
4x5 inch Photograph.



136

Michael E. Smith
Untitled, 2015
Meat Slicer, Steel Pipes.
Courtesy of the artist and KOW, Berlin.

137

Michael E. Smith
Untitled, 2015
Altered Hooded Sweatshirts, High Heat Thermo Rubber.
Courtesy of the artist and KOW, Berlin.

Installation view in *Michael E Smith*, 11 July - 30 August 2015, De Appel Arts Centre, Amsterdam
Photo: Cassander Eeftick Schattenkerk

138 – 139

Paul Thek
Untitled (Diver), 1969-70
synthetic polymer and gesso on newspaper
56.5 x 84.1cm (22 ¼ x 33 3/16 in)
© Estate of George Paul Thek, courtesy Alexander and Bonin, New York

Thek painted the diver images on the island of Ponza, off the coast of southern Italy. The diver is possibly inspired by the cover slab from the Tomb of the Diver, a fresco in the Greek city of Paestum in Magna Graecia, what is now southern Italy. Dating from the 5th century BCE, the fresco had been unearthed in 1968.

140 – 141

Henning Rogge
Bombenkrater – No. 66: Mascheroder Holz, 2011
C-Print, 46 x 56cm
Courtesy the artist and Galerie Jo Van De Lo
© Henning Rogge

This photograph is from an ongoing series documenting bomb craters from the Second

World War across the German landscape.

Exhibited in *FIRE AND FORGET. ON VIOLENCE.*
Curated by Ellen Blumenstein and Daniel Tyradellis. 14 June – 30 August, 2015. KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin.

141

Mike Parr
Three Immersions [for Tim Parr], 1974.
Redleaf Pool, Double Bay, NSW, Australia.
Performer: Mike Parr.
Photographer: John Delacour
Late afternoon as the sun is going down. I enter the water carrying a weight to keep myself under. I stay under water for as long as possible. I burst from the water. Camera should be positioned overhead, with the plane of the lens perpendicular to the surface of the water, so that I burst from the water center frame. Black/white film, sound. Repeat three times as the light is fading.
Image courtesy the artist and Anna Schwartz Gallery



142

Luis Camnitzer
Her fragrance lingered on, plate 8 from *Uruguayan Torture Series*, 1983–84
Photo etching, 75.01 x 54.99cm
(29.53 x 21.65 in)
Courtesy Alexander Gray Associates, New York
© 2015 Luis Camnitzer / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

Exhibited in *FIRE AND FORGET. ON VIOLENCE.*
Curated by Ellen Blumenstein and Daniel Tyradellis. 14 June – 30 August, 2015. KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin.

143

Sylvia Pankhurst
In a Glasgow Cotton Spinning Mill: Changing the Bobbin, 1907
gouache on paper
© the Sylvia Pankhurst Estate

Although the work in the cotton mill was not as arduous as in some of the factories Pankhurst visited, the working conditions were difficult. She later recalled: *The mule-spinning room where I started my work was so hot that I fainted in the first hour, and the manager who had not so much as asked my name, but liked the notion of an artist painting pictures of the mill, gave permission for a little window to be kept open near me. The girls told me they were all made sick by the heat and bad air when they first began work in the mills.*

146, 147

Paul Thek
TEACHING NOTES: 4 DIMENSIONAL DESIGN
© The Estate of George Paul Thek; courtesy Alexander and Bonin, New York

Transcript of the notes presented by Thek to a class he was teaching at Cooper Union, between 1978-1981.

149

Peter Fischli, David Weiss
Suddenly this Overview, 1981/2012
Unfired clay, Group of approx. 250 sculptures, various dimensions
© the artists, Courtesy Sprüth Magers
Photo: Jason Klimatas

From top left: 'Difference and repetition'; 'Dr Hofmann on the first LSD trip'; 'Popular opposites: possible and impossible'; 'Popular opposites: construction and deconstruction'; 'Turtle'; 'Popular opposites: funny and silly'; 'Nero enjoying the view of Rome burning'; 'Popular opposites: small and big'; 'Penne rigate'; 'The invention of Thomas Edison catches on'; 'The real and the fake fetish Arumbaya'; 'Mr. and Mrs. Einstein shortly after the conception of their son, the genius Albert'; 'Nuclear power plant'; 'Old fertility symbol'; 'Brunelleschi invents perspective'.

