





**SO MUCH FOR
FREE SCHOOL,
ETC: A DRAFT
PUBLICATION.**

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S.E. SANDRA ERBACHER **S.G.** SETH GUY **S.R.** STEVE RICHARDS
T-G. TELE-GETO: JOHN CUSSANS
V.K.+J.B. VASILEIOS KANTAS & JO BRADSHAW



*What are the pragmatic requirements that would enable a free school to operate effectively and consistently... Speakers were given an open brief to address these and related issues in their own ways. There is a simple philosophy informing the school which makes no distinction between teacher and taught.*¹

*...there is the development of practice-based research, whereby the very languages of resistance asserted by alternative pedagogical schema (free schools, night schools, open academies, caucuses, etc.) would seem to be contradicted by the assertion of practice-as-research, an institutionally serviceable and assessable construct.*²

*What does it mean to think of a book as exhibition? Or an exhibition as a publication? Is there something useful in such cross overs? On what level do such exchanges occur - as creative metaphors, as prompts and suggestions, as practical possibilities? How does "distribution" and "publication" apply to both these contexts? Should we cultivate a fluid lexicon, or hold to a distinctiveness of book and exhibition practices?*³

*[T]he subject of education has attracted renewed attention from artists, curators, and collectives. Pedagogical models are currently being explored, re-imagined, and deployed by practitioners from around the world in highly diverse projects comprising laboratories, discursive platforms, temporary schools, participatory workshops, and libraries. Simultaneously, progressive globalization has led to a revaluing of the collective knowledge and agency of local communities.*⁴

*Our strategic aim is to develop and sustain a dynamic and internationally competitive research sector that makes a major contribution to economic prosperity, national wellbeing and the expansion and dissemination of knowledge. In the Research Excellence Framework significant additional recognition will be given where high quality research has contributed to the economy, society, public policy, culture, the environment, international development or quality of life.*⁵

*Parasol unit foundation for contemporary art is a not-for-profit exhibition space devoted to promoting contemporary art for the benefit of the public... Most of the exhibitions are accompanied by a publication, an artist's monograph or catalogue, which is distributed worldwide. Parasol unit is a privately funded charity with the possibility of additional future funding coming from the public and private sectors. Parasol unit foundation for contemporary art attracts a wide audience of art professionals, artists, writers, critics, curators, collectors, lecturers, teachers, students, and the general public. Group and class visits can be arranged by appointment.*⁶

*Islington Mill Art Academy is a free self-organised art school. It was set up in 2007 by a group of art foundation students, dissatisfied with the quality and standards in University fine art courses open to them at that time. The Academy exists to experiment with what an education in art can be, where it can take place and how it can be paid for. It is open to anyone who would like to be an artist and who is interested in taking responsibility for, and direction of the way in which they intend to do this.*⁷

Participants who submitted proposals and delivered lectures as part of LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL.⁸ at Bethnal Green Library were invited to contribute a response to their lecture as part of a draft issue publication of a Five Years Periodical:

SO MUCH FOR FREE SCHOOL, ETC: A DRAFT PUBLICATION.

The aim is to present the draft publication (alongside the original Lecture Proposals) as the basis of a series of *editorial discussions* in the gallery at Five Years (27.11.10 - 12.12.10). The gallery and all discussions are open to the public. i.e. it is a 'Show'.

¹ John Cussans: YES. YES. I KNOW. FREE SCHOOL. I KNOW. proposal statement

² Andrea Phillips Educational Aesthetics, Curating and the Educational Turn

³ David Berridge BOOK/ GALLERY/ SPACE/ PAGE/ PUBLICATION/ DISTRIBUTION

⁴ Hayward Gallery and Serpentine Gallery presents Conference: Deschooling Society 2010

⁵ HEFCE (Higher Education Funding Council for England) Research Excellence Framework statement 2010

⁶ Parasol unit foundation 2010

⁷ Islington Mill Art Academy: YES. YES. I KNOW. FREE SCHOOL. I KNOW. proposal statement

⁸ LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. Bethnal Green Library (2010) which followed on from YES. YES. I KNOW. FREE SCHOOL. I KNOW. (2009) was organized by Edward Dorrian (Five Years) and Ana Čavić & Renée O'Drobinak (Ladies of the Press) This was an open invitation for anyone to propose a participatory activity to be carried out as part of the programme of 'Public Lectures'. What constitutes a 'Public Lecture' was freely interpreted and defined by participants (from fantastical performances to academic papers, that would respond to and question the idea of the Public Lecture, pedagogic experience in general and the open/ free educational initiative in particular). Participation was free, and all events were open to the public. Each proposed lecture/ performance/ presentation/ paper was contained within a two hour time slot.

ALL PROPOSALS WERE ACCEPTED FROM THOSE SUBMITTED.

A.S.











A.C.

A.H.





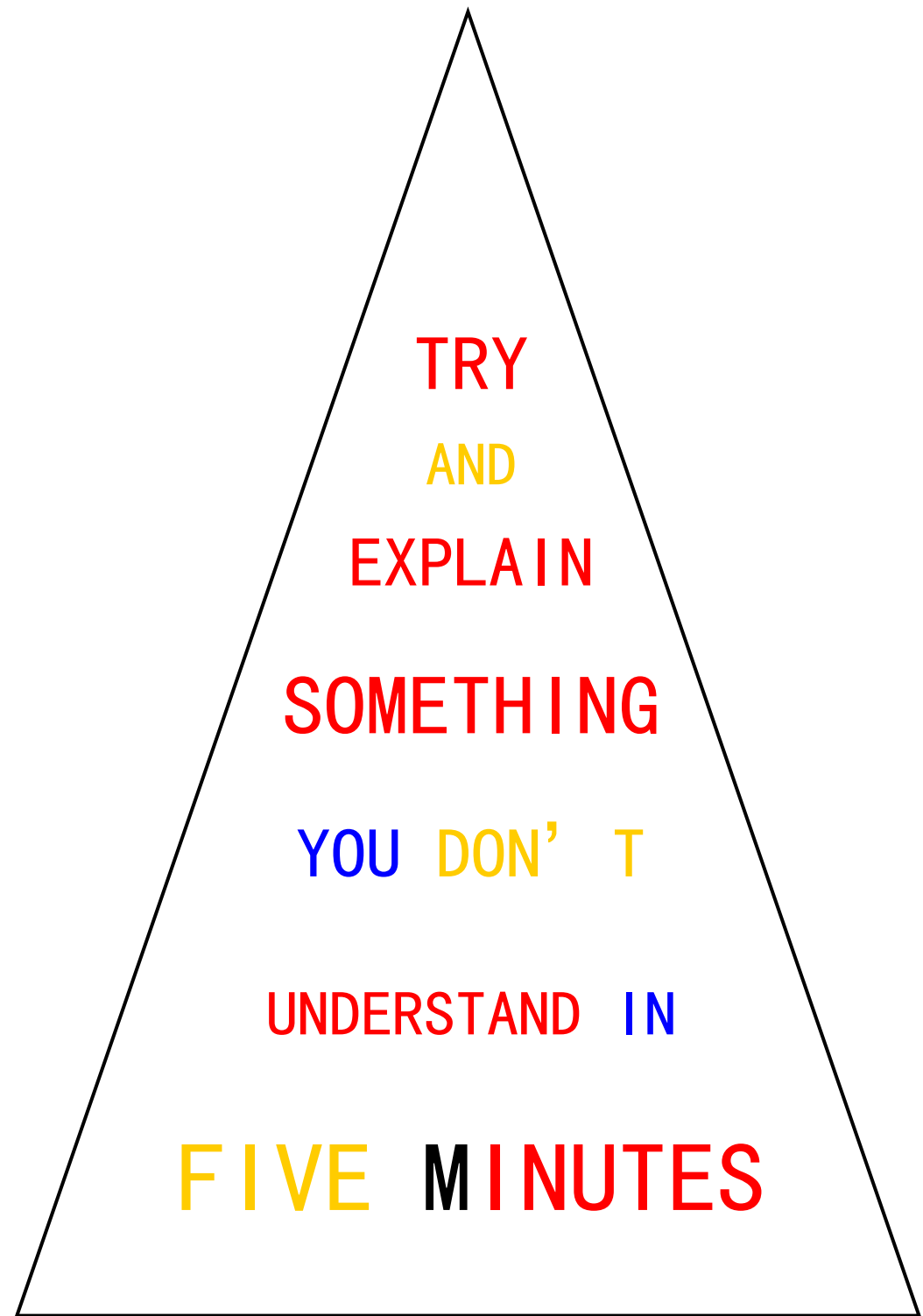
A.M.





B.K.

G.



TRY

AND

EXPLAIN

SOMETHING

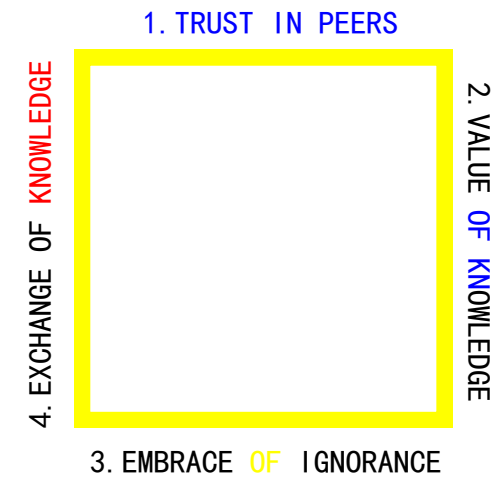
YOU DON'T

UNDERSTAND IN

FIVE MINUTES



- ▽ GRAVITY
- ▽ ENTROPY
- ▽ HOW TO LEAD AN ORGANISED LIFE
- ▽ THIS LECTURE





C.J.

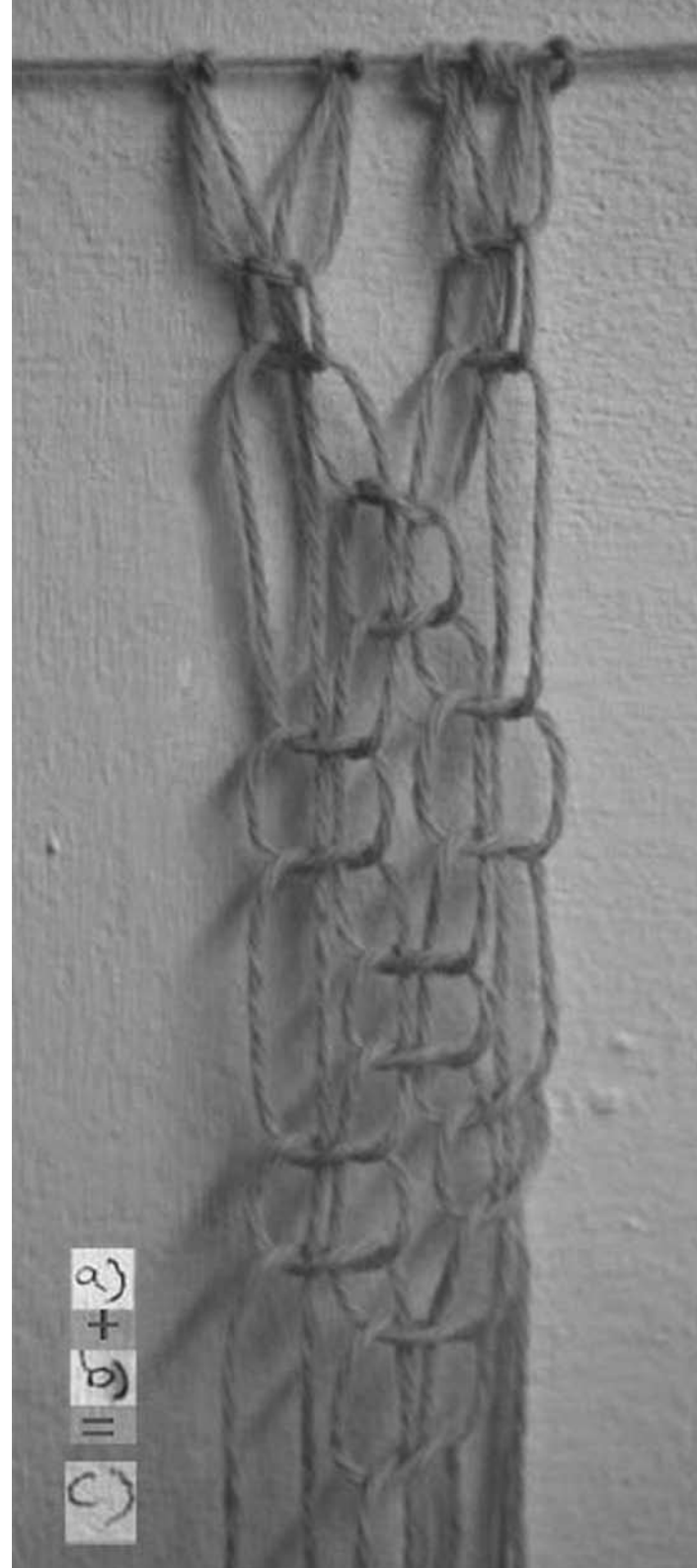


Lets create a dialogue.

