

# das SUPER PAPER

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## PRINTING

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## 2 ADVERTISEMENTS

## 17 EDITORIAL

## 18 ESTHER STOCKER

*I AM AFRAID I MUST  
REFUSE*, 2005

## 24 PETER TYNDALL

*CULTURE CORNER WITH  
UNCLE PETE*, 1978-2014.

## 26 ELIZABETH NEWMAN

*THE DISTANCE BETWEEN  
REPRESENTATION AND  
DOMINATION OR...  
WHY WE DON'T WANT  
"A GOVERNMENT THAT  
SAYS WHAT IT MEANS,  
AND MEANS WHAT IT SAYS"*

## 32 GEORGE EGERTON- WARBURTON

*ADMINISTRATION IS  
JUST OULIPIAN POETRY  
(PART ONE: THE THEATRE  
SHOW)*, 2014

## 38 PETER TYNDALL

## 40 BONNY LIAM MAIER AND ALEX KOSLOFF

*YOUR RECENT WORKS*

## 43 THE PERSONAL COLLECTION

## 44 KUNSTHISTORISCHES MAUSOLEUM, BELGRADE,

PRESENTED BY WALTER  
BENJAMIN, 2003.

## 50 LUCA LO PINTO

*STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE*

## 54 COLLEEN AHERN,

*COLLECTION SELECTION*, 2014

## 61 JON ROFFE

*THE METHOD OF EXHAUSTION*

## 64 LEE LOZANO

*GENERAL STRIKE PIECE*, 1969.

## 69 CHRIS SHARP

*A PROPOSITION*

## 70 PETER TYNDALL

## 72 WAGES FOR HOUSEWORK

## 75 GROUP EXHIBITION

*SPEECH AND WHAT ARCHIVE*,  
CHLOE GEOGHEGAN, BILJANA  
CILIC AND ANNA PARLANE

## 82 PETER TYNDALL

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Image: Justene Williams, *The Curtain Breathed Deeply*, 2014, production still, courtesy of the artist, Sarah Cottier Gallery and Artspace, Sydney



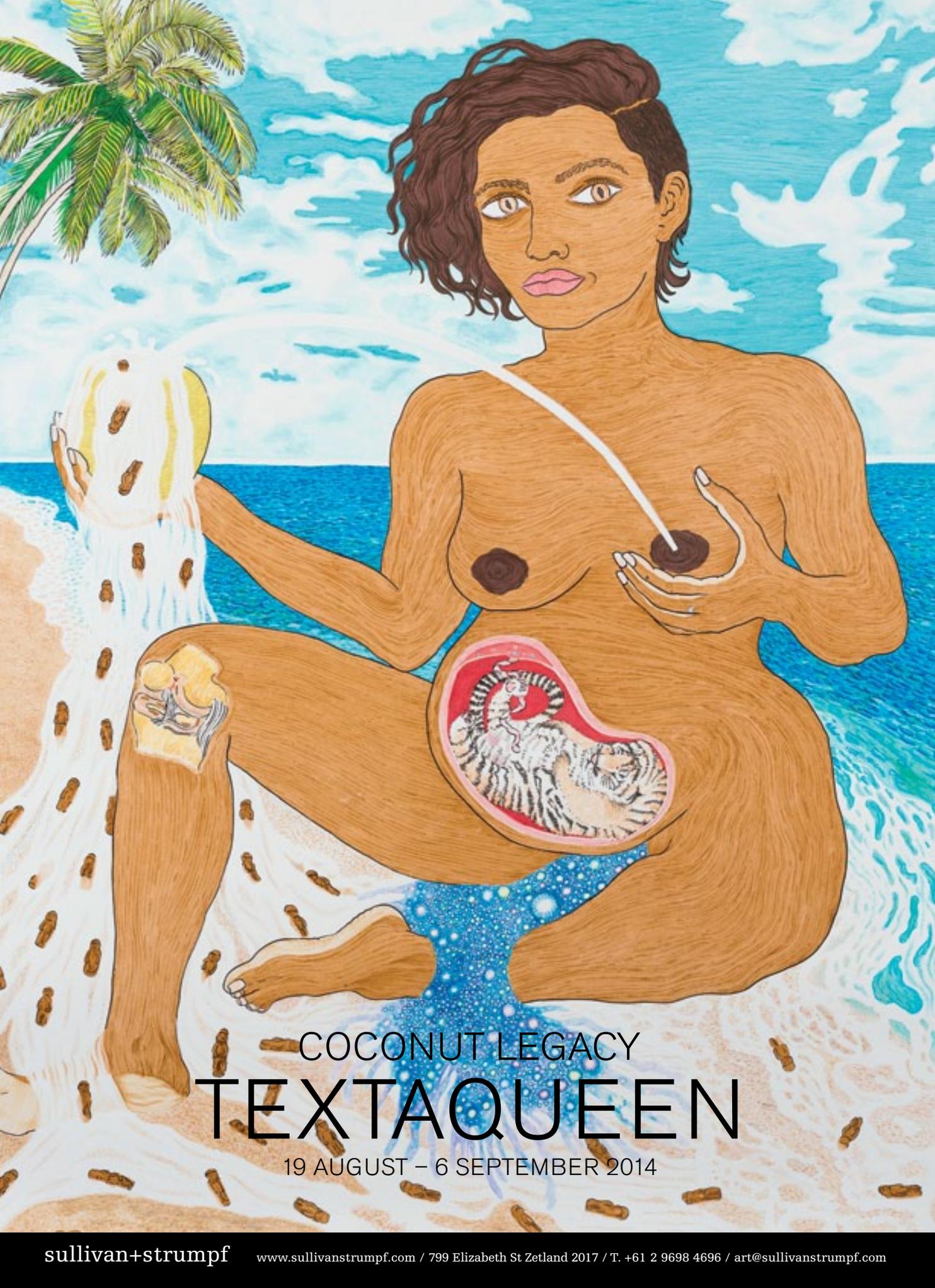
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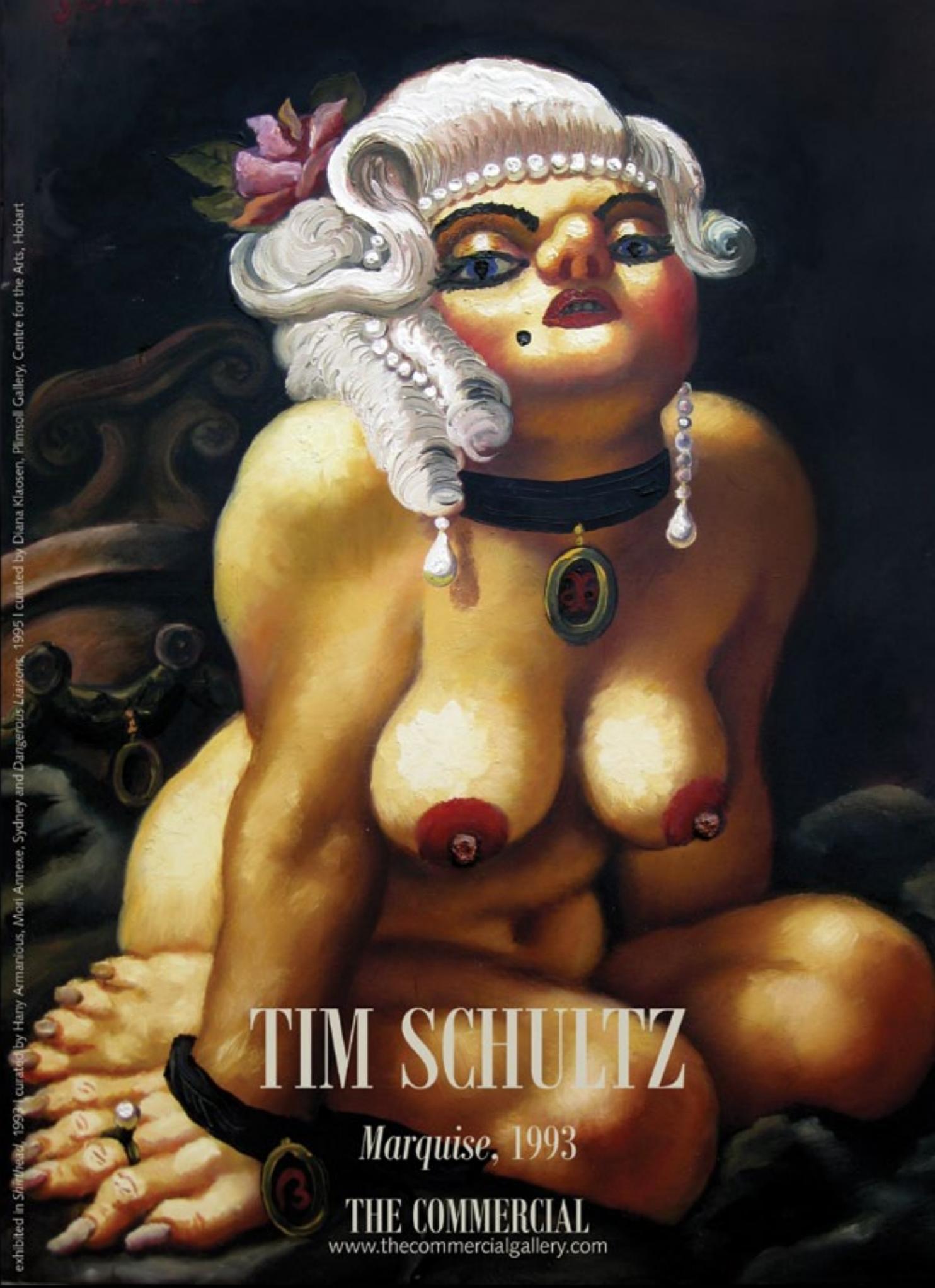
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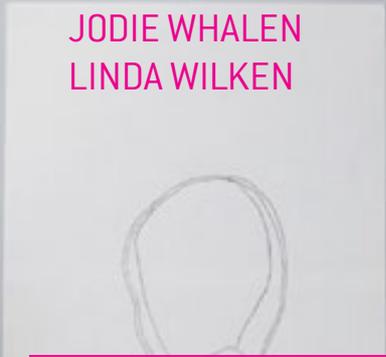
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Image: Untitled (honey buttock mutation) 2012 – 2014, gyprock, pillows, styrofoam, cloth, acrylic elephant eyes, synthetic polymer paint, found sheet.

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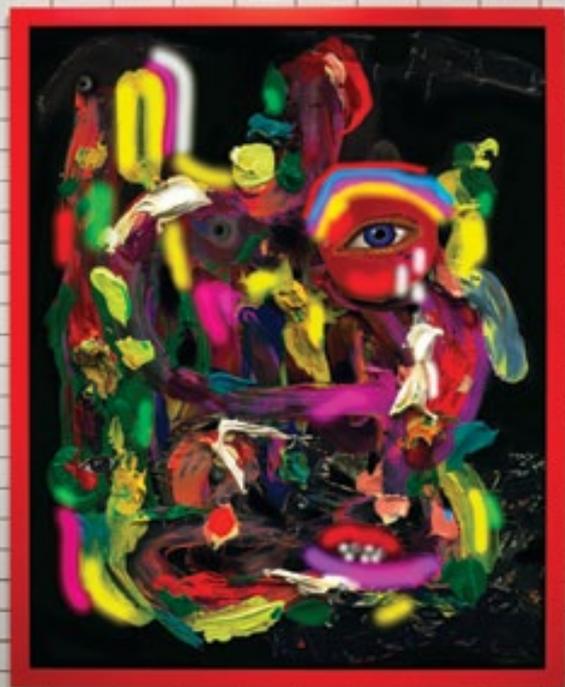


L-R: Agatha Gothe-Snape, *Untitled*, 2011, Off-set print, Edition of 25; Tom Polo, *People/Persons*, 2012, Off-set print, edition of 30; Joan Ross, *Like cats they mark their territory*, 2013, Hand coloured lithograph print, Edition of 35. Images © Firstdraft, courtesy the artists. Photograph: Zan Wimberley.