151

Gianmaria Andreetta
1109, 2015
Commissioned for Oberon 1 by Amelia Groom
Courtesy of the artist

154, 155

Gertrude Stein
Descriptions of Literature, 1926
with cover illustration by Pavel Tchelitcheff
No. 2 in Lynes & Hardbeck's *As Stable Pamphlets*.
A scan of one of 200 copies printed.

156 – 157

Pieter Bruegel the Elder
The Fight Between Carnival and Lent, 1559
oil-on-panel, 118 cm x 164 cm
Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

158 – 159

Wikipedia's List of Lists of Lists
current as of August 14, 2015

160

Simonne Goran
Objects that appear in Mariah Carey songs, 2015
Commissioned for Oberon 1 by Amelia Groom
Courtesy of the artist

The writers and artists of the Gulf Labor Coalition are pressuring Western cultural brands including the Louvre, the Guggenheim, the British Museum and New York University to ensure worker protections during construction on Saadiyat Island, off the coast of Abu Dhabi.

Now, read the chronicle of their campaign—an action at the forefront of a new wave of global cultural activism:

The GULF

HIGH CULTURE/HARD LABOR

Edited by Andrew Ross (for Gulf Labor)

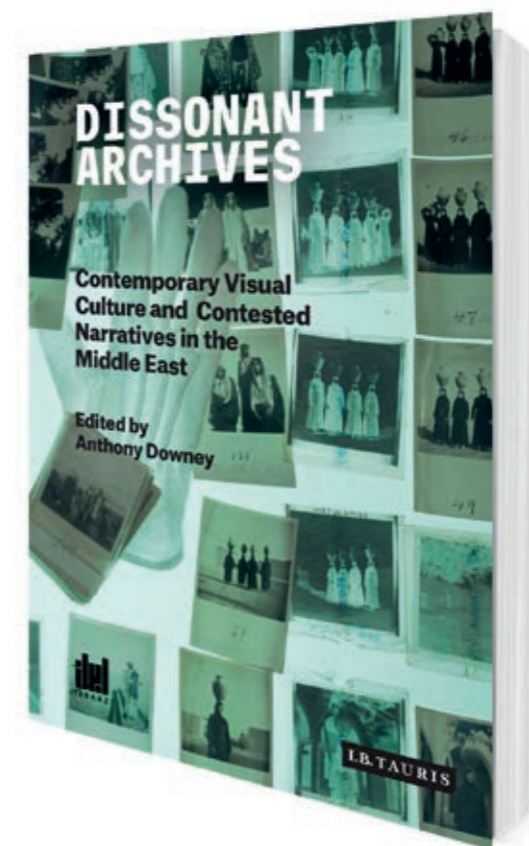
WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM: Hans Haacke, Walid Raad, Guy Mannes-Abbott, the Global Ultra Luxury Faction (G.U.L.F.), Mariam Ghani, Gregory Sholette, Naeem Mohaiemen, Rene Gabri, Ayreen Anastas, Haig Aivazian, Andrea Fraser, and more.



Only from OR Books
www.orbooks.com



I.B. TAURIS
PUBLISHERS



DISSONANT ARCHIVES

Contemporary Visual Culture and Contested Narratives in the Middle East

Edited by Anthony Downey

Archives are often viewed as ordered collections of historical documents that record information about people, places and events. This view nevertheless obscures a crucial element in these processes: the archive, whilst subject to the vagaries of time and history, is also concerned with determining the future. This feature of the archive has gained considerable urgency in modern-day North Africa and the Middle East where it has come to the fore as a site of social, historical, theoretical, and political contestation. *Dissonant Archives* is the first book to consider the ways in which contemporary artists, in exploring archival contexts and structures, foreground a systemic and perhaps irrevocable crisis in institutional and state-ordained archiving across the region.

June 2015 | Paperback | 9781784534110 | £17.99

www.ibtauris.com



DIONLEE

DIONLEE.COM