Freedom, the ability to create, explore mine and others thoughts, express and interoperate the way is see the world, the nuances within in it, are essential values to my identity as an artist/teacher.



Freedom to me is the ability to open a little trap door to the back of your mind and allow others to peep in. The result maybe unexpected, enlightening, doubtful, terrifying, this is the beauty. It is the opportunity to freely communicate my world with the world at large via creative intervention, when I feel free. So it's all about me? And you.....



We are autonomous beings, capable of, 'independence or freedom, as of the will or one's actions'. This investigation will hinge upon relationships. I approach the subject of freedom in art and design pedagogy from a multifaceted viewpoint. From the perspective of a student (having experienced various structures within education), an artist to which (it seems almost clichéd to say) the importance of freedom is everything, and a beginner teacher taking initial steps to understanding and forming my own pedagogical values and identity.....

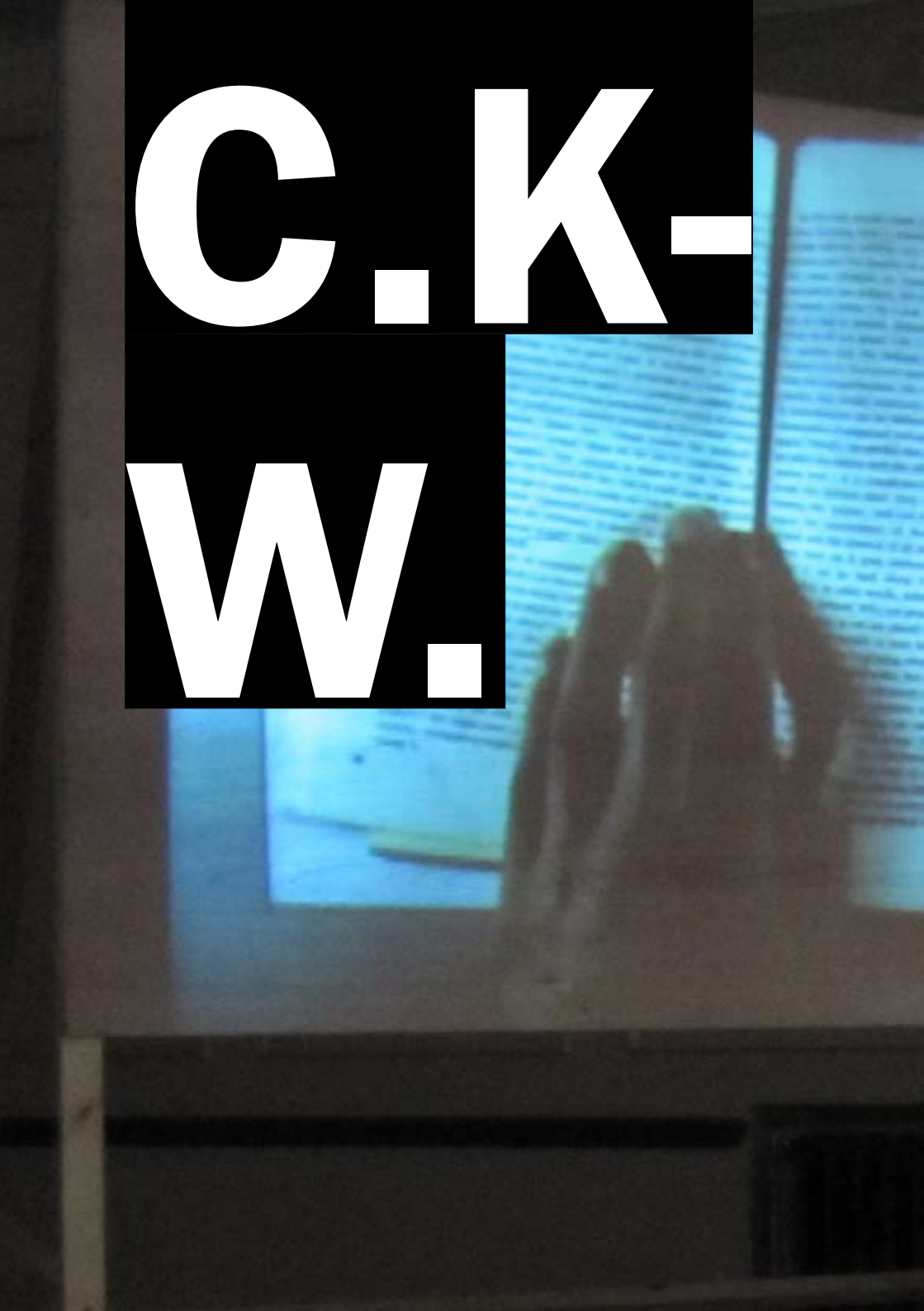
a) example (teacher)

b) attempt (pupil)

c) success

C.K-

W.



'For ages there have been rooms where what is seen is on the inside: a cell, a sacristy, a crypt, a church, a theatre, a study,'¹ a lecture hall or a Studio. Such a room, or monad, entails a particular relation of interior to exteriority that comes about through torsion, envelopment and perforation.

(Cut to: An empty lecture theatre, the screen shows a copy of *The Fold*, the pages are being turned by hand. There are notes in the margin, underlinings, scribbles and remarks on its pages, notes on slips of paper caught between the leaves. The book has been expanded, dog-eared, used. In the darkened lecture theatre, the screen shows the pages as some are flicked, others lingered over. The images on the screen appear slowed, move with a sense of delay. When they move quickly, the hands blur on the screen, dividing up into horizontal segments, pleating the image. For a moment the image appears to be a still: hands resting at the bottom of the pages of the spread book. Then tiny movements of the hands, small shifts back and forth, start the film going again.)

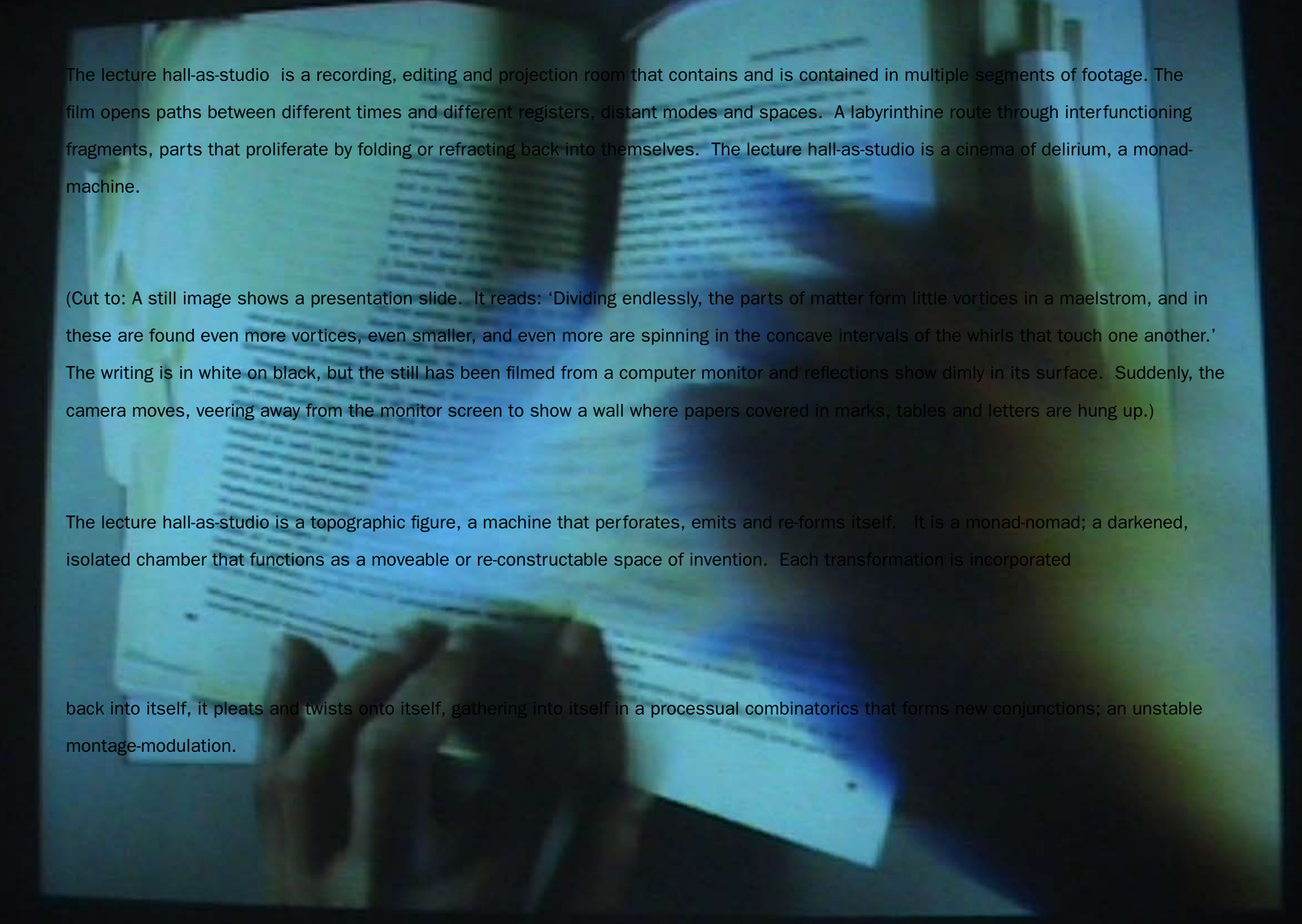
¹

Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold*

Monads are separated into two floors or levels. The bottom level has openings onto the world, whilst the upper floor, or soul, is closed upon itself. This upper room is secluded, darkened and cut off from the world; an interior lined with swathes of folded fabric. Each monad's particular perception interpenetrates and infiltrates these folds. Although no window opens directly onto the outside, perceptions enter through contorted apertures

that light the interior.. Monads are cavernous, perforated by the points of view that they encompass in their folded depths. Inside and outside are no longer distinct, and the depths of the Lecture hall-as-studio is pierced, teeming with tiny points. And within each point, discovered through drastic scale shift, is a fold that opens out onto further points; a journeying through the molecular, into the fabric of the swarm.

The monad exists in and for the world, and the world exists in and for the monad. Each individual envelops the whole world just as the world enfolds the individual. Ideas, sensations and perceptions spill over in folds that permeate and interpenetrate the material conditions that gave rise to them. Within the lecture hall -as-studio, external spaces for presentation and pedagogy and the private, inner spaces of thought are inseparable, enfolded.