# Art Monthly

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## THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT DOING AS YOU SAY

In Colorado there's a woman who runs and can't get exhausted. In 1997, she underwent a partial right-temporal lobectomy to correct the epileptic seizures she experienced daily. The seizures and surgery have short-circuited that part of her brain assigned to sense the passage of time. As a result she has become a champion ultramarathon runner, unfazed by the oppressive awareness of how long she has been running.

In the visual arts industry, making and communicating ideas can end up seeming very much like multi-tasking and marketing products. One hopes not to produce only more 'content' for the contemporary art machine, which either runs off, or produces, publicity (even more so than objects now) in the service of capital.

In such a context – symptomatic of an overly corporatised society and its values of service and high-performance – we seem increasingly prepared to reproduce and internalise these conditions: artists play at being entrepreneurs and marketing agents while critics and curators perpetuate a marketing paradox that puts any enunciation to work as positive exposure to satisfy funding bodies and stakeholder interests.

Subversion might be, if we are not careful, the sweetener that makes it easier for us to run faster, harder. It seems that all moves are funnelled toward productiveness by invisible variants of the human resources department (the most nauseating of word combinations) and worker 'support' strategies (read: peptides). The office chair is more ergonomic, although not for your comfort.

How to be hopeful that we can become what is *not* required of us?

In his essay 'Exhaustion and Exuberance', Jan Verwoert asks how we might 'effectively interrupt the self-contained economic cycle of supply and demand and truly break the spell of the pressure to produce for the sake of production.'<sup>1</sup> He goes on; '[A] dedication to imagining other ways to perform and other ways to enjoy consumption means claiming the imag-

ination and the aesthetic experience as a field of collective agency where workable forms of resistance can be devised.'

With this in mind, the texts and artist pages here move away from the pre-determined functions of contemporary art criticism to self-consciously consider their own form: that of the magazine. We have also considered how the magazine itself functions as a proposition to embody a critique of the production, framing and dissemination of creative activity.

The issue is both a proposal for and an experiment in shapeshifting, drawing attention to ways in which contemporary creative work fulfils predetermined requirements, considering models of alternative institutions and looking to strategies of inefficiency, unspeakability and withdrawal as workable forms of resistance.

To this extent, the recent events of the Biennale of Sydney Boycott have similarly played a part in our discussions for this issue. The BoS Working Group's strategies of refusal and divestment were proposed as affirmative action toward actual improvement of refugee policy and treatment in Australia.

Although inactivity is effectively forbidden today, the refusal to work, as in Lee Lozano's work, can embody useful and positive action. The demands of some unwieldy organisations raise the question: who is working for whom? Organisations, and indeed individuals, might look at reducing operations or slowing production as a means to align the ways in which they function with their ideologies and to manage their own accountability.

Divergence and contrariness are possible modes for relating to the contemporary art machine. Happily, a multiplicity of modes is at play since a few spanners in the cogs gives us time to look closely at the pieces.

The trajectory through this space of real political and lived conditions is the long haul; luckily exhaustion is guaranteed.

**I cannot in all  
conscience  
do what you  
request.**

**I am  
afraid  
I must  
refuse.**

**I hope you  
are not too  
upset, but I  
just can't  
manage it.**

**I cannot  
possibly  
comply  
with this  
request.**

**This is quite  
out of the  
question  
for the time  
being.**

**It is  
unfortunately  
quite  
impracticable  
for us to  
commit  
ourselves at  
this stage.**

characters crushed in its web. It is the story of a husband estranged from his wife and his attempts to affect a reconciliation with her by means of love letters, is short

couple. The husband, played in an excellent style of suppressed violence by Brian Brown, has a meaningless storeman's job and is subject to violent fits of rage which

been sleeping with and so on. All the old double standards are there. We feel deeply for the wife, yet the husband also remains a sympathetic character by virtue of his

The SRC will hold a special screening of *Love Letters from Teraha Road* at 1.15 p.m. on Thursday of O-Week in the Union Theatre.

## Culture Corner with Uncle Pete



Dear Readers,

In this picture we see Janice with her mother. They are going to spend a day at the Art Gallery. It will be the first time Janice has seen Art. Janice notices that the paper-seller is telling everyone about a special magazine. Her mother explains that it is a new magazine about the latest Art. "See," she says to Janice, "that man with the glasses is reading it now. He is the Director of the Art Gallery we are going to visit. He will be able to answer all our questions."

Shuns for now,  
Uncle Pete.

Fairfax, Friday, February 24, 1978 Page 25



# NOT ONLY WHAT THERE IS: THE DISTANCE BETWEEN REPRESENTATION AND DOMINATION. OR... WHY WE DON'T WANT “A GOVERNMENT THAT SAYS WHAT IT MEANS, AND MEANS WHAT IT SAYS”

ELIZABETH NEWMAN

I seem to be having a streak of luck lately, serendipitously coming across shining examples from our local political sphere that I can use to illustrate something of what I want to say to you today. Not only has our new Prime Minister blessed us with a brilliant phrase about his new kind of government – calling it one that *says what it means and means what it says* – but the leadership aspirant for the Labor Party, Anthony Albanese, has dropped this sparkling pearl into my lap: speaking of himself as a potential new leader, he said *what you see is what you get*.

Meaning what you say being equivalent to saying what you mean, seeing or *seeming* being the same as what there really is – what’s wrong with those sentiments? Surely it’s a good thing: straight communication, truth in appearances, a new honesty? I imagined I was one of those people who actually likes to say what I mean and mean what I say. But what is happening here? Why pretend that language has a one-to-one relation with the world? Why this dominance of plain brute language? This degradation of speech and representation to the level of inflexible referent, faux empiricism, or even doctrine?

I see this bland use of language as a degradation of the function of speech, a degradation that is consistent with, on the one hand, the current trend of shrinking liberalism and democracy, and on the other, increasing control, surveillance and totalitarianism. Recent political events involving whistleblowers and the savage responses to them have revealed the kind of new order that now surrounds us. Concurrent with this change in social relations, with the way in which politics is now structured, there seems to be a growing intolerance for the indeterminacy of representation. We can see this in the use

of language surrounding asylum seekers and so-called 'people smugglers', in the case of Paul Yore, an artist threatened with charges for the use of pornographic imagery in his artwork, with the withdrawal of Bill Henson from the Adelaide Biennial. We can see it in our teaching institutions and in our galleries. We hear it in the media all the time: this reduction of speech and language to a rigid tool that imposes and restricts, that fixes references and ties words to things.

What is wrong with this use of language? Well, it has a direct effect upon subjectivity: upon the way we are conceived of and constructed as subjects, as human subjects. This failure at the level of language, this debasement of speech and representation, has, ultimately, the effect of reducing subjects to objects. And this reduction of someone to an object is consistent with totalitarianism.

I will try to explain.

An article by Frances Ferguson lays out how, in the 18th century, we saw the development of liberalism as a new kind of tolerance that accommodates many different beliefs, and that this new politics was coincident with a new emphasis upon representation as opposed to meaning. Representation implies a concern with the *conditions* of the possibility of perceptions and statements, with *how* we see what we see (implying that it could be seen otherwise) and the different possible organisations of thought. It also implies that these are multiple and varied. Meaning, on the other hand, emphasises a collective agreement upon names and concepts, but is not concerned with the constructed nature of these: a kind of brute empiricism. So you can see that the age of enlightenment ushers in a new freedom of representation, a new freedom to be reflexive in our thinking, as opposed to, say, a medieval world of set meanings.

The construction of childhood as its own separate state of being is an invention of Romanticism and the age of enlightenment, and Ferguson sees this as a sign of a new economy of respect. Seeing the child as a new entity in its own right, separate from that of adults, indicates this new political era of tolerance because now one has to argue for different kinds of reason (the reason of children as well as the reason of adults) and different ways of seeing the world. Liberalism allows that there are different ways of seeing reality, and that we don't demand agreement from everyone: we allow for difference. That is, we do not coerce people into seeing the world the way we do. To quote Ferguson: "Defining adults and children as different is society's most basic representational device for setting a limit to the level of agreement we demand from persons. Children are the representations of the limitation of the reach of doctrine, of belief, of being able to say what you mean and mean what you say in every moment."

You can see how oppressive it would be to live in a world where at every moment you were called upon to account for what you said as being the same as what you meant. Through the study of linguistics we know that the relation between language and meaning is not straightforward. Signifiers function through their difference to others, not through any innate relation to their supposed referent. Signifiers in themselves do not mean anything: you know that the signifier 'cat' only refers to the animal with four legs because it is not referring to a bat or a cot. But you also know that the signifier 'cat' can be used to signify a cool jazz player, good luck, bad luck, or even a woman: it depends on the use. Signifiers allow us to make metaphors, to joke, to use double entendres, to be ironic, to point to something else and so on. Signifiers make poetry possible. It is also possible to invent new signifiers – we are not stuck with a limited set: the invention of new signifiers is the field of art *par excellence*.

Given all this, you can see why I pricked up my ears when I heard Abbott say those seemingly benign words about his new governing style. Following Frances Ferguson again, we can say that liberalism, in foregrounding the question of representation over that of meaning, allows us to say that we do

not know what children mean when they use the same words as us, and that to take them at their word would be "a rigorously superficial account of consent and intention – a sophisticated version of simplicity."

What she means is that it would be an abuse and an invasion of subjectivity to take the other at their word, pure and simple. To think you know what they're saying when you don't. The example Ferguson gives, of course, is a child supposedly consenting to sex with an adult. But her thesis applies to all speech. I think Australians are famous for this superficial simplicity: we like to present ourselves as straight talking, and we affect that being complex or intellectual is pretentious and a waste of time. But it's a kind of bullying: this squashing of language into a form of coercion and domination, of forced agreement to a set of terms and meanings.

On this basis I think it's perfectly alright for Abbott to say during the election campaign of female Liberal candidate Fiona Scott: 'she's got sex appeal'. We do not know what Abbott meant by the statement. Does he *really* think she's sexy? Did he mean she was sort of spunky and go-get-'em? Did he say it for effect? I actually think that Abbott has a very low opinion of Fiona Scott, and so was casting around in his mind for something vaguely positive to say about her, but that's my own hunch. It's much better to be in this realm of language and representation – the realm of *Why did he say that? What does it mean?* – than to live in a world where our speech is a site of surveillance, and value is compressed into a fact.

A value is not a fact. This notion of the fact/value distinction and the importance of maintaining it also comes from the Ferguson article. The public response of disapproval to Abbott's stupid statement is a good example of taking a value and pretending that it's a fact. In a politically monitored culture, facts and values become inseparable and un-interpretable. He said she had sex appeal: this is bad. Quoting Ferguson again, in modern liberal society there is "a tradition of restricting the demands it places on us to identify the value of our statements as facts to all the world." I'm not really sure what this means, but it sounds good to me, because I think she is suggesting that we are free to have the values we have and we don't need to prove them empirically to others. We do not have to account for ourselves and our beliefs in a totalising or universalising way. We are free to be, to some extent. Unlike during the Spanish inquisition, for example, or the McCarthy era. I think she means that when we speak, what we say has to be interpreted: it's not clear what is meant.

Ferguson also says the following, which I find even more obscure: referring to liberalism again, she says there is an acknowledgement that "there is a limit on our abilities to resolve our statements into beliefs we can live with." What does that mean? That we do not have the ability to account for everything we say with a complete explanation of what we believe, that what we say does not match up necessarily with what we believe, and moreover, that we might even say things that we don't believe! Also, we might have beliefs that even we cannot live with, cannot feel good about. Ferguson doesn't make it explicit, but here she is talking about the divided subject: the subject of the unconscious, the subject divided by language, ignorant of their own unconscious and ambivalent towards their own objects. Is she saying that liberalism allows us to accept ourselves and others as partial, as split and divided, and as fundamentally unknowing and unknowable?

I'm going to switch tack a bit here, because I want to talk about something closer to home, as it were, but I think it is related to what I have been saying so far. Often I am asked by an institution to say something about the work of mine they are putting in their show, or buying, or selling to someone else, or whatever the case. They are asking me to give them some further information about the work, which

they presumably have a relation with already, as if I am the only one who holds this knowledge, or more accurately, can produce this knowledge. Because they could create the knowledge too – they could produce what doesn't already exist – only it would require some work. Often they will take my words and summarise them, and then later I see them, placed awkwardly in their catalogues or info plaques. What I say to myself at these times, in exasperation, is 'why do they employ all these intellectual workers who are presumably employed in this capacity, and then get me to do more unpaid work?' But I don't think this really hits the problem on the head. It is something else.

To assume that it is the artist who really knows about the work because they made it involves a conceptual error. It involves a collapsing of the artwork – a new signifier, if you like – into the supposed intentions of the artist. I say supposed, because, like any speaking being, the artist does not know what they are saying. Constituted via language and divided within it, the speaking being literally cannot know all that they say when they speak. Nor can all of their experience be expressed in language. So you see the limitations of expecting an explanation from the creator of a new signifier. In the case of dreams, the dream belongs to the dreamer, but they don't know what it means. Moreover, because we all share in the same range of signifiers, we could all interpret the dream to some degree. The artist doesn't really know what they are transmitting with their work – how it functions, what effects it produces. There is a gap between what they might say they're doing, what they think they are intending, and what in fact is the case. There is a gap between representation and subject.

It's true I have a kind of knowledge of the work, I know something about myself, but publicity departments don't want my knowledge, they want information.... which is a different thing.

Recently I was asked, in a mass email sent to all the other artists in this exhibition, the following:

1. In your own words, please describe your work in Melbourne Now.
2. What influence does Melbourne have on your practice?
3. Is there a place or site in Melbourne you identify with and why?
4. Please tell us about a work in the NGV collection that is significant for you.

NB: We would be grateful if your written responses total up to 100 words only for each question. Where necessary, the NGV reserves the right to edit responses prior to publication according to length and style. Thanks!

Pure marketing! Naturally I deleted the email. These were anonymous, mass questions, addressed to no one in particular, sent from no one in particular, and expecting nothing in particular. It might seem that I am saying that this unsolicited approach from the marketing department was an affront to my ego, that as an artist I expect to be taken more seriously. However, this is because I value the human subject, not the ego. When we say 'serious' we might be saying that something is in a series: it is linked in a chain, in a series of signifiers, and that this linking of signifiers is serious. Biting off a chunk of info that will never be connected to anything else, that will float in the rubbish dump of cast-off empty signifiers, which is what these info-bites are – that is not serious and it shows absolute disregard for the human subject.

You know this kind of talk: it's the language of bureaucracy, in which human subjects are reduced to units of equal value, that is, to numbers. If everything is of equivalent value then it is of no value in particular. What's wrong with everything having the same value? Isn't that a kind of democracy? For

something to have value is for things to be unequal and therefore recognisable and different from each other. Value, recognition and difference go together. Each human subject is unique in that their 'coming into being via the signifier' is a unique and idiosyncratic moment: it can never be repeated or copied. I suppose this is what is meant by the phrase 'sanctity of life': that each one is unique and irreplaceable. The reduction of subjects to units of equivalent value, of which bureaucracy is the supreme management tool, spells the death of the subject as we have known it.

I have a funny story to tell you – well, it's both funny and horrific. It happened to Justin Clemens, who works in a university. As part of his work he was involved with a group of students putting on a play. One of the props was a bag of tempting red apples. Planning for their performance the next day, the students placed the bag of apples in the common-room fridge. To prevent people thinking the apples were there to be taken freely, a student drew a sign with a skull and crossbones and the word 'poison', and placed it on the apples. It's the kind of friendly thing you might do in a communal house to reduce the severity of the prohibition: don't touch my apples! In fact, think of how much hostility you would create if you wrote 'piss off - don't eat any apples'. So you can see how important the use of speech and representation is to peaceful interaction: what you say, how you say it, has an effect.

What happened though is that someone complained to the university management that there was poison in the fridge. A huge drama exploded – security guards in radiation suits and rubber gloves were called in to remove the toxic objects, and eventually the students responsible were called into the dean's office for retribution and re-education.

It is understandable that one person might not understand the signifier she encountered in the fridge, meaning not that the apples were poisonous but just indicating that you can't take them. But that a whole management department cannot read it either is a worry. The psychotic takes language as real. For the psychotic there are no jokes, no metaphors: signifiers are profoundly enigmatic and overlaid with meaning. That is a personal tragedy. But for management now to be functioning in this way in this new era of terrorism is, for us, terrifying. It is another instance of the way representation is debased until it no longer functions as representation, but as real.

You can imagine what might happen when the data surveillance programs of the NSA run a search for a particular term and discover it in your emails. There will be no concept of irony, of joke, metaphor, even of equivocation. A thing is what it is: meaning and saying are compressed. This is because technology cannot recognise the subject, the subject that is a play of signifiers, or more accurately, the space between signifiers. Technology is constructed upon an annihilation of the subject – it can only recognise zeros and ones, not subjectivity. We are in a new kind of world in which language is degraded and the subject is foreclosed.

As artists we are completely engaged in representation: it is our material. You can see how inhospitable the contemporary climate is becoming for the creation and reception of art. The VCA has put up a big fight to remain slightly separate from the university and that is important. I say that this sort of linguistic culture is bad for artists, but of course it's bad for all subjects. Why is that? Because representation is the only way that subjects are represented, the only way the subject exists. Reduce that representation to numbers and you have Auschwitz and Guantanamo Bay, and Manus Island for that matter.

I was listening to Fran Kelly talk to a recent guest about the latest Amoldovar film. He mentioned that it had some 'challenging' moments in it, that were, as he put it, in the grey zone, not so black and white. This was, apparently, a portrayal, a representation, of non-consensual sex. Oh, that's not grey, said Fran, that's definitely black. No, that is definitely not okay.

First of all, it's a film – it's representation. Secondly, Amoldovar films usually function as allegories of the political situation in Spain. They are black comedies. They are vigorous manipulations of existing representations. However, what strikes me about this example is not only that I am being warned that I cannot say anything that does not follow the correct ideological line, but that these images, these representations, are deliberately being called up in order to be publicly condemned, and that this is the political part – this is the threat. Tolerant societies allow for difference. I don't really like religious thinking, or pornography, or Calvin Klein ads, but I can choose to just allow them to be and not let them impinge upon me. In the case of the media, this Fran example, you see the opposite: the actual incitement of the public and a call to opposition. I think that's a problem.

I will finish now by returning to the Ferguson article. Ferguson comes to the conclusion that the child is unrepresentable, or that there is something in the child that is unrepresentable. Childhood is 'a statement of the fundamental unactualisability of a knowledge of our own positions' she says. That is, there is something real and unsymbolised, something unrepresentable and unknowable within ourselves. The notion of childhood as a representation, as a represented space, is a social guarantee of the protection of this space of the unknown, this human subject. Quoting Ferguson again: 'The child is a figure who represents a principle of the non-actualised that keeps our relations with others from involving a simple expression of our needs, desires, opinions and interests.' That is, this figure of the unknown, unknowing and unrepresentable, is what keeps human beings from oppressing and imposing themselves upon each other. It keeps a space between them.



## *Administration Is Just Oulipian Poetry (Part One: The Theatre Show)*

Page One: ~~Agenda~~ & Prelude

Page Two: The Script

Pages Three And Four: The Set

Page Four: The Review Of The Theatre Show (Breaking The Fourth Page)

Page Five: The Acting & Decompression

Character One reclines on a lime green bean bag that wouldn't look out of place in a Fitzroy tech start-up. They open a book to the table of contents:

Table of contents:

1. Table of contempt: I resent having to acknowledge the amount of time I worked to pay for the beer I just bought my housemate that I don't like, \$6, 10 minutes.
2. The script of words will be replaced with a series of more sustainable, locally grown heirloom tomatoes and honey.
3. The literature we read.
4. Page five
5. An excerpt of a review of this play is on page six.



*New business plan. 2014.*  
Synthetic polymer paint on canvas. 860 mm x 610 mm.  
Helen Johnson.

Reading *Foggy shields are breathing*, Adelle's poem on Helen's show *Ex-Execs*, I think about the times I've been alone in landscapes that are not urban or suburban, how quiet it is, and how I'm interrupting it. It's impossible to know if the landscape is quiet without us. In those times, I slip in between two states- the calm of being in synch and absorbed by what is around, and hesitancy associated with this idea of "FOMO" (Wow I feel so unnatural using that word, did it work?).

Internal/External/VIRTUAL

In Helen's work itself those interrupters are robbers and I suppose "Ex-execs," which suggests that they used to make decisions, and now maybe it's up to an external power... like they are liberated from the constraints of conscious will and submissive to the automated nature of economy, competition, and it's dismantling of the general intellect.

Combining "Ex" and "Executive" is funny in itself, because economics is a technology and not a science, and therefore not self-reflexive. Economic expansion is tightly associated with the future, and therefore finds it impossible to develop a theoretical self-appreciation in order to reframe itself in accordance with a paradigm shift. Can one go back to not being an executive?

Guessing... Wind is always nostalgic and morose to me. It's coming from somewhere else invisible and you don't know what happened where it originated. It's that FOMO thing again. "New Business Plan" feels a bit like that. Wind, currents, markets. Ambiguity is assertive power, not knowing is something unknown.

The brief for this was angled towards finding ways to not occupy the positions we are assigned. It's hard not to roll with this, fuming here at my desk, fully complicit in the fetishised radicalization of institutional critique. I can't lie though... I'm desperate to occupy the position I was lucky enough to assign myself as an artist, and nothing else. The risk is that art becomes homework.

Cut to... 05/06/2014 4.30pm I'm not getting anywhere so I decide to do some administration. I make some calls to people.

Brian Fuata:  
(Doesn't pick up)

Tolarno Galleries:  
-Hi is this Tolarno Fishing supplies? Do you sell bait?  
-No this is Tolarno Gallery  
-(I was too chicken to say) Then why are there so many trigger warnings on your website?  
-Sorry  
-Sorry

Grill'd Burgers Degraives St:  
Jaunty conversation with a burgerflipper. She giggles a lot and deduces that I am just chatting which makes me lose focus on my "work" and I just feel like I'm prank calling which annoys me. Not the point of the exercise.

Leaning on shallow hills I search for any hand whilst placing my own in the carefully quilted sands. These solidifying, official, memory peaks stop halted. They sleep still. Covered in cloth, a combed down links his own chin. Hooking two feet, the gates' a swing. Quietly he sighs. "there is a cliff, looking down and behind, people I listen, boots and overalls join on the cliff, we take in the scenery. people and animals join on the cliff..."

## *Foggy Shields Are Breathing.* Excerpt. 2014. Adelle Mills.



~~text~~

inspect

Inspector text

Police dog



This plank doesn't have any



respect

for adults

Cut to 04/06/2014, two weeks after the first deadline I was given for this magazine. I'm up late watching TV shows that I don't like, simultaneously feeling oppressed by ocular domination and unleashed by the grey matter proliferating in my brain. I'm trying to become more stupid so that I don't second-guess the images that I choose to make my point. This is ridiculous, because the whole point of the images is that they mean something entirely separate and opposite to what I want to articulate with words, in an attempt to point to the distance between our impulses, thoughts, and actions under the guise of contemporary cynicism and it's subsequent lip service.