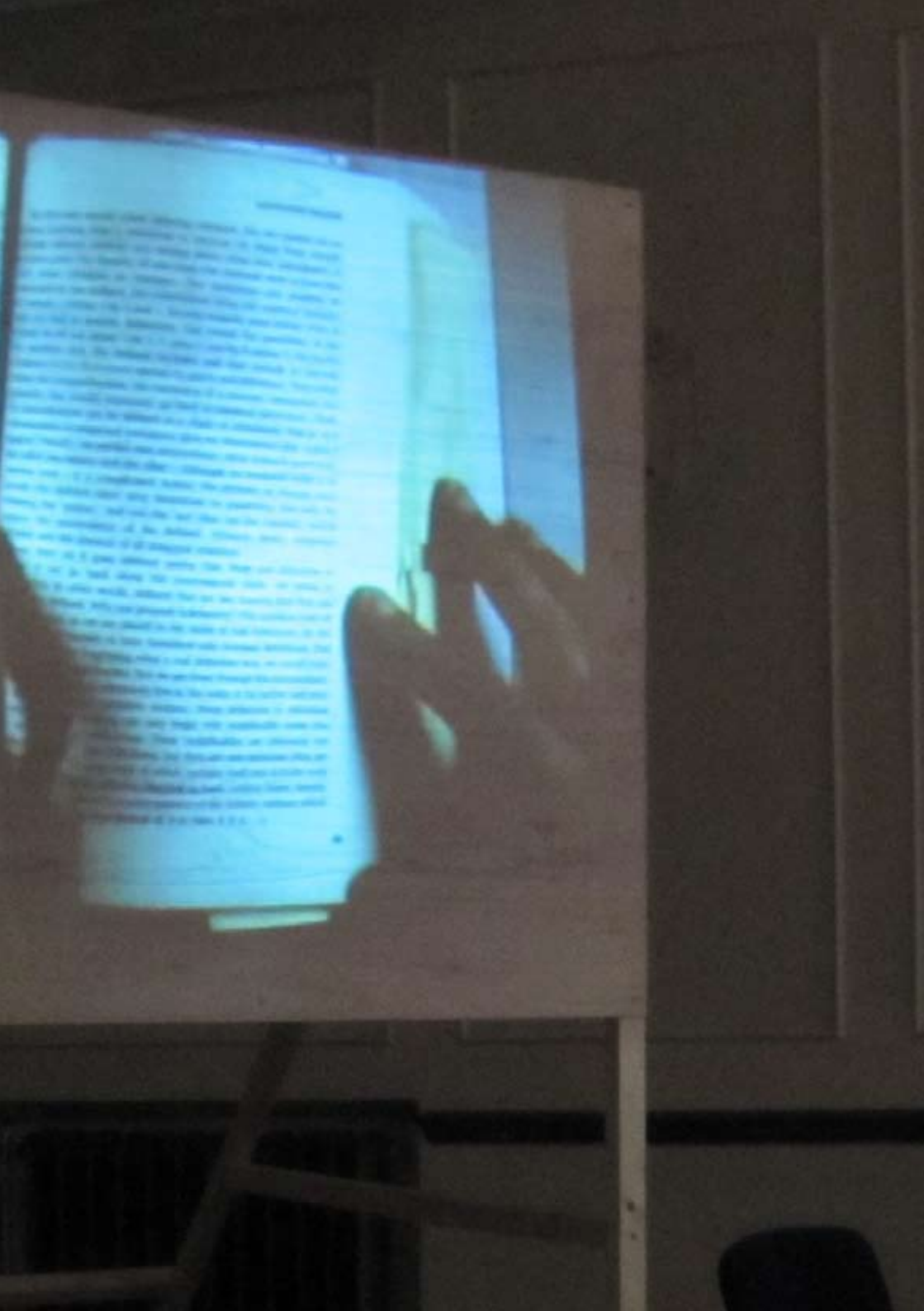


The lecture hall-as-studio is a recording, editing and projection room that contains and is contained in multiple segments of footage. The film opens paths between different times and different registers, distant modes and spaces. A labyrinthine route through interfunctioning fragments, parts that proliferate by folding or refracting back into themselves. The lecture hall-as-studio is a cinema of delirium, a monad-machine.

(Cut to: A still image shows a presentation slide. It reads: 'Dividing endlessly, the parts of matter form little vortices in a maelstrom, and in these are found even more vortices, even smaller, and even more are spinning in the concave intervals of the whirls that touch one another.' The writing is in white on black, but the still has been filmed from a computer monitor and reflections show dimly in its surface. Suddenly, the camera moves, veering away from the monitor screen to show a wall where papers covered in marks, tables and letters are hung up.)

The lecture hall-as-studio is a topographic figure, a machine that perforates, emits and re-forms itself. It is a monad-nomad; a darkened, isolated chamber that functions as a moveable or re-constructable space of invention. Each transformation is incorporated

back into itself, it pleats and twists onto itself, gathering into itself in a processual combinatorics that forms new conjunctions; an unstable montage-modulation.




C.S.

+

R.F.







...a continuous repetitive sound... like banging...

...scraping sounds...

...knocking on the door... urgent kind of knocking...

...maybe it's not on a door? I get the impression that it's Helen Keller banging...

...another scraping sound...and...and...

...a crash, and the sound of something being knocked onto the floor...

...cut to a scene where the child is lying on the floor, and it's... it's almost like she's having a fit...

...she's kicking, and... she's kicking the floor... Anne Sullivan is sat down at the table, and she's, she's ignoring her... basically...

...she's eating her dinner, and she will not be stopped...

...she's not going to indulge this behaviour... she carries on.....

...the child has calmed down and she's now feeling the legchair—the leg of the chair.....

...she's making her way up... and she's kind of pulling up off the chair



D.B.

+



GODDED POG
PODDED GOG

~~THIS CURRICULUM OF GEOMETRY~~
BECOMES A PICTURE LANGUAGE

PLEASURE CLASS

Arse.

CURRICULUM SAPS

Claps

THE LOGICAL LEVEL AT WHICH ONE IS OPERATING

IS ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE LEVEL HIGHER

THAN THAT WHICH ONE CAN EXPLAIN OR UNDERSTAND

CHARISMA IS PUNISHMENT

as good as
not as good as
good as as
good good

E.D.



Entering the social space is tricky.
Many people feel entering a
gallery is tricky. It's not for them. *
~~They are the subject / host of~~
~~the knowing snicker.~~

They're not in on the joke.
The 'knowing snicker' is at their
expense. Education too sometimes
instills the same sense of fear.
Education is the wagon used to

the ~~idea~~ ^{idea} of ~~the~~ ^{current}
Spending review efforts on the
education system has ~~some~~
help a deschooling of society.
The withdrawal of government
funding ~~means~~ that the education
is a matter of the private sector.
But there is of course no such
thing as free education!

The Lecture Hall.

* But then, most people who enter a
gallery ~~perform~~ to be practitioners.

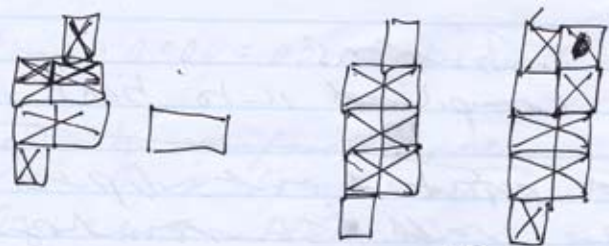
Etiquette, silence, cunning

What is it that happens? A
participatory activity? Participation
and dialogue — is, at least in part,
a critique of the viewer who was
once the default subject of art's
reception —

Art's addressee, no longer necessarily
even a gallery-goer, is reconfigured
as a participant, interlocutor, guest,
peer, comrade and so on; the
white box institutions in which we
encounter art have adopted by
mimicking libraries, cafes, laboratories,
school rooms and other social spaces.

So what is it that happens?
People apologetically creep into class.
Or more often. Skip school. Even
doctors are tentative. ~~Most people~~
are weary. Do not like going back
to school. Don't even like the term
word 'free'. Free means it's shit.
Free is a disaster for standards
Lacks standards, is without validation.
Free ^{also} means being paid for by those who
have to work. ~~The reality~~
And much like libraries, one open
to those who 'are not at work!'

Exhibition as



Lecture Hall.
Lecture - School.

The problem of the
not having a selection
criteria.

The question ^{arises} continues to... be asked.
Does the school function as an
landmark. a 'free school' *

Or does he ^{'school'} function as
an extra-institutional art project?

It is this ever possible?
Art Bringer suggests -

Art as institution prevents the
contents of works that press
for radical change in a
society from having practical
effect

20 x 23^o

* whatever that may be?

Amateurism
Auto didact

Productive discussions -
not artists

with no formal obligations...

F.R.E.E. S.C.M.O.O.L.
K.T.

Ein Bericht für eine Akademie

Call. School Report.

~~Art is an invitation to you, to~~

Research Tool
Before and After
Weak Education.

Paper.
Right up.

Lecture. Performative. Public Notice.

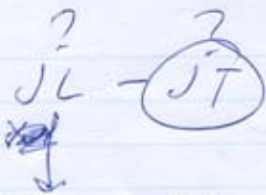
Ground. Complaint.

(Turnings) I.R. 40 Weak. Weak. Weak
The point about coming together in
curiosity is that we don't have
to come together in identity...

Distribution and
Dissemination

Publicity. Fallibility as a format
Knowledge.

K.T.
Knowledge Transfer.



I doubt ≡

+ Picture (2)

E.H. → black under ^{last} image.

~~Art~~ → + Picture (2)

~~Art~~ → + Picture (2)

1 Structure, ~~the idea of~~ critical

Fragmentary. The idea was never to set up a school, free or otherwise. Must to ^{refer to and question} ~~adapt~~ the form of a free school; a system that a form that actively sets up a system he

B: What is it? What is it that happens?

A: There is a simple philosophy -

B: which makes no distinction

① between teacher and target.

B

② Participation and dialogue - a critique of the viewer

Why Free School?
Not a Free School.
A space to allow the idea of Free School to be enacted and questioned.

Anyone who has taught in Adult Education, life long learning, further Education, knows the score. The class may be cancelled, at the last moment. If peculiarities existance -

What kind of space is/was it?

- Non Space? Listed building.
- Lecture Hall?
- School?
- Studio? - Theatre - Stage -
- Gallery?
- Institution?

⇒ A mixtability

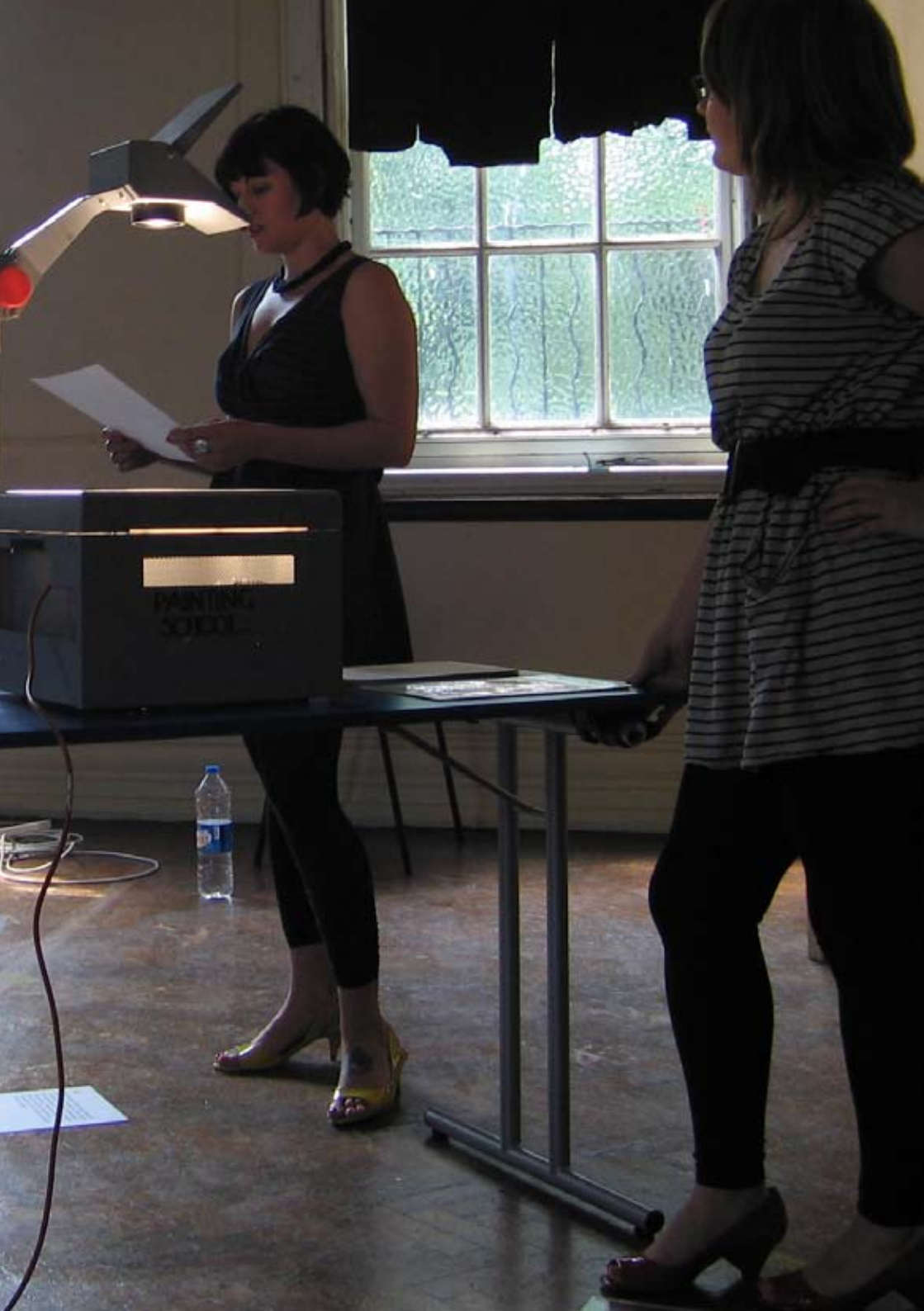
E.H.