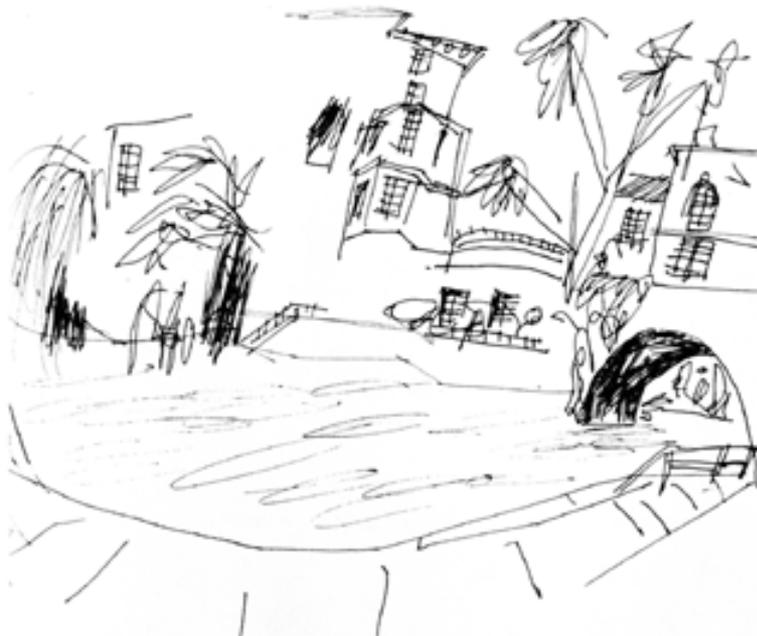
### *An Early Review From The Editorial Team:*

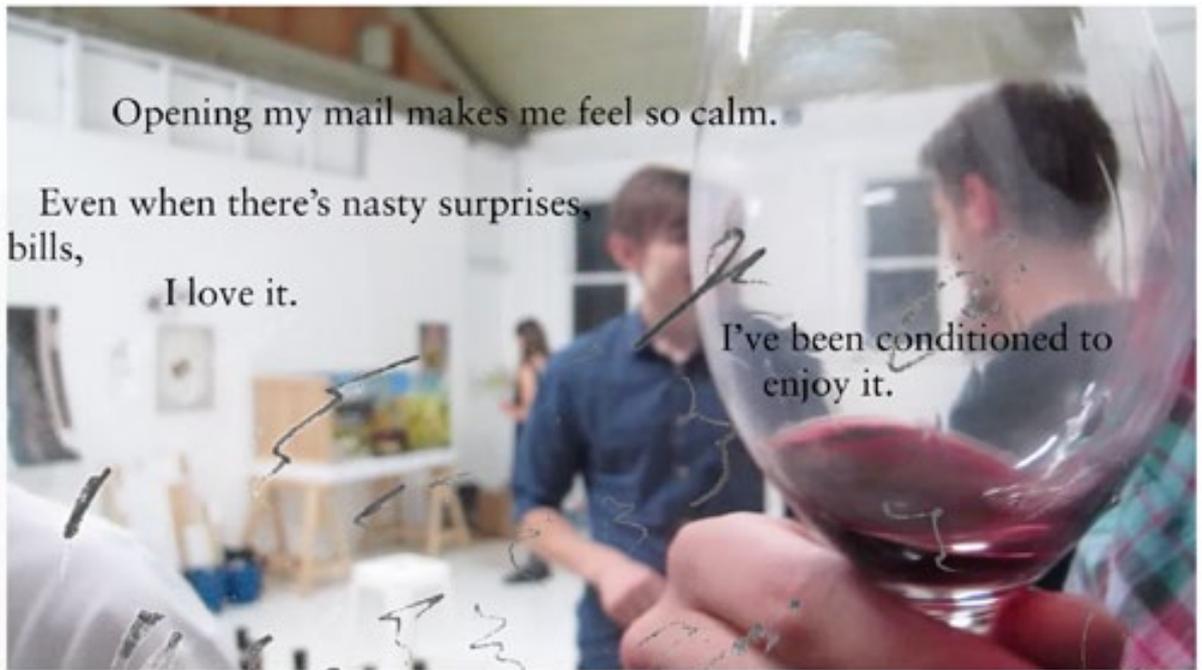
The conviviality of the foyer moves into the theatre (in the early script). Only a little soured by the cop character in the lover-as-authority-figure disguise.

Stage lights up house lights down hard to read your character notes either way (direction: anxieties about roles). Don't close your eyes though. Except in the close talking interludes; then rest your head down in the foliage where the usher will shine a torch in your eyes [and you'll realise that the crew isn't being paid award wages. Maybe the revenue loss of my media comp ticket was in direct relationship to the lack of decent wages. A walk out protest might be mistaken for a trip to the bar for wine]

The sequel; Desk with a view, the subjects seem confused as to their own shape. Perhaps the artist is anxious as to the shape of their role.

A glorious approach (if a little obscene) to chitchat theatrics. Theatre in the round has never felt this good. Olourful in deed.





The  
changing  
definition of  
civic in a  
bark





The stage itself is emboldened by satisfying colour contrasts. Strategically, the entire performing area is painted black. One

they had taken into their confidence.

Although Shang's work depends on a group of actresses for its realisation,

the school of hard knocks.

Louise Carbone

## Culture Corner with Uncle Pete



Dear Readers,

Noira has bought the new magazine about the latest art and taken it home. She sooner has she begun to study it than she receives a visit from Guy, a gentleman friend.

He invites her to come for a drive in his shiny auto.

"I am sorry, Guy," she answers, "I am too busy tonight."

Today I have bought this wonderful magazine about the latest art which I must study. Tomorrow I am going to tell the children at school all about it.

"What a whiny idea," replies Guy. "Why don't we study it together?"

Cheers for now,  
Uncle Pete.

## YOUR RECENT WORKS

### BONNY LIAM MAIER AND ALEX KOSLOFF

Both Bonny Liam Maier and Alex Kosloff are caught up in an old bourgeois venture of salvaging something from the art world in its institutional sense. In the mid-late 19th century, the aristocracy saw itself as preserving certain long-lasting ideals in the face of emergent bourgeois brutishness and lack of sophistication. Now, Bonny and Alex are the old bourgeoisie, who still hold on to some mid-20th century values in the face of late-capitalist nouveau-feudal oligarchy and the crude instrumentation of all that exists. But the question is: to salvage what and for what end?

From: Pisatel <[pisatel1976@gmail.com](mailto:pisatel1976@gmail.com)>  
 To: Bonny Liam Maier <[bonny.liam.maier@gmail.com](mailto:bonny.liam.maier@gmail.com)>  
 Date: May 20, 2014  
 Subject: Your recent works

Cher Boni M,

I recently encountered your work at Art Basel in Lisson Gallery's boot. Or, rather I believe I encountered it, because it was invisible. Exquisite women with décolletage and diamond necklaces from Boghossian and men dressed up in deep blue suits passed by and through, all holding wine glasses, and were enchanted by the intangibility of your work. One of them, a madame in her early 60s, whose fresh botox-injected cheeks kissed many botox-injected lips, screamed in a pseudo-orgasmic voice: "I love Boni M's work. They are so good that they are absolutely invisible. I will definitely buy a few square metres of invisibility." A gentlemen dressed in a black shirt with a pink tie and Godard glass frames seconded her: "BM converses with the absences. Presence has no presence in his works." Those words coming out of a possibly distinguished art critic raised the price of your work tout de suite.

**I had been thinking of Bonny M as somehow post-critical and immersed in, accelerating the instrumentalisation of everything (what I have in mind is more the valorisation of everything, but to an extent they can be synonymous?)**

I wanted to retell this story to you as a way of congratulating you. It looks like relational aesthetics has become a hot potato (apologies for the pedestrian metaphor) in art fairs. It evokes a special kind of relationality, one that is mediated by money.

Votre serviteur, Alex Kosloff (Pisatel)

....>>>>>>>writer

-----||| critic

=====foodie

Some time ago, I wrote an article, a disgraceful article that I have regretted publishing. The kernel was there but the ideas weren't that developed. I felt I needed to pre-empt before the fairs' season started. I often think that perhaps I should ignore the fairs altogether and focus on the so-called 'critical' art world of...wait...biennials. But increasingly, the fairs structurally incorporate those components and formats that have been so far reserved for the 'critical' practices since the wake of conceptualism. Don't many, if not all of them have a discursive component, perhaps a library and an adjacent non-commercial exhibition? I have named this phenomena 'popup criticality'.

Everything is subsumed. In that rushed and polemical essay I was looking into the production of authorship, and how that authoritative signifier produced by modernism no longer enjoys institutional support since the very institutions of modernism have drastically transformed, if not decomposed. The name of the author, once upon a time attached to a particular subjectivity, is severed from subjectivity altogether. Recently, a woman who had stopped making car payments was found to have been deceased for five years before anyone noticed. It is precisely the same principle. Ours is an age of pure, unrelenting naming.

It looks like the artist (or writer) 'Anonymous' has long been non-operational in the contemporary art world. The only time we now hear of someone being anonymous is amongst the hackers. To what can we attribute this loss of actual anonymity in the art world? My quick speculation is that the globalised art scene is so all-encompassing that 'anonymity' itself is a form of identity. Everyone is compelled to assume an identity, adopt one or align oneself with pre-existing modes of identification in order to obtain symbolic, and in rare cases financial capital. Perhaps it is because there is nothing outside of the system; even attempts to destabilise it are quickly incorporated to ensure its functioning.

From: Bonny Liam Maier <[bonny.liam.maier@gmail.com](mailto:bonny.liam.maier@gmail.com)>

To: Pisatel <[pisatel1976@gmail.com](mailto:pisatel1976@gmail.com)>

Date: May 20, 2014

Subject: Re: Your recent works

Alex,

What a lovely surprise this email is, I was only just thinking about you! There was an essay in *Texte zur Kunst* that I read recently and I was sure that it was written by you, but I can never keep up with your pseudonyms. It argued – as you would – that we can play all the games of authorship that we want but in the end, the market will do just fine. It's a machine and we can replace brand-name parts with another brand-name, or even with no-name parts, and the machine keeps running. Embarrassingly, I don't believe I finished the essay. It was brilliant though.

**What has intrigued me in the exercise of building fictitious characters, and potentially operating through them, is the difference between this act and anonymity. The fictional characters do adopt identities, skills and signatures. They are not guerrillas who intervene and attack, yet remain outsiders. I am not sure if there is any transgressive possibility that can be explored by playing out these characters. Ultimately, is the question whether the author is dead (or very much alive), or how the authorship is assumed, circulated and distributed within a very exploitative system (be that publicly or privately funded)? No. Perhaps the broader question is how to protect some autonomy – and the institution of authorship is very much linked to the institution of autonomy – from the forces of instrumentalisation.**

But I agree with your analysis, obviously, which is why I am selling a lot of nothing in Basel! You know that that critic was given a script, don't you? Those invisible works were all components of a larger project, a piece of social theatre, an artificial fragment of the art fair within the art fair. But the fragment comes very close to the reality, so close that no one would ever really know that the whole social atmosphere around those works was scripted. It was invisible, as invisible as the works on display. I'm working on a three-channel video installation based on all of this, which should be done for Frieze.

**Myself? I am both narrator and character within this short scene. I have managed to find a critical distance between my thoughts and my concrete situation. But, are we not compelled constantly to express an identity between our inner and outer lives, such that any failure to do so is a failure of our own authenticity, a moral shortcoming? What if this kind of rupture in authenticity were generative of autonomous space, as if the severing of authorship from subjectivity instantiated the possibility for play, invention, and creativity just beneath the circuits of valorisation?**

In a context with a well-structured cultural sector, the institutions are clearly defined; there are standard and regularly-trodden pathways between institutional positions, across institutions, ultimately moving up to a biennale or other national position; and artists are expected to stay in their role, so that any critique of the way the art world conducts itself should be carried out 'in the work'. Such structure depends on consistency and quality control. Therefore one will find quantitative methods for assessing the value of artworks and exhibitions and an enthusiasm for qualification and degrees so as to govern the meritocratic movement of constituent bodies. Now that the entire sector has put itself in the mindset of constant self-justification and self-presentation, there is no autonomous culture in place to resist, or fall back to, when the cuts come. But if we were to collectively exploit the affordances of authorship – treating names, qualifications, and pedigree less like skin and more as the gaudy costumes they are – then we would not be so fatally trapped by the vampire cultural sector.

**Cher lecteur, the questions of authorship and authenticity could be asked in the plural. I am not a single individual, but a collective, a group debate mapped onto a name. My regrettable article stopped short of offering an affirmative proposition or at least some sort of prognosis – can we imagine a form of post-authorial authorship that is akin to the Adornian post-autonomous autonomy (well, Adorno would send me to hell for reformulating his ideas this way) of the artwork?**

Anyways, was that essay by you? I'm travelling and don't have access to it – would you mind summarising where you went in the second part of it? Or copy and paste a few excerpts for me?

ciao ciao, bon

# PERSONAL COLLECTION





## REMEMBERING

In Vienna there is an old art museum named the Kunsthistorisches Museum. It is no different from any other old-fashioned 19th-century museum except for its unusual name: it is not the 'Museum of Art' but the 'Museum of Art History'. Since a similar building, the Naturhistorisches Museum (Museum of Natural History) stands opposite, perhaps the name was chosen purely for symmetry. Nevertheless, because of its name the Kunsthistorisches Museum holds a special place among similar art museums throughout the world.

Named after the museum in Vienna is the Kunsthistorisches Mausoleum in Belgrade, Serbia: the Tomb of Art History. In this place, two art histories are buried. One chamber confines *The History of Modern Painting* by Herbert Read, the other, *The History of Art* by HW Janson.

These two books are two of the most prominent art histories in the western world. Usually, art histories are written narratives based on existing artworks and artefacts. In the case of the Mausoleum, the narrative came first and the artefacts (paintings) were produced afterwards to fit them. Illustrations from both books have been turned into real paintings and displayed in the Mausoleum.

It seems, by entombing these two art histories; by physically internalizing them, the Kunsthistorisches Mausoleum positions itself outside of history. If history is just the way we have chosen to remember the past, then this mausoleum is a place to remember the remembering itself.

## ECHO

Echo was a beautiful nymph, fond of talking, and would always have the last word. Once she angered goddess Juno with this habit and was punished so that she would never be able to speak her mind. She was allowed only to repeat the words spoken to her.

One day Echo met Narcissus, a beautiful youth madly in love with his own image. She waited with impatience for him to speak first, and had her answer ready. But when he finally spoke to her, she could only repeat his words. Confused and angry, Narcissus left, and she went to hide her blushes in the recesses of the nearby Mausoleum. Soon after, to her surprise, she discovered that the walls of the Mausoleum were covered with thousands and thousands of portraits of the beautiful Narcissus. Hypnotised by the endless incarnations of this beloved face, from that time forth she lived inside the hallways of the cold edifice. Her form faded with grief, until at last her flesh shrank away and there was nothing left but her voice.

Even today Echo would readily reply to anyone who happen to enter the Mausoleum, keeping up her old habit of having the last word.





## STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE

### LUCA LO PINTO



'House museums' – museums dedicated to a single person with the aim of conserving or reconstructing their work, as well as, and above all, their way of life – suggest a complex system of relations and meanings. Very often, however, these are museographic operations that aim for an *a priori* reconstruction of the resident's imaginary existence.

Certain house museums are conceived from the outset as a kind of *Gesamtkunstwerk*. The Sir John Soane Museum in London and the Mario Praz Museum in Rome serve as two such examples.

John Soane was among the most influential architects of English Neoclassicism. In the early 1800s he incorporated a series of buildings at Lincoln's Inn Fields in London as his residence and repository for a vast and eclectic art collection: antique marbles, Piranesi prints, Canaletto paintings and a multitude of souvenirs. The space, designed by Soane himself, functioned as something of a grandiose self-portrait. In 1999, Hans Ulrich Obrist curated *Retrace Your Steps: Remember Tomorrow* at the museum – setting works by contemporary artists such as Gilbert & George, Anish Kapoor and Cerith Wyn Evans amidst the museum's historical artefacts.

The Mario Praz house museum, while distinct in both appearance and concept, displays various affinities with the Soane Museum. Situated inside the Palazzo Primoli in Rome's historical centre, the house was Praz's residence from 1969 until his death in 1982. Spread throughout the home's ten rooms are more than 1,200 works: sculpture, painting, furniture and decorative objects. While the collection doesn't house any work that might be called a masterpiece, walking through the hallways we are struck by those small wonders neglected by the histories of art. Wax statues, fans, paintings of interiors and unusual extravagances.

What makes this house and its collection distinctive is the persona of Mario Praz. Praz was an art historian who lived surrounded by works and objects dating from the historical period during which he was an expert scholar and refined narrator. Indeed, the most intense description of the house was put forth by Praz himself in his book *La Casa della Vita*. His house museum is a journey through time in which each element contributes to the composition of a rich portrait. In that sense, it is a collection with a specific narrative function that represents at once a synthesis of the history of an individual and a collective history, of scientific research and natural intuition, of reality and fiction.

Together with Olaf Nicolai, I curated *Conversation Pieces* at the Mario Praz Museum in 2003. The project was articulated in two phases: an exhibition and the publication of two artist books. The first book consisted of a complete bibliography of all the books in the gallery library: a portrait of a collector through his collection. The second comprised a series of photographs of book covers and inside pages extracted from another collector's collection: the gallerist Maria Colao, whose very important artist book collection was shown in juxtaposition. These book covers and inside pages from artist books by Giovanni Anselmo, Vincenzo Agnetti, Marcel Broodthaers, Rodney Graham and Richard Tuttle were incorporated into the library as inserts that would serve as a subtext to the bibliography. Finally, the exhibition consisted in displaying these inserts throughout the house, framed as personal memorabilia, in juxtaposition with the objects and works already present in it. The result was a dialogue between two collections



by two individuals from different historical contexts which, in their linkage, opened up questions of biography, portraiture and memory.

Over the last fifteen years, the search for an alternative to the “white cube” as a designated exhibition space has prompted the emergence of countless exhibitions held in unusual places (former factories, hotels, modernist buildings, schools, banks), particularly

within large-scale events such as Biennials. In a system saturated with ideas and in a continuous search for novelty, the ancient art museum or ethnographic museum has become a site for contemporary art to take up with. Thus, not satisfied with searching for architecturally loaded spaces, the contemporary art system has also invaded culturally connoted ones. The insertion of cultural artefacts (in this instance, works of contemporary art) inside exhibition spaces populated by different artefacts suggests a comparative interpretation, but does not in itself produce a dialogue. The appropriation of these other spaces – such as house-museums – by the contemporary has often been translated as a kind of “colonialist” exploitation of a native, aesthetically striking context, which then gets treated as an empty and non-signifying frame.

Italy is strewn with hidden treasures that are obscured by the magnificence of the ancient ruins. Thus the house of one of the most influential artists of the last century, Giorgio de Chirico, located in the centre of the centre of Rome – Piazza di Spagna – remains relatively unknown. Giorgio de Chirico lived here from 1948 to 1978, the year of his death. Compared to other house-museums (such as those of Gustav Moraeu, Victor Hugo, Luis Barragan, Friedrich Nietzsche, Sigmund Freud, Keats-Shelley, Federico Garcia Lorca, or the already mentioned Soane and Praz homes), de Chirico's is the richest in linguistic stratifications and the most hermeneutically complex.



Spread over three floors atop a seventeenth-century building, the home is distinguished by a typically bourgeois, 1950s décor. It is at once a home, workspace and showroom.

It was at this site that I curated an exhibition project titled *D'après Giorgio*. Twenty-eight artists were invited to interact with the place and to create works specifically for the occasion. No guidelines, either thematic or linguistic, were imposed, other than the predilection of subtle interventions that would allow the

house and the exhibition to be perceived as a unique entity open to various levels of interpretation. The artists, who included Emilio Prini, Luigi Ontani, Henrik Olesen, Alexandre Singh, Nina Beier, Luca Trevisani, Darren Bader and Giulio Frigo were heterogeneous in their interests, backgrounds, geographies and mediums. The exhibition's temporal duration was purposely dilated so as to allow it to be altered *in fieri*: like a novel that, once written, published and distributed, nonetheless leaves its plot open to modification.



In this sense, *D'après Giorgio* stood as a vast narrative – composed of multiple narrations, all distinguished by different rhythms – which mutated as it progressed and which offered visitors the possibility of exploring the house in new and nuanced ways. Though the exhibition opened with a specific group of works, others were added over the course of a year, giving life to a gradual stratification that continued through to the project's conclusion. *D'après Giorgio* offered an approach that reacted to the temporal and processional parameters that generally attend art exhibitions.

Ordinarily, the de Chirico museum is open by appointment and to guided tours only. In accordance with this usage, I asked the museum personnel to describe the works of the contemporary artists in the same manner as they usually do de Chirico's own, thus collapsing the distance between the exhibition space and its relative contents.

*AnderSennoSegno*, my third curatorial project recasting the house museum as exhibition site took place from 2012 to 2013. The Hendrik Christian Andersen Museum is located in a small palazzo that served as a house-studio where the Norwegian painter and sculptor lived for over forty years. Hendrik Christian Andersen was a dreamer fascinated by the monumentality of form and thought. He spent years working on the construction of an imaginary city in which all the arts could cohabit. With a similar idealism, Italian painter and sculptor Luigi Ontani has always considered art as a journey to an elsewhere. Luigi Ontani is an artist irreducible to the linguistic categories that we commonly rely on in interpreting art. He emerged in the 1960s, contemporaneously with Arte Povera and Conceptual Art, but pursued, from the start, a different and more personal path. In this sense, Ontani's works play with the utopian and



dreamlike imagery of Hendrik Christian Andersen. *AnderSennoSegno* was conceived of as a journey of rediscovery of Ontani's works produced between the mid 1960s and early 1970s, in an itinerary punctuated by different rhythms, times and spaces. Exhibited in the ground floor *gypsothèque* of the Hendrik Christian Andersen Museum were, for the first time, the entire collection of musical masks Ontani made in Bali. These masks were placed over Andersen's monumental statues, which were thus animated, acting as very peculiar pedestals. A veritable choreography animated by a soundtrack conceived for the occasion by Charlemagne Palestine, who got each mask to "play" by re-elaborating the recordings of the masks performed by Ontani.

*Conversation Pieces, D'après Giorgio* and *AnderSennoSegno* were conceived as possibilities for using exhibition writing to feed new narratives and interpretations of these unusual museums. In a moment that has brought about a profound questioning of any sense of linear and horizontal history, these places represent models to which we can look to recognize new histories.



faces

A nod is as good as a wink...