Resistance.

So Much For Free, Etc.

Free. That means, if crap. Yes?
Shit





flou~~gh~~t

[flawt]

Part of Speech: noun

Definition:

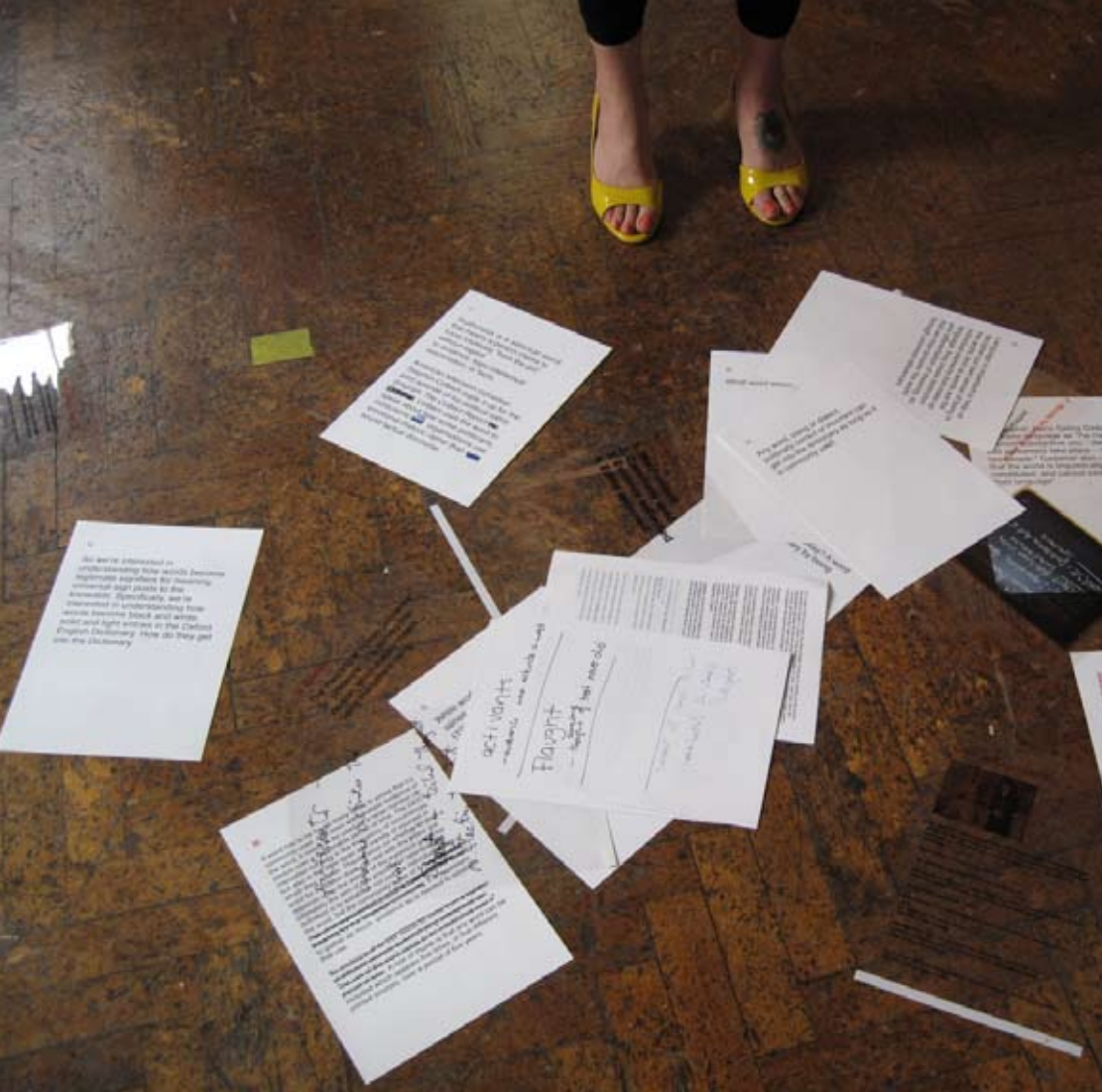
1. an idea produced by thinking or occurring suddenly in the mind which is not acted on or brought to fruition: *Her good intention proved a mere flou~~gh~~t.*
2. an intended action or productivity subsequently not brought to fulfillment: *At the current price of stone his sculpture would be nau~~gh~~t but a flou~~gh~~t.*
3. a fleeting thought: *The flou~~gh~~t slipped his mind as quickly as his resolution to make it happen.*
4. in creative activity an unresolved idea: *A thousand flou~~gh~~ts scrawled on each page of her notebook.*

Origin:

Coined by Elliott Harris (Neva Elliott & Lynn Harris), Bethnal Green library Lecture Hall, 26th June 2010.

**Five Times in Print, Five Different Sources, Over a Period of Five Years.
Elliott Harris. 2010.
elliotttharris.org**





F.N.

+

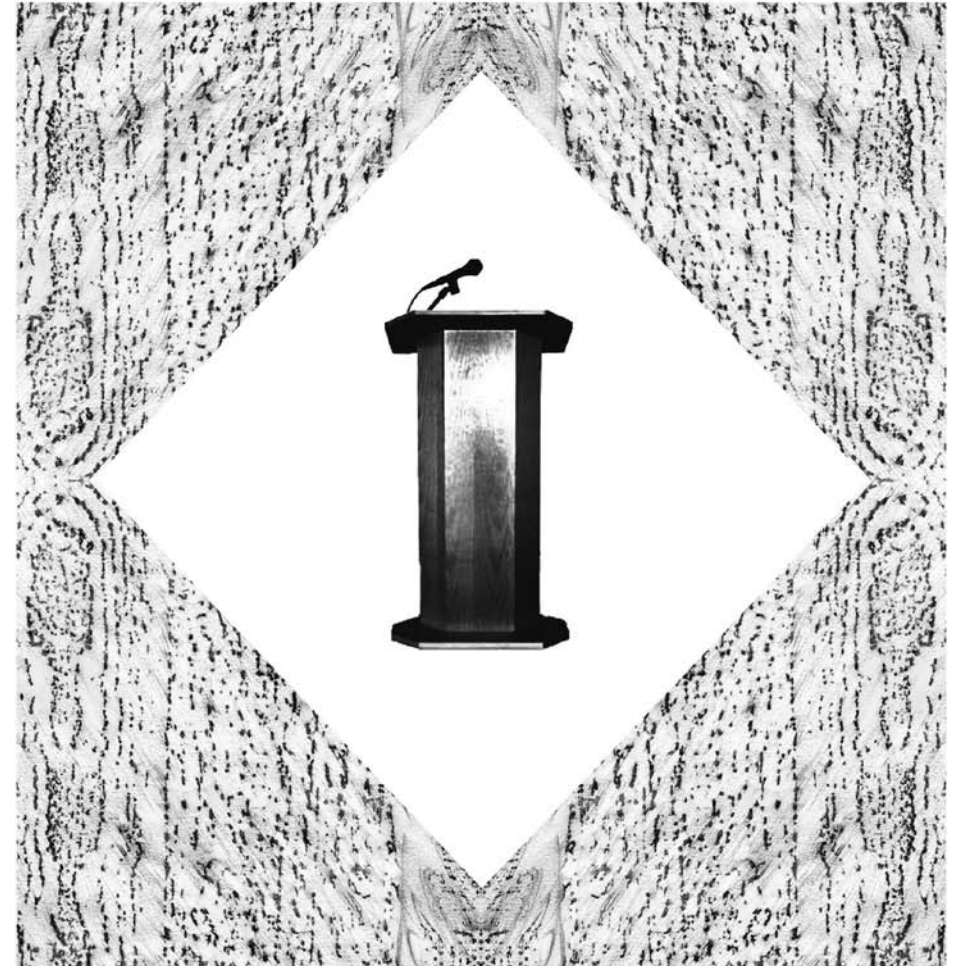
C.O.





REFLECTURES

LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL



ANTONIA BLOCKER - RACHEL PARRIS
BEN DOHERTY - CHARLES OGILVIE
CORALIE COLMEZ - HENRIK POTTER
FAY NICOLSON - SARAH WILKES

24.06.10. 1200 - 1400. Bethnal Green Library. Cambridge Heath Road. E2 0HL

REFLECTURES:

TO / FROM
SARAH / FAY

Reflectures was an event organised by me and Charles Ogilvie that paired 8 practitioners across disciplines to deliver a series of dual lectures. We employed this device for a few reasons. Firstly, we were interested in the role of the lecture within art and academia; a performative and communicative tool that disseminates information and establishes knowledge/power structures. Secondly, as people who either adopt myriad roles in within art contexts (artist, lecturer, writer) or who work across fields (arts, science, politics), Charles and I were very interested in exploring academic and discipline specific terminologies. *Reflectures* paired artists/curators with and anthropologist, a mathematician, an architect/probability designer, and an actress. Through this we aimed to encourage inter-disciplinary discussion and the connection of discourses across horizontal planes. The idea of horizontal exchange, rather than a vertical mining or trajectory of research within set disciplinary boundaries, is an approach that the anthropologist Sarah Wilkes and I discussed at great length in preparation for our lecture.

Through the pairing of different practitioners, Charles and I wanted to offer divergent methodologies and perspectives on common problems. However, we also hoped that pairings would go beyond the binary, to reveal



crossovers, idiosyncrasies, and unforeseen folds and openings formed through potential misunderstanding. More than the other lectures, mine and Sarah's discussion about objects and their plethoric use value and meaning was perhaps the most rigorous and mutually rewarding.

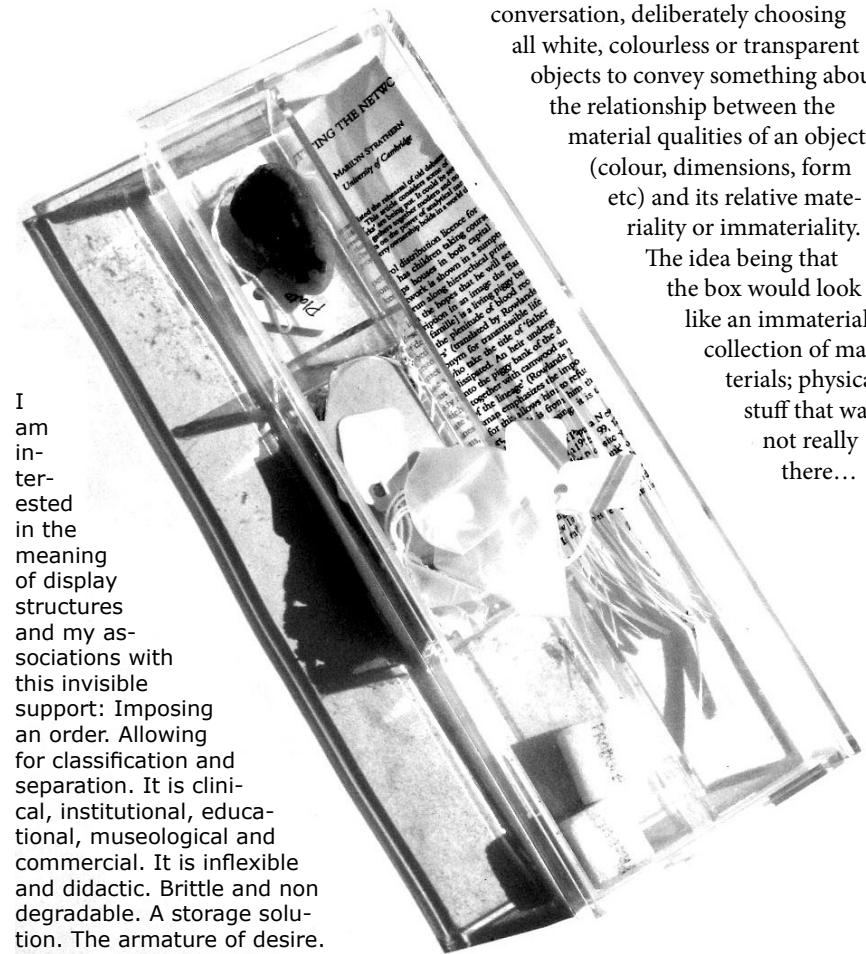
In discussion, Sarah and I realised that we had many common interests across our practices. In attempting to sketch these connections we compiled a list of relevant terms, these being: paper, performance, the textual/discursive, producer/consumer/audience, media, communication, network/hierarchy, classification, libraries, knowledge. After thinking about how we each relate to these terms in our practices we established a 'structure' that would determine how our lecture would function. We decided to each select and exchange 4 objects. The lecture would consist of a series of responses to these objects from dual perspectives. This simple methodology/framework in some way related to our shared interest in the tactile in relation to the textual and strategies of operating within predetermined boundaries or constraints (that may borrow from the classroom, the laboratory, or the game). In the following pages I include some images and text from our research and resulting lecture.