2574







STEREO

I-201144  
D-401144

- Side One Tell me a story  
New values  
Girls  
I'm bored  
Don't look down  
The endless sea
- Side Two Five foot one  
How do ya fix  
a broken part  
Angel  
Curiosity  
African man  
Billy is a runaway





# THE METHOD OF EXHAUSTION

JON ROFFE

*Beyond a certain point there is no return.*

*This point has to be reached.*

Franz Kafka

The first Greek geometers were perplexed by a great many things, a perplexity that they very often met, we know, with great ingenuity. Such it was with the question of how to find the area of the circle. In the absence of today's mathematical tools, these mathematicians resorted to a method of approximation in order to resolve the problem. We begin with a square, each of whose corners touch the inside of the circle. Then, we might proceed to a hexagon, then to an octagon, and so on. With each increase to the number of sides, the polygon within the circle edges ever closer to the circle itself. At the limit (a mathematical concept of much more recent mint), we would arrive at the circle itself. In keeping with these Greeks, for whom the size of figures could only be defined comparatively, we can say that the *n*-sided polygon is arbitrarily close in size to the circle in which it is inscribed. This approximative approach, given a famous proof by Archimedes, was later to be called the method of exhaustion, since the space within the circle is progressively exhausted by polygons with ever more sides.

The history of mathematics is a history of perplexity, absolute triumph and of labour perhaps impossible to grasp from the third-person point of view. Since the 17th century, you've been able to look back on this procedure only from the point of view of the triumphs that are now yours and everyone's, pegging your gaze to a line of deservedly famous names: Fermat, Desargues, Leibniz, Legendre, Gauss, Riemann. From your point of view, the method may seem quaint, for the most part because of all we have gained in exactitude. Ours is a mathematics of limits, of *achieved limits*. You don't need to exhaust anything – you begin with exhaustion instead.

Put another way, the problem with the method of exhaustion is that without the saving grace of a rigorous definition of a limit, it is not much more than sophisticated guesswork. This early naïve geometry still contains too much of the eye, it requires a kind of vision, close to the vision of the seer. This lingers today, as you well know, in the proximity of numbers and success in our collective daydreams. The cult of Pythagoras has never really been extinguished; it's maybe the elementary form of all cults. Ancient geometry tends in two directions – towards the mystical and towards the mathematical – and its process, its active *method of exhaustion* can as easily give way to rigorous analysis as to the lo-topgraphy whose brief botanic ethnography we find in the waning pages of *Ulysses*.

But there is a third direction too: art. Don Paterson writes:

Art can almost be defined as the practice of solving scientific problems without recourse to scientific method. The distance between the stars is traversed only by the artistic imagination; the Bird of Paradise flutters into life in the hands of a bored sailor. The trisection of the angle, employing only a straight edge and a pair of compasses, is, according to Wantzel's irrefutable proof, perfectly impossible. The solution, of course, is to discard the instruments and execute it freehand.<sup>1</sup>

Paterson is doubtless our Voltaire, but nonetheless: the first example relies upon an antiquated frame of reference, since the signal feature of modern science is the attainment of the infinite – the problem is solved – and the second, of the fabled bird that never lands, has always been firmly grounded on the far side of the border between science and (Sufi) mysticism – there was no problem. The third case is something else altogether.

The truth is quite the opposite of Paterson's conjecture: art is a practice of deploying *scientific means to non-scientific ends*. What are these means? Simply, exhaustion itself. Art and science share a basic methodology, the method of exhaustion, though it is used in two inverted ways. In a remarkable essay on Beckett,<sup>2</sup> Gilles Deleuze notes the essential goal of the method: *to exhaust the possible*. The Greek geometers already knew this, since the attainment of the area of the circle is only possible if the area between the the polygon and the circle is exhausted.

The essential characteristic of this exhaustion in Deleuze's view is that it is irreducible to a mere tiredness. When you're tired of something (even, at the limit, tired of living), you're tired of one particular state of affairs. But exhaustion leaves all particular states of affairs *open*, possible, but closes down access to possibility in general.

Modern science, in the wake of its mathematisation, has at its disposal the point of exhaustion from the beginning, and is able to situate itself immediately at the level of the absolute. Consider Galois' words: "one must constantly indicate the progress of the calculations and foresee the results without ever being able to carry them out."<sup>3</sup> But Dedekind is equally right: we begin with the infinite, possessing it immediately, and then turn to the finite, to construction, calculation, order and disorder.<sup>4</sup>

The method of exhaustion is still in play in this 'classical' sense, however, to the degree that these exhaustive absolutes are deployed in the procedural exhaustion of possible explanatory options: hypothesis testing. Starting with the exhausted categories that give it an infinite reach, particular areas can be examined: the mating life of butterflies, the distribution of dark matter, the molecular peculiarities of the lotus flower. Science passes from the absolute and the necessary to the relative and the possible, threading through each investigation the exhausted thread that the absolute makes available.

Art, on the other hand, does not have both of these possibilities, or not yet, or not fully. Procedurally generated art (starting with the abstract) certainly exists, and is flourishing, but this example turns on a disanalogy between the absolutes of science (the speed of light, gravity, the first infinite set, etc) and the algorithm that produces the art. In the latter case – as is often pointed out *a propos* algorithms in general – the algorithm itself must be created, is the real point of contact of the creative effort and the site at which the method of exhaustion must be applied.

In art, the method of exhaustion involves beginning here and now, with this or that (the relative), and proceeding in the direction of the creation of something that transcends this particularity. You, the artist, start with an indefinite number of possible courses of action, and the goal is achieved not when one of these courses is pursued, but when the entire regime of possibility is put aside in the name of a necessity and an absolute – the work itself, stellar and allochthonous.

But this is too abstract. There is a sequence of exhaustions, an exhaustive sequence, that art follows. It exhausts, first of all, the expectations of art that are provided by in social life – the language of the academy, of grant proposals both public and private, of reviews and launch-party patois. Confronted with the work, these bodies of discourse are exhausted. This means that none of the various possible explanations that might be offered manage to say anything about the work. That the various proponents of these social discourses think that they are making sense is neither here nor there.

A second, more important exhaustion belongs necessarily to the one who encounters the art. The phenomenon of art gallery fatigue is not exactly what is in question, or it is misunderstood, confused with the exhaustion that interests us. Of course hanging around in an extremely artificial environment, surrounded by inane conversation that quickly lacquers over any work with a veneer of clichéd understanding wears you out. But the important phenomenon is rather that the capacity to see, feel or think anything more is exhausted: "The tired person has merely exhausted the realization [of a given], whereas the exhausted person exhausts the whole of the possible [...] one remains active, but for nothing."<sup>5</sup> You leave the exhibition capable, but not capable of anything.

Related to this is another exhaustion, this time of the artist. Kafka's edict, that one attain the point of no return, is essential, and what gives rise to the peculiar foreignness of the work itself to the artist; as if, striving to the limit of what one can do – and considerably beyond the meagre sphere of knowledge – a certain anonymity is achieved. You didn't make this work, because, rising up to the plane of its composition, all of your personal features were burnt off, subtracted, exhausted. "Only the exhausted person is sufficiently disinterested, sufficiently scrupulous. Indeed, he is obliged to replace his plans with tables and programs that are devoid of all meaning."<sup>6</sup>

These exhaustions, the last in particular, are all subjacent to the main effort: the work as exhaustion attained. To the achievement of the artist – anonymity – corresponds the work of art as at once singular and absolute, that is to say, *unique* and *incomparable*. It attains this status by virtue of dispensing with the relative milieu of possibilities – the milieu of social and personal perspectives, other material options (the clay could have been this or that; last time the algorithm produced something different).

Now you object that all of this is neither art nor science, but philosophy, and too much philosophy at that, and the complement of the theoretical excess in the academy that is drowning the arts. Let's exhaust the combinations though. If art is the use of the scientific method for non-scientific ends, philosophy is nothing but the pursuit of scientific ends (to grasp what there is) with non-scientific means.

Just as science begins at the point of exhaustion, increasingly and essentially, so too does philosophy. But this time, being installed in the infinite from the start, the goal is not to grasp the totality of the finite 'what there is' from this point of view, but to populate thinking with irreducible points of view that equally grasp this totality in ways that science will never accept. While it is equally and famously irreducible to the possible and the regime of equal points of view, it is *expressive* rather than exhaustive. The concept expresses the world in its own singular way.

What philosophy, like art, aims to achieve is an uncompromising singularity, sovereign on its own terms and yet entirely inimical to the whole order of hierarchy in the normal sense of the word. This singularity is what theory takes in its foundational confusion as the equality of points of view. A lack of commensuration is taken to be the sign of its rule.

Consequently, philosophy will never cease to be cruel towards art, and the moment we ask it to do so we reduce it to theory, itself a generalised eisoptromania, a love of mirrors. Theory, in its demanding ubiquity, is not philosophy. You might be tempted to say that it is a kind of nascent philosophy, or applied philosophy, but not even this is true. Trapped in the sphere of the possible, theory engages in the hypocrisy of at once celebrating the play of the possible (all of these perspectives!) and imposing a stern moral order that curtails access, not to *other* perspectives, but to the absolute.

The morality of theory is not to be confused with the kind of morality often foisted upon art. It is true that morality is brought to bear on distasteful perspectives, and the history of the reception of art is replete with cases of this kind of stupidity.

The particular moralism of theory is to insist on the absolute equality of perspectives, at the cost of the attainment of the absolute (exhaustion). But you say that this is hardly moralistic; it might even be called an ethical triumph: the overthrow of morality and its vicissitudes in the service of a free play of artistic vision.

This praise of equality obscures an even more basic inequality, though: the denigration of the absolute and the singular from the point of view of an alleged common.

Theory is to philosophy what cultural products are to art – not its lesser precursor or its primer, but its stunted double, art reflected in the negative space where societies inevitably and essentially fail. This is what explains the affect of weariness that attends the theoretical rapture of perspectives. We are so weary because we so infrequently attain exhaustion in thought.

Not only weary, but bored. The rise of theory in the academy, in art schools, in MFA programs and on gallery walls is a bad sign, and evidence of what Jean-François Lyotard calls, in a different context, miserable slackening. The singularities of art works are not captured by this daft chatter. The least we could do would be to spare artists the need to trade in its debased coinage.

1 Don Paterson, *Best Thought, Worst Thought* (Minneapolis: Grey Wolf, 2008), 61.

2 Gilles Deleuze, "The Exhausted", in *Essays Critical and Clinical*, trans. Daniel W. Smith and Michael A. Greco (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 152-74.

3 Évariste Galois, cited in André Dalmas, *Évariste Galois* (Paris: Fasquelle, 1956), 121, a passage itself cited by Deleuze in *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 201n12.

4 On Dedekind and the infinite, see Alain Badiou, *Number and Numbers*, trans. Robin Mackay (New York: Polity, 2008), ch. 4.

5 Deleuze, "The Exhausted", 153.

6 Deleuze, "The Exhausted", 154.

("QUOTE"): SOUND OF 'DAISY' FADING IN BACKGROUND FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF  
'ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA' (R. STRAUSS) FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF  
'THE BLUE DANUBE' (J. STRAUSS) - SOUNDTRACK, 2001 (S. KUBRICK)

## GENERAL STRIKE PIECE (STARTED FEB. 8, 69)\*

GRADUALLY BUT DETERMINEDLY AVOID BEING PRESENT  
AT OFFICIAL OR PUBLIC "UPTOWN" FUNCTIONS OR  
GATHERINGS † RELATED TO THE "ART WORLD" IN ORDER  
TO PURSUE INVESTIGATION OF TOTAL PERSONAL &  
PUBLIC REVOLUTION. ‡ EXHIBIT IN PUBLIC ONLY PIECES  
WHICH FURTHER SHARING OF IDEAS & INFORMATION  
RELATED TO TOTAL PERSONAL & PUBLIC REVOLUTION. §  
IN PROCESS AT LEAST THROUGH SUMMER, '69. ¶

\* WITHDRAWAL FROM 3-~~MAN~~<sup>ARTIST</sup> SHOW COMPILED BY RICHARD BELLAMY,  
GOLDOWSKY GALLERY, 1078 MADISON AVE.

† DATE OF LAST VISIT TO UPTOWN GALLERIES FOR PERUSAL OF ART - FEB. 13 OR 14, 69  
" " " " " A MUSEUM - MARCH 24, 69  
" " " " " UPTOWN GALLERY OPENING - MARCH 15, 69  
" " " " " A BAR - APRIL 5, 69  
" " " ATTENDANCE AT A CONCERT - APRIL 18, 69  
" " " " " " " FILM SHOWING - APRIL 4, 69  
" " " " " AN "EVENT" - APRIL 18, 69  
" " " " " A BIG PARTY - MARCH 15, 69

‡ TERMS OF TOTAL PERSONAL & PUBLIC REVOLUTION SET FORTH IN BRIEF  
STATEMENT READ AT OPEN PUBLIC HEARING, ART WORKERS COALITION,  
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS, APRIL 10, 69. FURTHER PARTICIPATION IN  
ART WORKERS COALITION OR ANY OTHER GROUP DECLINED AS PART OF  
GENERAL STRIKE PIECE. THIS INCLUDES ARTISTS AGAINST THE EXPRESSWAY  
GROUP & OTHERS.

§ FIRST PIECE EXHIBITED AT ART/PEACE EVENT, N.Y. SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL,  
PUBLIC THEATER, MARCH 5, 69. GRASS PIECE & NO-GRASS PIECE EXHIBITED IN  
NUMBER 7 SHOW COMPILED BY LUCY LIPPARD, PAULA COOPER, MAY 18, 69.  
INVESTMENT PIECE & CASH PIECE <sup>EXHIBITED</sup> IN LANGUAGE III SHOW, DWAN GALLERY,  
MAY 24, 69.

¶ ENDED FALL '69 WHEN SCHIZO SYMPTOMS BEGAN TO APPEAR (ME IN HERE VS. THEM OUT THERE). I STILL REGRET  
MISSING SOME ART EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE DURING SPRING '69 & APPEAR TO HAVE ALIENATED A FEW HUMANS  
LEE LOZANO, JUNE 12, 69 BECAUSE OF MY WITHDRAWAL AT THIS TIME. (JAN 21/71)

## 1ST WK AUGUST, 71

DECIDE TO BOYCOTT WOMEN.

THROW LUCY LIPPAARD'S ~~LETTER~~ 2ND LETTER ON DEFUNCT PILE, UNANSWERED.  
DO NOT GREET ROCHELLE BASS IN STORE.

## 2ND WK AUGUST, 71

PAULA TAVINS CALLS AUG 11. TELL HER I AM BOYCOTTING WOMEN AS AN EXPERIMENT THRU ABT SEPT. THAT AFTER THAT "COMMUNICATION WILL BE BETTER THAN EVER."

PEYOTE TRIP AUG 10 71: PURIFICATION OF THE UNCONSCIOUS\*; I BEAT THE SAND WITH JAKE'S PUSSYWILLOW WHIP.  
\* DEEPBRAIN  
I STOP HOLDING ON TO WALTER DE MARIA.

## AUG 12 71

IM FUCKIN UP BAD, MAKIN MISTAKES. ONE HOUR LATE TO MEET BELLAMY HERE, I MISSED HIM (HE LEAVES NOTE) IT'S MY DEEPBRAIN RESISTANCE TO... WHAT? BELLAMY? KELSEY? DO I WANT TO LOSE MY LOFT FOR ACTION? UTTER CLAUSTROPHOBIA IN TIME/SPACE OF PRESENT. I MISSED HIM ALL LAST WEEK TOO.  
ALSO FUCKED UP WITH BUSINESS COMPATIBILITY BOOK.

EXPERIMENT: WRITE TO PEOPLE IN ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE AFTER MERCURY GOES RETROGRADE AUG 13.  
TRY SOME LOCAL VISITS.

GOING ~~TO~~ TO ROOF LOOKING <sup>UP</sup> AT MARS & (STRAIGHT) QUARTER MOON, STARS & <sup>POWER ON</sup> NEIGHBORHOOD CALMS ~~ME~~ ME.

FROM WEEK IN HALIFAX: THE MAGIC WORD TO CANCEL SPELLS IF ANYONE TRIES TO LAY A SPELL ON YOU, OR, TO COUNTERACT A WITCH'S POWER; YELL: ORTHOGRAPHY!

PARTY PIECE (OR PARANOIA PIECE)

DESCRIBE YOUR CURRENT WORK TO A FAMOUS BUT FAILING ARTIST FROM THE EARLY 60'S. WAIT TO SEE WHETHER HE BOOSTS\* ANY OF YOUR IDEAS. (MARCH 15, 69)

\* HOIST, COP, STEAL

PAINTING PIECE

NOW I REALIZE THAT THE WAVE SERIES MUST BE KEPT PRIVATE, WITHIN THE STUDIO, TO BE AVAILABLE ONLY TO THOSE PEOPLE I LIKE ENOUGH TO INVITE OVER, OR THOSE WHO HAVE THE CHUTZPAH TO COME UN-INVITED. (APRIL 3, 69) MAKE ANOTHER KIND OF ART FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

REAL MONEY PIECE

OFFER TO GUESTS COFFEE, DIET ~~SOBE~~<sup>PEPSI</sup>, BOURBON, GLASS OF HALF AND HALF, ICE WATER, GRASS, AND ~~REAL~~ MONEY. OPEN JAR OF REAL MONEY AND OFFER IT TO GUESTS LIKE CANDY. (APR 4, 69)

NOTE: APR 3 - OFFER MONEY VERBALLY TO STEVE KALTENBACH. HE REFUSES.

APR 4 - OFFER JAR OF MONEY TO HANNA WEINER. SHE TAKES (BY CHANCE) A \$10, WHICH SHE KEEPS. THIS IS A "CHAIN PIECE", SINCE HANNA MUST MAKE A PIECE BY DECIDING WHAT TO DO WITH THE \$10. THIS REAL MONEY PIECE HAS BECOME EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING TO ME. THIS IS A JARRING PIECE.

APR 15 - OFFER JAR TO RON NLEBMAN WHO TAKES OUT A \$20. HE WISHES TO PUT IT BACK INTO JAR BUT I TALK HIM INTO KEEPING IT.

APR 17 - KETH BONNIER REFUSED, LATER SCREENS ~~IT~~<sup>LID VERY TIGHTLY</sup> BACK ON JAR.

APR 27 - KALTENBACH TAKES ALL THE MONEY OUT OF JAR WHEN I OFFER IT, EXAMINES ALL THE MONEY & PUTS IT ALL BACK IN JAR. SAYS HE DOESN'T NEED MONEY NOW.

NOTE: AT BOTTOM OF THIS PIECE THE JAR CONTAINS BILLS OF \$5, \$10, \$20, ABOUT \$5655 WORTH, COILED IN TWO OR THREE PACKETS AROUND THE INSIDE OF THE JAR, UNBOUND. THE MONEY COMES FROM A BULK PIECE FROM SALE OF MATHS.

REAL MONEY PIECE (CONTINUED)

APR 28 - DAVID PARSON REFUSED, LAUGHING.

MAY 1 - WARREN C. INGERSOLL REFUSED. HE GOT VERY UPSET ABOUT MY "ATTITUDE TOWARDS MONEY".

MAY 4 - KEITH SONNIER REFUSED, BUT SAID HE WOULD TAKE MONEY IF HE NEEDED IT WHICH HE MIGHT IN NEAR FUTURE.

MAY 7 - DICK ANDERSON BARELY GLANCES AT THE MONEY WHEN I STICK IT UNDER HIS NOSE AND SAYS "OH NO THANKS, I INTEND TO EARN IT ON MY OWN".

MAY 8 - BILLY <sup>BRYANT CONLEY</sup> DIDN'T TAKE ANY BUT THEN IT WAS SORT OF SPOILED BECAUSE I HAD TOLD HIM ABOUT THIS PIECE ON THE PHONE & HE HAD TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT HE SAID.

MAY 10 - DAN GRAHAM PUTS \$50 INTO THE JAR (TO REPAY LOAN).

MAY 12 - ABE LUBELSKI REFRAINS, SAYS HE'S EXPECTING A BIG CHECK SOON, INCOME TAX RETURN (I THINK).

MAY 13 - PAUL BIANCHINI DECLINES UNTIL HE CAN "ASK HIS WIFE", THEN ASKS ME WHY I HAVE MONEY IN A BROWN JAR. SIMONNE STERN (WHO ~~HAS~~ <sup>HAS</sup> A GALLERY IN NEW ORLEANS) SAYS SHE DOESN'T CARE TO HAVE ANY NOW, "TOO SALTY."

MAY 15 - DAN GRAHAM TAKES \$30 FROM JAR (ON LOAN).

MAY 16 - ROLF & USCHI <sup>RICK</sup> VISIT. USCHI TAKES OUT BILL (\$20) & ROLF TAKES NEXT BILL (\$5). I URGE THEM TO KEEP MONEY, WHICH THEY STASH IN THEIR WALLETS AFTER A WHILE.

MAY 17 - OFFER MONEY (ONLY \$25 LEFT IN JAR) TO MOOSE, HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY.

WRITE UP PIECE FOR POSSIBLE INCLUSION IN DWAN LANGUAGE SHOW. (MAY 19, 69)MAY 20 - DAVID LEE TAKES \$1. [NOTE: START NEW METHOD OF FIRST REMOVING ALL BILLS FROM JAR, SPREADING THEM OUT & OFFERING FREE CHOICE OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS: "DECK OF CARDS" METHOD.]MAY 22 - JOHN TORREANO DOESN'T <sup>WANT ANY</sup> MONEY (SAYS HE DOESN'T NEED ~~IT NOW~~) BUT HE TAKES THE JAR! MOORAY!

" 23 - PAULA DAVIES &amp; MARILYN LEARNER DROP IN UNEXPECTEDLY. NEITHER TAKES ANY LACE BUT PAULA SAYS LATER SHE WAS "CONTROLLING HERSELF".

" 25 - ALAN SARET TAKES ALL THE MONEY FOR A MINUTE BUT I MUST HAVE HAD AN EXPRESSION OF TERROR ON MY FACE BECAUSE HE PUTS IT ALL BACK.

MORE BILLS ADDED TO JAR (CK FOR \$500 FROM PAUL BIANCHINI, SALE OF DRAWINGS, CASHED &amp; ADDED MAY 17, 69) INCLUDING \$1 BILLS &amp; ONE \$100 BILL.

REAL MONEY PIECE (CONT.)

MAY 26, 69 - LARRY WEINER TAKES \$1.

" 26 - DAN VISITS TO BORROW \$10. THAT MAKES \$40 HE OWES "JAR".

" 28 - CLAIRE COPLEY DOESN'T TAKE ANY, SHE SEEMS INSULTED & OFFENDED THAT I OFFER IT TO HER (IN SUCH A 'VULGAR WAY?').

JUNE 3 - BRICE HARDEN DOESN'T NEED ANY, HE SAYS, & FINDS IT AMUSING, LAUGHS.

" 6 - ALAN SARET VISITS AGAIN & MAKES A PIECE OF THE MONEY WHICH IS NOW IN TWO PILES ON THE FLOOR, EACH SHAPED SIMILARLY TO A "FOOTSTEP" BY FOLDING & HOLDING TO HIS HAND. IT LOOKS GOOD LIKE THAT & I'M GONNA LEAVE IT ON THE FLOOR FOR A WHILE.

JUNE 16 - GARY BOWER DOESN'T TAKE ANY NOW BUT SAYS HE MIGHT COME BACK FOR SOME IN A FEW DAYS.

" 17 - GARY STEVENS PLAYS W/MONEY, RESTACKS IT, COUNTS IT?, DOESN'T TAKE ANY.

" 23 - FOR SOME REASON I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE OFFERING LACE TO FELIX ROTH.