Fay Nicolson 2010

SARAH

I put together this collection of things in a Perspex box in response to our first conversation, deliberately choosing all white, colourless or transparent objects to convey something about the relationship between the material qualities of an object (colour, dimensions, form etc) and its relative materiality or immateriality.

The idea being that the box would look like an immaterial collection of materials; physical stuff that was not really there...



I am interested in the meaning of display structures and my associations with this invisible support: Imposing an order. Allowing for classification and separation. It is clinical, institutional, educational, museological and commercial. It is inflexible and didactic. Brittle and non degradable. A storage solution. The armature of desire. The transparent object; portable, mass producible, generic.

FAY

DOUBLE NEGATIVE ...

The screenshot shows a Windows desktop environment. On the left, a slide from a presentation displays a photograph of a film strip. The film strip is dark and appears to be a negative, with a white, curved shape that resembles a film strip frame. The slide is titled 'Double Negative ...'.

On the right, a Microsoft Internet Explorer browser window is open, displaying a Google Mail interface. The address bar shows the URL: <https://mail.google.com/mail/?shva=1#search/double+negative/129604b6bee2ecea>. The page title is 'EPSON Web-To-Page'. The main content area shows an email from Fay Nicolson to Sarah Wilkes, dated 22 June 2010 at 16:34. The email text reads:

Just to clarify a bit about the photo making me think of the expression double negative - I think I thought of that because I had taken a digital photo of your analogue photo of your negatives (so maybe more double or multiple exposure in a way) - quite a bizarre experience - and I wondered whether the negatives from your analogue would be negative images of a negative image, thereby cancelling out the negation and making it positive. But also cos the shadow of the neg looks a bit like its mirror image and because we'd been talking about duplicates etc. Does that make sense? But also you mentioned it being a kind-of non-object?

Cool. Hope Battersea was fun!

XX
- Hide quoted text -

On 22 June 2010 16:34, Fay Nicolson <fay.nicolson@network.rca.ac.uk> wrote:
brief mail...
Here is a template.

I thought we could each fill the gap between each 'title slide' with 1 mins worth of stuff (image, video, clip...

The right sidebar of the email contains several links and advertisements, including 'Digital Cameras', 'John Lewis Official Site', and 'Nikon D3x: £4798'. The Windows taskbar at the bottom shows the Start button, several open applications (Microsoft PowerPoint, Google Mail, ANTHGC Material Mat..., reflectures), and the system tray with the time 06:00.

Slide from lecture discussing one object (the photograph) whilst revealing our research processes and prior discussion.

PAPER

Paper
white paper
sugar paper
tracing paper
graph paper
green paper
grease proof paper
rice paper
newspaper
wall paper
toilet paper
paper men
paper dress
paper hat
paper plane
paper plate
paper cup
paper chase
deliver a paper
standard international
paper sizes
are your papers in order?
Fay



Paper

A lot of talking
– maybe here I can be
cutting the paper??²
Sarah

F.S.



²

Article by Marilyn Strathern – a Melanesianist anthropologist who also works in the UK, and whose work has hugely influenced my current research. Called ‘Cutting the Network’ ... So I cut up ‘Cutting the Network’. Then, wandering around the office on the day I was meant to meet Fay to hand over the box, I found the recycling bins filled with shredded, and probably confidential, office documents. So I included a few strands of that – We’d been talking about institutions, documents, paperwork...the differences between professions, disciplines etc. relationships between industry and academia – and my interests focus on corporate secrecy vs accountability...Enlightenment / academic ideal of information / knowledge as a free good...freedom of information. Of course that’s not the case – academics are as secretive as the rest of us.



FROM COMMITMENT TO WITHDRAWAL or WHAT KIND OF COMMUNISTS ARE WE, REALLY? A PAPER DELIVERED IN RESPONSE TO IDEAS OF RISK, RESPONSIBILITY AND PUBLIC FUNDING

Francis Summers

In the recently published 'Eulogy to Love' Alain Badiou offers a reading of the dating website Meetic that offers a number of propositions:

To have love without risk.

To be in love without falling (in love).

To have love without suffering.

In other words: To be offered 100% Guaranteed Risk Free Love...

To love without risk is to have no experience of falling, at least of falling in love. No broken hearts. No scuffed knees. No emotional waste or inefficiency. Instead there is love given under a comprehensive insurance. Such a guarantee, Badiou contends, offers no opportunity for chance or encounter, it offers no experience of singularity, no love of any world-as-such.

What is at risk in a no-risk love we may ask? For Badiou it is to risk our relation to the world itself: "It's about avoiding any immediate test, any profound experience of otherness of which love is woven... Security oriented love, like everything that has security as its norm, is the absence of risk for he who has good insurance, a good army, a good police force, a good psychology of personal pleasure, and all the risk for him who is on the other side." The two enemies here are the "safety of the insurance policy" and "the comfort of limited pleasure." To

put it another way; the enemy of a vital relation with the world is the injunction to avoid risk at all costs. To experience the world, I would suggest, is to commit without insurance; it is to allow oneself to love whilst being open to risk. I do not offer this as the position of the radical romantic for whom love is the ultimate reward (we all narcissistically want to be loved) but rather I pose an active engagement with the world as the antithesis of a secured risk-free environment governed by insurance professionals.

Love is here the commitment to thinking a shared world, not as a state but as a process committed to the experience of a shared world. Love here is struggle, not harmony – what Badiou calls the scene of the Two, not the State of Unity. To take a well-known phrase by Mao: ‘Communism is not love, Communism is a hammer with which we smash our enemies’ we might reformulate it as ‘Communism is love, if we think love as that hammer by which we divide, share and encounter the world as open experience, love is a hammer with which we crush the twin enemies of security and comfort.’

What then is the work of love? I turn here to Slavoj Žižek’s reference to the revolutionary figures of Che Guevara and St Paul. Addressing Guevara’s dictum that ‘the true revolutionary is guided by strong feelings of love’ Žižek suggests that the aim of revolutionary violence is not to bring about or restore harmony, but it is to be associated with violence *as such* as it this activity “(the violent act of discarding, of establishing a difference, of drawing a line of separation) which liberates. Freedom is not a blissfully neutral state of harmony and balance, but the very violent act which disturbs this balance.” Love here is a disturbance of balance. Thinking through St Paul, Žižek names love as “the hard and arduous work of repeated ‘uncoupling’ in which, again and again, we have to disengage ourselves from the inertia that constrains us to identify with the particular order we were born into.” This process is not an interiorised contemplative stance but rather “the active *work* of love which necessarily leads to the creation of an *alternative* community.”

To pose a notion of doing it for the ‘love of it’ is certainly not what I am wanting to talk about here. What concerns me instead is how we are to think about work, art work, and art working strategies within the current situation. The current situation, it is contended, is a

situation of crisis. Yet it has long been contended that capitalism itself is nothing but a series of self-perpetuating disasters. In 2000 Hardt and Negri defined what they call the logic of Empire as a time of “omni-crisis” – a temporality of perpetual war against ill-defined enemies, “a proliferation of minor and indefinite crises.” The last ten years has amply borne this out as we live in a situation of permanent war. More recently, but in the same vein, the Invisible Committee make the point that “We have to see that the economy is not ‘in’ crisis, the economy is itself the crisis” whilst the anonymous authors of the second issue of the journal *Tiqqun* noted in 2001 that “Empire functions best when crisis is ubiquitous. Crisis is Empire’s regular mode of existence... The temporality of Empire is the temporality of emergency and catastrophe.” Naomi Klein’s recent *Shock Doctrine* has taken great pains to chart an historical narrative of Chicago-School capitalism whose very ground of possibility is crisis and disaster, either coming into being in the aftermath of a natural tragedy or by implementing a new world order of de-regulation from the barrel of a gun.

This crisis has been brewing for a while, then – Klein traces its manifestations from the 1970s in South America to the present neo-colonial adventure in Iraq. What we are experiencing here is but a small part of it, or perhaps a new development in it whereby Europe can no longer export its contradictions: they are coming home to roost. (Or perhaps, more shockingly for us, Europe is no longer the privileged protected site it once was.)

How to resist the conditions of this crisis, then? It has been well observed that the dynamics of resistance can well be those that are co-opted. Brian Massumi notes: “there’s been a certain convergence between the dynamic of capitalist power and the dynamic of resistance.” If we are to commit, to commit to *something*, how is this not to be recuperated by the capitalist co-ordinates of security and affective biopolitics? Equally, might we be wary of the very term *crisis* as it invites a solution-mongering activity that rarely addresses underlying problems.

To put it another way, to pose an older problem: How are we to think about the continuation of the arts without falling into a logic of the *service of goods*, be that the positive ethical good (of cultural outreach, perhaps) or of commodity production (the perpetual production of

objects to fill galleries, art fairs, collections). How might independent or autonomous organizations exist beyond the good?

This phrase – the service of goods - is one that Jacques Lacan puts forward as the standard position of the ethical, a position that is then neatly mapped onto capitalist relations: the service of the good, the service of *goods*: “the position of traditional ethics. The cleaning up of desire, modesty, temperateness, that is to say the middle path...” – it is the service to “Private goods, family goods, domestic goods, other goods that solicit us, the goods of our trade or our profession, the goods of the city, etc.” To service the good is the put desire on hold and enter instead into the situation of work, a work that does not only produce objects but also is the production of selves, selves to market, selves to be productive. As the Invisible Committee put it: “Producing *oneself* is becoming the dominant occupation of a society where production no longer has an object.” As *Tiqqun* puts it: “*Everything is work...* Even ‘What I am’... All is productive... The grimaces of the rebel sell quite well after all.”

It is against the service of the good that I repeatedly encounter the negative figure of Bartleby the Scrivener. Herman Melville’s fictional character who would perpetually *prefer not to* has been a figure of activist and philosophical interest, from Hardt and Negri to *Tiqqun*, from Giorgio Agamben to Žižek. In the face of providing a positive figure of resistance, this smiling figure of negation offers a commitment to withdrawal, a subtractive ontology rather than a positive act of negation.

Just do something – anything, is both the injunction and the response to the service of goods. Just do something – anything, is the immediate response to a crisis. We might say the double-bind of the service of goods is this principle: offer a positive solution (the ethical act, a good solution to a crisis, a good bit of crisis management) or offer a positive object for exchange (the business principle of producing goods). To *prefer not to* is to actively want not to do something, not necessarily refuse by presenting a positive resistance. To *prefer not to* is to elide this presentation of a resisting no!, it is to affirm a more radically negative attitude, one that escapes recognition and identity, those two formulations necessary to the State of things. Bartleby’s I would *prefer not to* is a negative attitude that does not refuse any determinate

content or predicate, but instead affirms the non-predicate. To escape the predicate of what one is or of what one does in a situation – artist, citizen, man, woman – is perhaps the ultimate freedom.

In its Žižekian formulation this figure is not only a polite *no* to capital it is also a smiling *no* to the modes of visibly resisting capital, the so-called “*rumspringa* of resistance” – the carnival on the steps of the cathedral. For Agamben this figure gives access to an exceeding of will, a destruction of “all possibility of constructing a relation between being able and willing... the formula of potentiality.” For *Tiqqun* this preferring not to manifests itself as a refusal of the *drive to presence* – a human strike, a Luddism of personality.

How might we think about this identification with nothing, this wanting nothing, or more precisely with this appropriation of the interval between Being and non-Being? Agamben describes this as site of potential; “not the colorless abyss of the Nothing but the luminous spiral of the possible.”

Certainly we should think of it as a commitment. Bartleby wants, he prefers. His is a specific commitment to withdrawal, a commitment to Badiou’s closing thesis on contemporary art: It is better to do nothing than contribute to the logic of Empire.