" 24 - JAKE ASKS IF HE CAN TAKE \$10 TO COVER ACID IN ADVANCE & OF COURSE I GIVE IT TO HIM. (JULY 1, 69 - JAKE RETNS \$10 BECAUSE HE CANT SCORE NOW).

JULY 1 - JAKE AND/OR BRIAN SUBSTITUTE A \$1 BILL FOR A \$20 BILL WHEN I AM NOT LOOKING. I GUESS IT WAS BRIAN, WHO ASKED ME FOR MONEY IN RETN FOR DRAWING HE LEFT HERE TO WHICH I REPLIED THAT I'D RATHER HE STEAL IT THAN ASK ME FOR IT. DISCOVER SUBSTITUTION AFTER THEY LEAVE.

JUNE 30 - NOR DO I OFFER IT TO ROMY McDONALD & FRIEND MARGO FROM ENGLAND, ALTHO I TELL THEM ABT THE PIECE.

JULY 9, 69 - JASON CRUM REFUSES TO TAKE MONEY.

" 9, " - ARTHUR BERMAN WHO IS FLAT BROKE WILL ONLY TAKE 20¢ FOR HIS SUBWAY FARE HOME.

# A PROPOSITION

CHRIS SHARP

Soccer (or football) is far too easy, too negotiable, too predictable. For instance, why does the goalie look different from everyone else? Why should he stand out? He should be wearing the exact same uniform as the rest of his team. The fact that he is aided, singled out, seems an act of cowardice. Let him be known exclusively by the righteousness of his commitment, the fierceness of his desire to prevent that ball from entering the goal. That said, why do the two different teams wear different uniforms? This too seems to lack courage, or what is worse, imagination. Things could be so much more interesting if they all wore the exact same uniform, looked exactly the same. Would not this render the whole affair a little more unpredictable? Not solely governed by laws of skill, but equally by chance. Skill *and* chance. Such a satisfying combination would introduce an appreciable measure of chaos into a game that seems far too limited – not so much by rules, but by distinctions. It goes almost without saying that in those cases where players or teams could be distinguished by ethnicity (eg, Senegal vs China), those teams should not only wear the same uniforms, but cover up their skin entirely, as well as wear masks (to wit: Micky Mouse, Donald Duck, Sponge Bob Square Pants? *Peu importe*, just as long as they are *same*). One could imagine the reaction of the crowd: confusion regarding the identification of their team would soon yield to broader bewilderment, and this in turn, would yield to rage, such that the vicissitudes of emotion and catharsis that generally attend such events would become more consistent and be replaced by a complete and total furor. A kind of generalised madness would reign. It seems almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to point out that such a modification would render this game more 'democratic'. For where fans formerly left the game variously triumphant or disappointed, they would now leave utterly shattered, each and ideally every one of them equally undone by the same expenditure, without respite, of emotion.

you a majority of seats with a majority of votes, when the bill to introduce the forty hour week was debated, Ejelke took the

IN THE INTERESTS OF THE COMMUNITY THE STATE MUST IMPOSE BUT THE MINIMUM OF CONDITIONS,

Jim Bransby

## Culture Corner with Uncle Pete



Dear Readers,

When the class was over Miss Moore hurried from the room. She left in silence, very pale.

As soon as she had gone the classroom burst into fables. Nobody could quite understand what had happened. They only knew that whatever it was it had been a most awful thing.

The class was split. Lily rushed to Joyce's side. She said that it was impossible for students to be expected to understand about the Latent chat.

Belle spoke for most of the girls when she said that Joyce had put the class to shame. Miss Moore had studied this Latent chat in order that she might tell her students all about it.

Now she would think that they had not understood.

Cheers for now,  
Uncle Pete.

The group is to advise the Students' Representative Council should remain affiliated with the Australian Union of Students has in

Capital Territory. Justice to advise that the documents used by the plaintiffs contained the same legal errors and spelling mistakes. Also

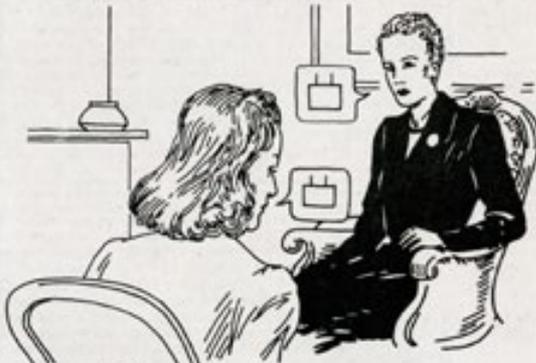
and advise the Vice-Chancellor to negotiate a change to the Melbourne University Act which would give the University powers

to give the University the power to collect a non-academic fee but only for amenities and services of direct benefit to the university.

HAVE NOW BEEN NOT ENOUGH!

Bernard Bartl

## Culture Corner with Uncle Pete



Dear Readers,

After a while Miss Noira felt she could talk about what had happened.

She thought it best to tell the Head Mistress about the unfortunate classroom incident and then to seek her advice.

This she did.

Mrs. Black listened calmly as Miss Noira told her tale and when I asked the students to fill-in a simple questionnaire about the things I had told them concerning the "Lapse of Art" she paused to breathe deeply. One of the students, a girl named Alice handed up her questionnaire blank.

"It is all so dreadfully confusing Mrs. Black. I really don't know what I should do."

There had been other such incidents in the Head Mistress's long and distinguished career. She spoke to the young teacher with calm and assurance.

"Forget that this has ever happened," she said.

"You must try hard to believe in the work you are doing."

"You are a teacher and it is your vocation to pass things on to the young."

"That is your duty."

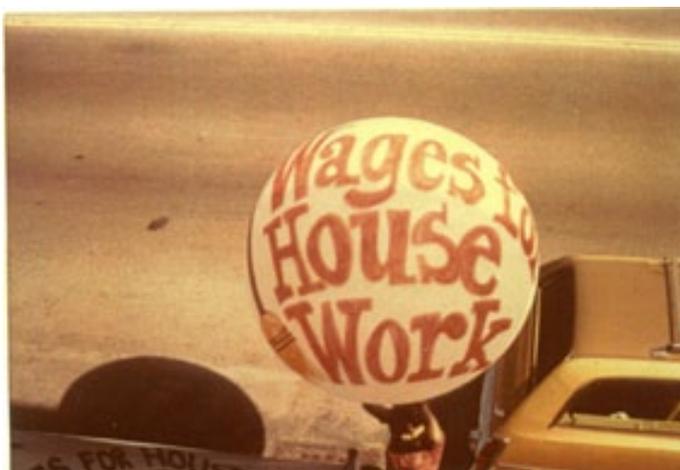
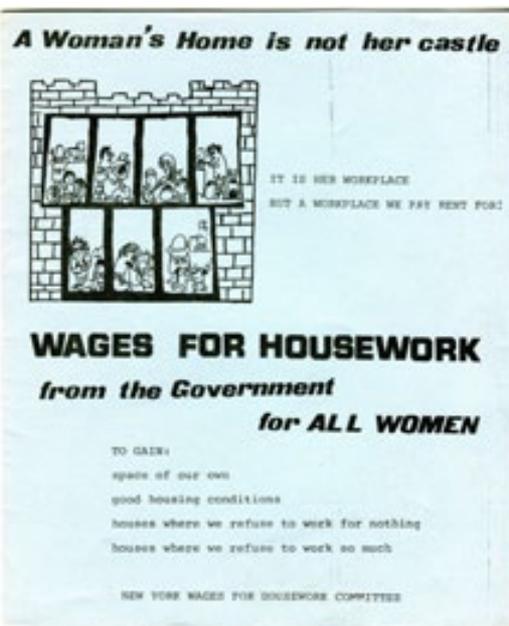
Cheers for now,  
Uncle Pete.

**WAGES FOR  
HOUSEWORK**

**WOMEN SPEAK OUT**



**May Day Rally**  
**Toronto**



Poster of NY WFFH  
The Women of The World Are Saying Notice  
full copy of poster to come.



# GROUP EXHIBITION







5 NOV

They fled the Indian Ocean island in boats to the Government, residents said.

They [the mercenaries] reached the capital at the rest of the island after midnight,"

An External Affairs spokesman said he believed to be able to escape in

captured by Indian troops taken back to the island.

A 5000 tonne ship, spotted by Indian naval vessels, is expected to intercept

The Sri Lanka government said they believe 400-odd mercenaries fled the island on Thursday morning to the Maldivian island of Hithadhoo.

High Commissioner Ananda said mercenaries fled the island and shipyard Mujuthaba

at our people of the situation is calm," he said from Male to

authorities, aided by Indian troops, controlled the island, he said. Forces in Colombo are being sent to intercept the Indian

forces appeared to have taken control, there was still concern that some armed men remained.

"It does not seem to be absolutely safe yet — there may be pockets of resistance," one said.

### Disgruntled

President Maumoon Abdul Gayoom had sought international help after the mercenaries invaded on Thursday. They fled after the arrival of Indian troops, who immediately began patrolling the streets of Male, a small town that holds 46,000 of the republic's 181,000 people.

Gandhi said the mercenaries were hired by disgruntled Maldivian expatriates, whom he did not identify.

Sharad Sapra, a UNICEF official in Male contacted by telephone, said shops had reopened.

Fighting between the invaders and police on Thursday killed 25 people and wounded more than 100, residents said. "There appears to be no visible sign of the invasion excepting some bullet marks at the National Security Forces headquarters and the Islamic Centre," Sapra said.

The Maldives, a former British protectorate of 1200 small islands, has no army, air force or navy, but has a 1200-strong police and security force. — NZPA-Reuter

## Cross blamed



Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher with Solidarity leader

GDANSK, Nov 4. — British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, basking in a tumultuous welcome from Solidarity supporters, today called the banned union "a very great force" that Poland's Communist government had tried to suppress during which she told Communist leader General Wojciech Jaruzelski and Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Rakowski that the only way to give Poland a better future was by restoring democracy.





## Culture Corner with Uncle Pete

Dear Readers,

Late that night when the dormitory lights were all out two of Arice's friends went quietly to her door and knocked on it gently, twice. "Arice, we got your message. We think the coast is clear."

The door was opened immediately by an anxious looking Arice.

"Please don't do this Arice her two friends begged. "It can do no good, surely. Stay here and, if you like, we will help you to learn those things we understand about the latest Art."

Arice was determined and she answered firmly.

"Uncle Miss Maura heard about that latest Art Magazine, there has been nothing but trouble for everyone involved. We cannot continue like this. Our lives have all become wretched."

"There is a mystery here and I intend to search it out."

"I am leaving this place at once. My quest begins tonight!"

Cheers for now,  
Uncle Pete.





- 24** THE SIX WORKS  
**25** THROUGHOUT THE  
**38** MAGAZINE WERE  
**39** ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED  
**68** IN 1978 AS PART OF A  
**69** TWENTY EPISODE SERIAL  
**82** IN THE MELBOURNE  
**83** UNIVERSITY STUDENT  
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- 44** INSTALLATION VIEW  
**45** OF THE H.W.JANSON:  
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 INSTALLATION VIEW  
 OF THE HERBERT  
 READ ROOM: *A CONCISE  
 HISTORY OF MODERN  
 PAINTING*, PERMANENT  
 COLLECTION
- 48** INSTALLATION VIEW OF  
**49** THE *OBSERVING THE  
 OBSERVER* COLLECTION;  
 INSTALLATION VIEW OF  
 THE *OBSERVING THE  
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- 64** LEE LOZANO  
**65** *GENERAL STRIKE PIECE*, 1969.  
**66** PHOTO: BARBORA GERNY;  
**67** *NO TITLE*, 1971. PHOTO:  
**68** BARBORA GERNY; *NO  
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- 78** BOB VAN DER WAL,  
 INSTALLATION VIEW  
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- 80** MICHAEL LEE  
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