To withdraw is not an act of suicide. Rather it could be thought of as a withdrawal from a certain logic of work; the production of positive works, the incessant production of the branded adaptable mobile self. A withdrawal from the service of goods.

To withdraw is not to stop.

To withdraw from the service of goods might be (who knows?) the creation of a public, the creation of a community, the creation of an alternate community.

Hardt and Negri do not see Bartleby’s refusal as ending with the *no*. To do this we are left with merely the “deformed corpse of society.” Rather they see it as the beginning of something new: “Beyond the simple refusal, or as part of that refusal, we need to construct a new mode of life and above all a new community... enriched by the collective intelligence and love of the community.” This then returns me to Žižek and the work of love: this assiduous work of uncoupling,

this process of experiencing the world as shared, the commitment to this interminable experience of division. This community must not be seen as a positive object: some abstract good to do service to. Instead it should be affirmed in its negative capacity – affirmed in the terms of Roberto Esposito: “community is not an entity, nor a collective subject, nor a group of subjects... It is the ‘with’, the ‘between’... the being of community is the gap, the spacing that would relate us to others in a common non-belonging, a loss of what is one’s own which never manages to be added up to a common good. Only lack is common, not possession, property and appropriation.”

The proposal to reformulate work here then is the proposal to commit to a certain withdrawal. This withdrawal entails the activity of shifting our activity from the declarative ‘this-is-it!’ to the questioning problem posing of ‘is-this-it?’ To continue posing the negative again and again is to operate along the line of the *après-coup*, the looking awry, the parallax view so that the erectile fullness of a certain ideological situation is seen in its proper flaccidity and poverty, and so that the perpetual *omni-crisis* of Empire or capital is seen as the framework within which to reconsider our co-ordinates of activity: to reconsider our means and ends. From *What is to be Done?* to *How is it to be Done?* in the lexicon of *Tiqqun*. Our work might be to reconsider the co-ordinates of action, to re-propose them, to attempt to construct a viable present for ourselves, a time for ourselves, a space for ourselves, a public for ourselves, a world for ourselves: perhaps to encounter a risky constellation of smiling non-predicates. To do so is to run the risk of the luminous spiral of the possible whilst trying to avoid the abyss of nothing and the capture in the lure of being-good. To think what such a luminous situation means not only for the organisations that support art but also for the conception of new modes of producing art is the work for this possible future.

F.P.





Lecture on Automatism - epilogue Froso Papadimitriou

The idea

The idea of an academic lecture on automatism is a controversial response towards the concept of the irrational, the random and to some extent arbitrary aspect of art practise presented as a theoretical subject.

In a wider spectrum nonetheless this is the way that art practise has been represented by the historians and art critics through the years. Art practise created by passion, needs and even the element of chance has been studied and discussed as academic subject matter to reason, logic and explanation.

The event

Midsummer and we are in the Bethnal Green Library arranging the space and preparing the material for the lecture.

The idea is there, strong and solid, to present the topic in a contradiction that will allow understanding of its significance and providing a different approach to the creation of art and give ground for the workshop afterwards.

Some of the participants are already concentrating and a game like demonstration helps to contribute and relax. The fruits of the game are given below:

A poem made by choosing random newspaper cuttings, based on a suggestion given by Tristan Tzara, the leader of the Dadaist movement.

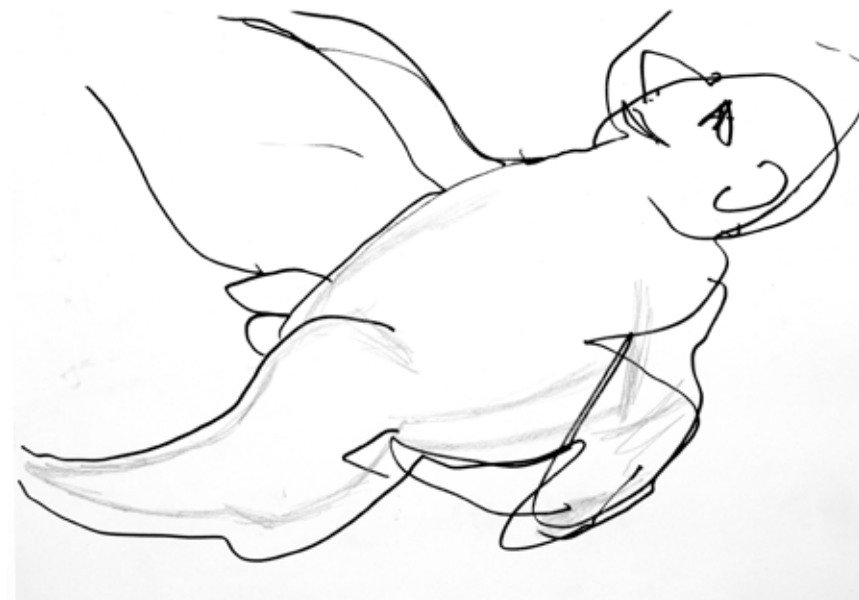
Poem

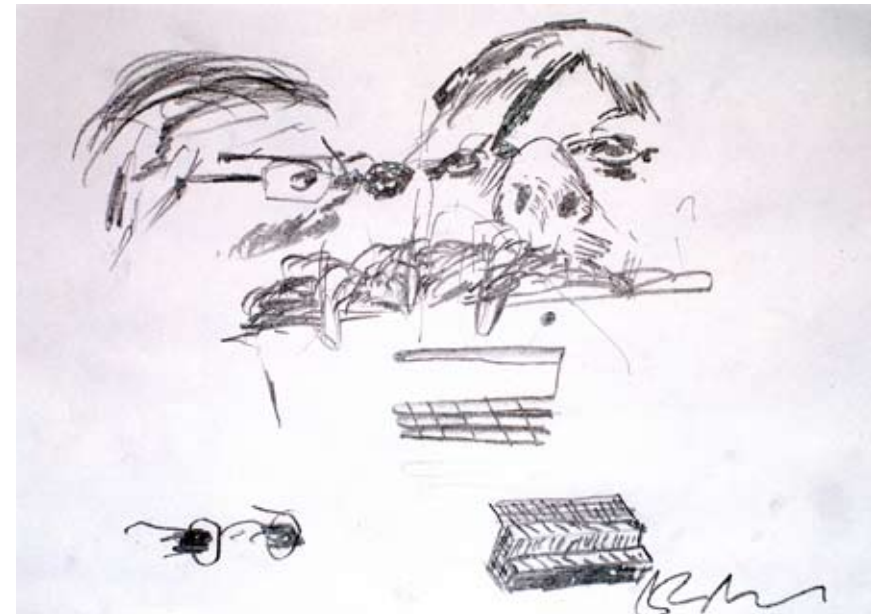
*Losing your hat
Need to get started
Bonus rules are clear
Mail
The ultimate night
Always match those*

As the lecture evolves the first yawn transforms the space into a classroom. Back to where we always questioned the significance of school, especially since we did not have to pay for it and our minds were at the park outside. While the roles are changing and that which was given free now has to be earned; the question is when do you stop to play? And isn't it through play that you learn best? All the free games were far better as it did not matter if there was material damage or the rules were broken.

After the lecture and as the heat of the day was rising, we moved to the workshop. The only rule of the game was to draw with no thought and no intention. The lecture had already triggered a discussion so attention was taken away from the drawing. No preoccupied thought to the lines on the paper.

Overleaf are few examples:





The intention of the lecture was to illustrate, through an academic approach, how automatism has affected a vast number of artists and art movements and the significance of its use through art history. However through the playful use of automatism as an art practise to highlight that the fundamental principle of art is all about the enjoyment of the moment that it is created; we all can create art and even more so enjoy it. As for who will be named "artist" at the end is down to the person's need of recognition and also the viewer, the academians and art critics to recognise.

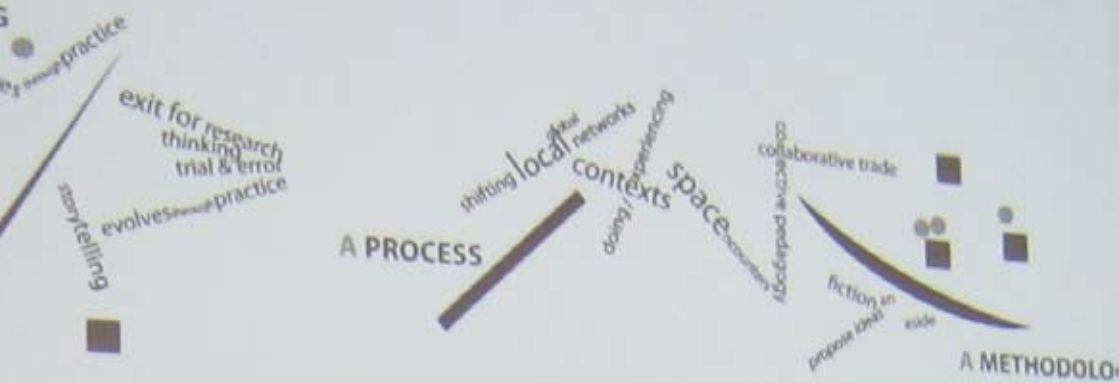
G.C.

PICASSO'S
GOT

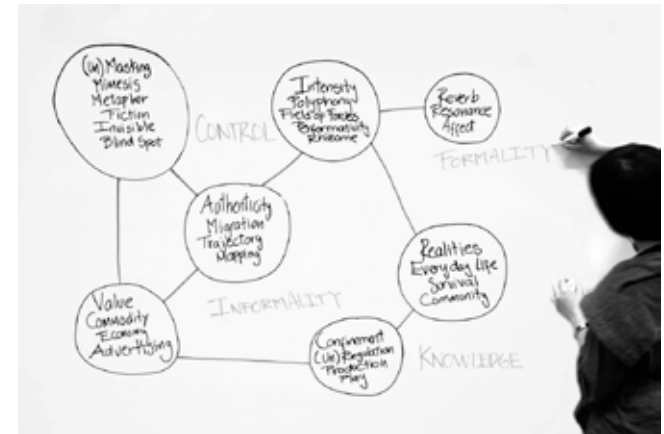
late work

TALENT!





GEOPOLYPHONIES



‘I engage in dialogue because I recognise the social and not merely the individualistic character of the process of knowing.’
Paulo Friere

The challenge for a group like Geopolyphonies, which initiated through a collaborative research project at Goldsmiths College, is how to define ourselves outside of the academic framework we started in. Not only is this a logistical issue, for example, the dispersal of our group across the globe as so many of us have returned to our native countries after studying, but also how to develop the research we have begun and through what situations can we now re-activate it?

Geopolyphonies evolved through a Visual Studies seminar led by Irit Rogoff and Dr. Simon Harvey at Goldsmiths in Spring 2009 where, rather than writing standard academic essays for assessment, we opted instead to work collaboratively on a group project. We collectively decided that we would research and produce a publication of narratives, fictions and

observations that explored London street markets as sites of fluid mobilities between economies, values, cultures, relations and objects. The ‘polyphony’ of voices, encounters, and negotiations of the markets, produced through ‘embedding’ ourselves in the markets, resulted in an unstable collection of knowledge that refused to generate a fixed perspective or singular voice. We purposefully left ourselves open to disagreement, uncertainty and various forms of input to create what we described as a non-linear theory. This we believed was representative of a practice that would embody a sense of criticality, uncovering meaning by taking part in the performativity of everyday culture. Rather than trying to find a conclusion, we were describing a way of being.

The methodologies that we used to carry out our research varied from sound recordings and interviews, to observations and fictionalising. By developing experimental processes of dialogue and exchange we were able to produce meaning through a social and collaborative process. These processes varied from negotiating lexicons and translations to describing and defining areas of experience to constructing mappings of our research in order to link it to each other and to a broader network, all of which is documented in our publication.

At the end of the assessment and subsequent launch of the publication for a group of students and staff at Goldsmiths and then at The Art Academy, Oslo and KIT, Trondheim, we could see scope for this project to carry on even after we had finished our courses. The challenge, as mentioned, was to develop it into something that would have life outside of the academic institution, and to create something that

would be able to evolve and connect with other influences and networks, not just something that would replicate the same academic frameworks and exist only amongst ourselves.

In our preparation for LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL, we were very aware of the fact that what we were working with was a presentation of the work we had already done, however we were looking for suggestions or possibilities of how this work might evolve. In previous meetings we had decided that our next step would be to create a second publication, this time focussing our interests in urban financial districts. However we understood that this would mean replicating the same methodologies that we had worked through before and none of us were entirely sure that this represented what the group was actually all about. Reflecting on our previous work brought home the fact that, although writing our publication had enabled us to extend our ‘classroom’ out into the real world, we had still been working under the framework of the academy and after all, what we had produced was evidence of practice based research for assessment. Finding our next steps forward was what we hoped to gain from presenting our work at LECTURE HALL.FREE SCHOOL.

Feedback from our presentation was sincere, and pushed us to understand what we ultimately needed to do. It was clearly stated that the biggest problem with our current understanding of our work was that we were still holding on to the architecture of the institution. We were looking to texts and formats of the academy to inform our work, yet trying to situate ourselves in a public sphere making connections in real life. Carrying on in that condition, it seemed we could only look inwards and any sort of social process

of knowing, or creating meaning, would really only exist amongst ourselves. In subsequent discussions, we decided that the only way to move forwards would be to look beyond a focus on critical analysis of cultural mobilities and analyse instead our understanding of what our 'social process of knowing' could be. By starting here, and using the processes of knowledge production we had generated, we agreed that we could create a more participatory experience and a new context that would have the potential to engage new networks, giving ourselves a larger, social sphere in which to work and perhaps allowing a longer life span to our activities.

We are now in a position to figure out what these activities could be. Taking the same process of learning as we did before, we plan to work through our ideas by trial and error. From our experience at LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL, and subsequent discussions, we have the blueprints for a new series of projects. At the moment, we are exploring models of informal knowledge production, however our group objective remains the same - to generate a participatory testing grounds of possibilities and criticality that exists between the institution and real life; one that resists the standardisation of academic learning, but uses a framework of pedagogy to inhabit and explore ideas around self-organisation and praxis.

Caroline Stevenson for Geopolyphonies
November 2010



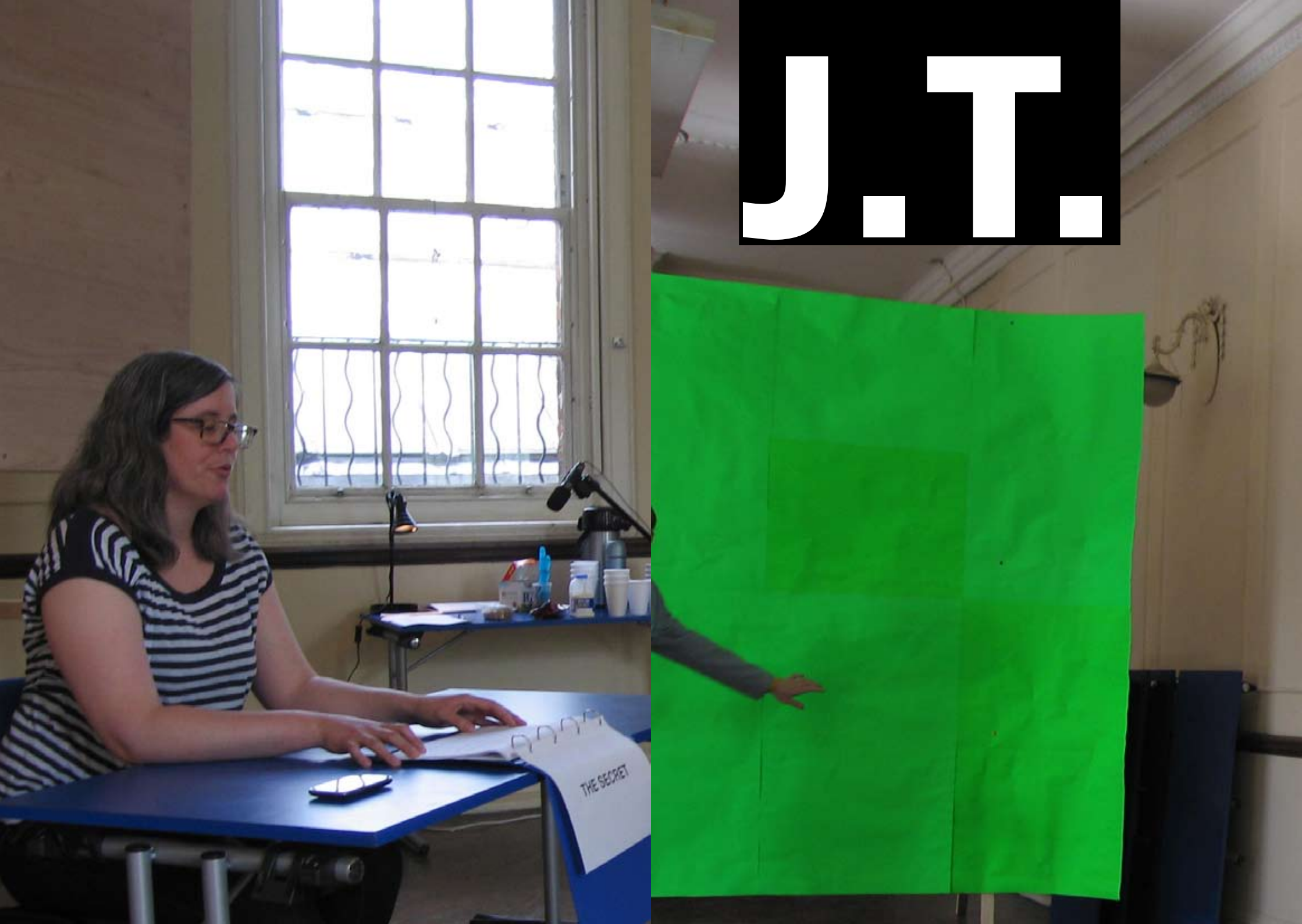


H.A.

J.L.



J.T.





**THE THEATRE OF DEMOCRACY AND THE
SERVICE ECONOMY PARADIGM**

ADDENDA

A democracy cannot manage an empire [...] your empire is a despotism exercised over unwilling subjects.

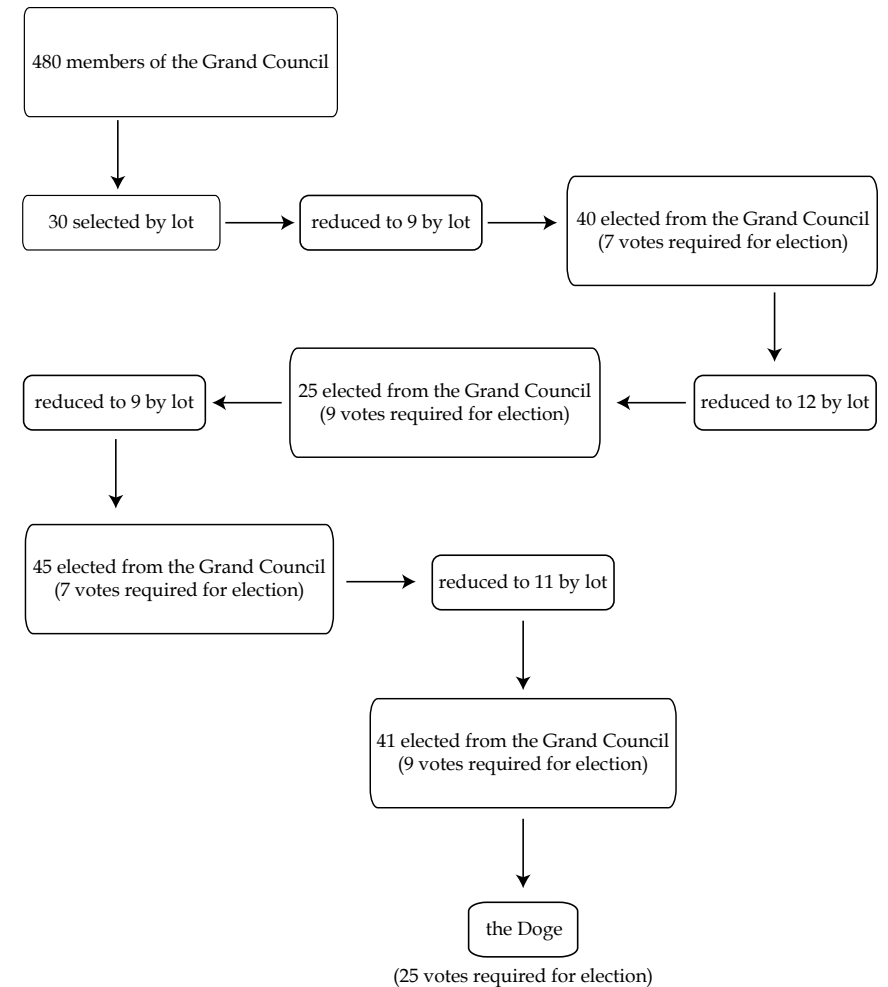
Cleon to the Athenian Assembly in Thucydides, *The Peloponnesian War*, 3.37

Computer systems and mathematical models of election

The majority of electoral systems have accreted over time without any particular analysis of how and if they allow the views of the electorate to be represented: Statistical analysis of the system used to select the Venetian Doge has show that it is very hard to corrupt and naturally settles towards a candidate preferred by 64% of the electorate, while allowing room for minority candidates to remain in contention. Because of these characteristics a streamlined version of this has been proposed by Mowbray and Gollmann of HP Labs as a model for secure computer protocols. The Schulze method; another recently developed complex voting mechanism that has been statistically shown to reflect voter preferences to a very high degree of accuracy has become the preferred voting mechanism for a number of scientific and computer programming communities, including various open source based projects such as the Wikimedia Foundation. As with the Venetian election protocol its narrative aspects; in this instance being new, mathematically rational, and complex; add to its attraction amongst the organisations that use it.

Complex models of politics and election as a leisure pursuit

One of the key points about complex political mechanisms requiring direct participation or multiple votes is that they are time consuming and as such leisure pursuits for a politically engaged class: Therefore in a multi-levered political system agitation becomes either a job or a lifestyle choice. The depoliticised (!) version of this participatory model manifests as the popular voting mechanisms and dramatic morality tales of reality television. These mirror images steadily become merged, with the same personality based narrative model used to create a political story, the viewer/voter becomes (actually and symbolically) involved in this story through their choices and emotional involvement with the spectacle. This double process is very apparent with *Afghan Star*; the most popular TV programme in Afghanistan and the subject of a 2009 documentary by Havana Marking; the programme is presented by Marking as a surrogate for the actual democratic political process that the country is struggling to implement. In *Afghan Star*, as in other reality TV shows, the serial narrative format dictates that the voting process is based on removing the least popular participant over multiple rounds rather than the more conventional selecting of a winner based on a majority. The contention of the documentary being that it is easier to import the the meme of western style democracy into a conservative tribal based society through the entertainment industry rather than by helicopter gunship. The key to this is it is voluntary and ethno-politically unimportant (meaning that a Pashtun can feel able vote for a Tajik etc.) and therefore can be a way of retro-fitting the democratic process, giving a new meaning to 'politicising aesthetics'. In this context the Taliban's ban on television can be seen as eminently sensible.



Protocol for the election of the Doge of Venice

From 1268 until the fall of the republic in 1797 the Venetian head of state was elected by a highly complex mechanism; nine alternating rounds of lottery selection and approval voting (see diagram) were used to pick a panel of 41 who would then select the Doge. This process was in the hands of the oligarchic plutocracy of merchant families that made up the 480 man Grand Council and had a vested interest in maintaining a stable trading base; it encouraged consensus building and minimised corruption allowing the Serene Republic to remain politically stable throughout this highly turbulent period of Italian history. Although absolute in its seriousness this process was in many ways a theatre or game whose length and complexity reinforced the collective intent of the ruling merchant class, it was the affirmation of the narrative not the end result that was important.

The theatre of security

The complexity and time consuming nature of the election for the Doge provides an example of the theatre of security; where the process is deliberately over-elaborate to publicise the idea that those involved take the activity seriously. This security is actual and self-perpetuating but also problematic; it contributes to a group's unity and the emotional and intellectual investment that is placed in its processes increases its security against the majority of threats, but this also creates a complacency and helplessness in the face of insidious and aberrant dangers. Actual or not the theatre of security is just that – a theatre, a realm of make believe which is only as secure as the belief in it, sooner or later someone who is not part of the play will come along and dismantle it. In the case of the Venetian Republic it was the enlightenment inspired army of Revolutionary France commanded by the future dictator Napoleon who came to change the set.

Politics and media representation – Astroturfing and the reality-based community

Political processes have always focussed on the control of the flow of information as the leverage of power; however with the economic structure of global capital shifting from an industrial to a service model of production the flow of information becomes paramount, absolute, and decoupled from external reality. Witness the now infamous Baudrillardian statement by an aide of President Bush about the 'reality-based community' reported by Ron Suskind, or the phenomenon of Astroturfing; literally the creation of fake grass-roots pressure groups, especially online, by political lobbyists to create the impression of popular support.

This feeds into the idea of direct democracy via the internet becoming not just a forum but also a mechanism for political distribution. This move towards pure democracy facilitated by technology is a common science fiction device; when the process becomes too streamlined and immediate within Frank Herbert's *Whipping Star* the Bureau of Sabotage is set up to slow the wheels of government, and restore a level of sanity and continuity to the process of governance. Within Iain M. Bank's *Culture* novels a post-scarcity society has dispensed with internal politics as a method of rationing power and resources; leaving technocratic control to its sentient machines – as a result of this power politics is externalised into a game played out within less developed alien civilisations.

Politicking with Consent

The essential nature of the merging of politics and entertainment is that it has to happen in a consensus society; where the broad social paradigms are unquestioned. In this sense Fukuyama was right when he referred to the end of history; but only within the political narrative of the West, the total victory of liberal capital ensured that mass membership of any (proletarian) political movement that threatened these norms was now unthinkable. Protest would continue but it would be civil protest in that it accepted the structure of governance and only wished to alter policy; the majority of anti-Gulf War protesters in the West accepted the legitimacy

of the existing political institutions, they merely disagreed with the implemented policy. In this environment difference of ideology is replaced by difference of personality, the winner of the election like the winner of the reality TV programme being the one the voter would most like to go for a beer/to bed with. This theatre of democracy might appear to be stable but is only temporary.

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We're an empire now, and when we act, we create our own reality. And while you're studying that reality - judiciously, as you will - we'll act again, creating other new realities, which you can study too, and that's how things will sort out. We're history's actors . . . and you, all of you, will be left to just study what we do.

Anonymous Bush aide, reported by Ron Suskind, NY Times Magazine, 17/10/04

**JONATHAN TRAYNER
2010**



K.W.

+

J.A.

K.F.





Kathryn Faulkner responds to

**THE LECTURE SERIES:
EPISTEMOLOGICAL FINDINGS AT UCL.**

First performed as a tape slide installation at the Slade School of Fine Art MFA shows in June 2008 and subsequently delivered as part of the FIVE YEARS. LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL series of participatory events at Bethnal Green Library Lecture Hall on Saturday June 26th 2010 between 3pm - 4.45pm.

A tape slide installation is hard to put together these days; an anachronistic medium in the digital age, most of the equipment needed is hard to find. I managed to borrow the tape player that I used at the Slade and a slide dissolve unit from a friend and another slide projector that matched my own from another friend, but the slide dissolve unit packed up the day before I needed it and my slide projector transit kept jamming. I had no choice but to be the manual trigger advancing the slides in time to the tape soundtrack. This in itself was no bad thing, but the poor acoustics in the Lecture Hall were an issue for me. I felt acutely self conscious that the lectures could not be heard clearly enough and rather than being cool about it, panicked and wanted to run home to get another amp and speakers. But Eddy was quite firm about making do with what the Lecture Hall situation created and said "This is a FREE SCHOOL remember." This should have been my cue to adapt my performance to accommodate the conditions of the location.

I handed out a booklet of the transcribed lectures but the slides needed a dark room so we drew down the blackout blinds as it was a very sunny afternoon. The audience was small and people came and went, although three friends sat through the piece three times. During the last delivery one of them followed the soundtrack by managing to read along despite the subdued light. Afterwards she commented that this was the only way she could understand the lectures but had accepted that that some were audible and others weren't when she was just listening and that this characteristic was an enjoyable part of the piece. The others said that they enjoyed the unintelligible parts and didn't feel frustrated by the poor quality sound at all. It bothers me though and I kick myself for not making better recordings in the lectures from the start. (Perhaps I should remake the work and go about it in a more professional manner?) But the most enjoyable part of collecting the lectures was the fact that it was done without permission and no one noticed me making the pinhole photograph as the camera just looks like a small black box. Recording the sound from the middle of the auditorium was intended to give the sense of being in the audience, submerged in the act of listening and watching, being there rather than simply downloading a Podcast.

In the Library Lecture Hall I could have embraced the clarity problem and spoken along with the soundtrack, but as it was, I forwarded the slides in time with the tape and introduced each lecture with the name of the speaker or the title of the lecture. I now remember the event as underlining my failure to respond quickly enough to the situation. I feel that I missed an opportunity to perform the edited lectures, although I would have found this quite challenging. I still feel slightly embarrassed by my handling of the situation - like I failed in some important way - even to the point of being an embarrassing participant. I understand that I have a totally ambivalent attitude towards being involved with such events. I get terribly nervous about performing in public, but also experience a kind of joy from the position I get myself to in the end; like starting out with something worryingly onerous that transforms into a pleasurable accomplishment through the act of confronting it.

So on reflection I want to revisit this event and perform linguistically from my transcript. This would emphasise my editing process, the subjective nature of what we take away from a lecture, what we hold on to and make our own - basically how we learn. I have considered remaking the work as a film with subtitles, so that the original poor sound recording does not preclude an understanding of the condensed lecture form, which is what I proposed for LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. in the first place. Perhaps they can exist as two distinct works, one for performance and one for exhibition?

Kathryn Faulkner, November 2010.

JAKE CHAPMAN

J. Z. YOUNG LECTURE THEATRE 20.2.2008

I seriously think that that art is a an incredibly complicated activity. You know, not simply just talking about violence or shock or vile imagery but these things can be treated symptomatically with art.

Are there ideological reasons why someone's making this work? Is it political? Is it critical?

Surely the point of a work of art is to actually kind of progress beyond the simple surfaces of objects, and coz of its complications it is really attractive for many reasons. While on the one hand it seems to, you know, we seem to measure things like civilization by it, by art, the idea of the work of art being the absolute apex of civilization being the thing which absolutely demonstrates how civilized people are. Alludes to the greatest sort of feat of human endeavor which is a concept of aesthetic beauty and the sublime which are which are terms laden with with huge idealistic pretensions.

It shimmers between being an object of absolute beauty and an object of absolute stupidity.

There's a really interesting idea that while on the one hand a work of art can stand as being the highest form of human endeavor but also it kind of undermines that very principle instantly. Your ambitions for that thing to say what you want it to say.

And absolutely every single case, in every single case, it fails.

But what's interesting about making a work of art is not that its successes but its just a cascade of failures. Otherwise you could make the most perfect work of art and stop and say that's it, I've done it.



21st August 2010 by email.

Hi Kathryn,

Thanks for sending the pdf version of the transcript. I've finally had the chance to read it all the way through. It's taken some time because I had some major problems with my computer, it was badly effected by spyware. At the time I thought it was a virus and I just couldn't do much with the computer so I reformatted the hard drive. Which meant backing up all my files, which took some time. Now that my computer is back to normal, I've had a chance to take it all in.

It must have taken a bit of effort to get those lectures transcribed, I did a similar thing with my first lecture on Angels, it was an hour long and painstaking work. The strange thing was that even though I took the lecture, there were one or two questions that were asked, and reactions to my images, where I didn't quite hear everything clearly at the time, and listening back to the recording whilst writing down the transcript, brought through a different light on things.

It's interesting how much sense you can make from some of your transcribed lectures, even though large portions were missing. Some of the transcript actually felt quite linear, especially the lecture on the 'Return of Syphilis', probably due to the nature of the subject. I found the transcript as a work, to be curious, intriguing, thought provoking in areas and a little bewildering in others, but good fun over all. I also loved the note on which the work ended, which was quite a poignant perspective on the inherent nature of art.

It was also interesting to be aware how different an experience it was to read the work, as opposed to viewing and listening to it. In a way it's almost like the transcript is a separate work in it's own right, due to the way the information is absorbed, obviously the images are missing as is the character and expression of the voices and sense of atmosphere from the background noise, however I found that it allowed me to gain a different outlook with certain portions of the work because I was just focusing on the text.

Sometimes when you're absorbing sound and images, part of the meaning in the words might not be fully absorbed by the conscious mind, although in my case when I saw your work the sound wasn't quite what it should have been, that probably could have played a part in things.

Anyway I've gone on for long enough, thank you once again for sending the pdf, do keep me informed as to the things you're doing. I would also love to learn more about the camera you made for the work, if and when you have the time.

With regards, George.

L.A.





After yet another fruitless night of wasted banter and continuous wailing with fellow artists that he pretended he liked, he returned to his apartment, based in the newly gentrified neighbourhood of the east.

He certainly wouldn't be able to recite all that was on display at the opening tonight as his strategy (as usual) was to find cheap booze in a place where they always stock – the Gallery shows.

And for a moment he romantically wondered to himself what gallery openings would be like if there was no booze or free highs (apart from the Art of course). This would leave the organisations in question and the artists involved to make their existence valid and to warrant a reason for demanding the attention of those who attended their establishments.

This way the weak would truly be weeded out in what would resemble more of a gladiatorial arena of Masters rather than the current lingering stench of a fancy dress parade.

"Justice as raw as Everclear, but fair nonetheless" he muttered to himself as he looked in the mirror to find the shadow of his former identity.

What went wrong in his original ideal to give the world something it had not witnessed in a long time?

Like many others who came before him, it was never an easy task to resist the temptations of the canon. "Death seems to high a price to pay for sticking to what you believe in nowadays" he remembered.

He turned away from his reflection in disgust, took off his jacket, cracked open yet another Stella and proceeded to his phone's answer machine where he played back the day's messages, in the hope of sifting out the soul sacrificing message he had tirelessly been waiting for.

There was only one message detailing an opportunity to show at a space by the Lane, which charged the exhibiting artist an arm and a leg to display their works. "Crooks" he thought to himself as he sifted through piles of 'Get rich' schemes and credit card advertising messages.

He continued to hold the forwarding button until he reached the last message

and returned to neck down his cheap beer at the rate of drinking water.

In that instant he heard a voice he thought had died long ago.

You could see the fear in his eyes as the pupils began to dilate.

He ceased to swallow the last few drops of his beer, but stayed stunned, in his drinking position, allowing it to spill from his cheeks, before splashing onto his counterfeit Dior shirt and onto the antique pinewood flooring beneath his frozen stance.

The message proceeded:

*Times have change as they always do,
But many things in our world have not,
Which is the reason why I will be returning.*

*In a time where backbones have disintegrated,
And mediocrity is celebrated,
We are suffering,*

*Not so much because of the demon barbers of
Parliament,
But because of our futile efforts to truly unite,
express or at least stay true to our beliefs
– Versus the current state of just pumping out
tired faecal matter.*

*Even the Jays look down and fly away from us
in disgust.*

*The space is a barren desolate wasteland,
Continuing to pollute the earth's atmosphere,
Existing without genuine intent or reason.*

*I grow hungry to give you this,
You think you are full but you are starving for
this also.*

*You continue to take for granted that which you
are gifted with until the time comes to answer
for your actions.*

*It is a cycle that doesn't spare this generation
or the last.*

*You do not see me now,
But rest assured, I shall return,
And when I arrive you will know.*

Still holding to the frozen state, he was left to confirm the beginning of his nightmare. The return of The Laughing Boy.

To be continued....



**TOO MANY
ACTORS
TOO FEW
ARTISTS**





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LESSON PLAN

Date: 24.06.2010 **Class:** 13a **Level:** Intermediate **Room:** Conference room 1b

Class Profile: 1x Austrian, 1x Italian, 2x Korea, 1x French, 1x Ukrainian, 1x Russian, 2x Japanese

Aims: to make students aware of language in order to deal with difficult and awkward questions in business situations: 'How to succeed at Business English: Lesson #23 addressing awkward questions (and look smart)'

Materials: don't use obsolete, outdated equipment (e.g. whiteboards, marker pens, OHPs etc) use the most up to date technology: portable digital projector, Mac Powerbook, iPad, business English bible: 'Ruthless Business Practices: I don't care about anyone except myself' by David L Cashe.

Anticipated problems: certain language which can be misinterpreted (informal language used in a formal situation)

Purpose of stage	Interaction	Description of stage	Time
To introduce the concept of responding to awkward and difficult questions	Ask students if any of them have experienced a situation that necessitated answering awkward questions	Introduce language appropriate to answering awkward questions. Go through phrases highlighting stress, intonation, linking sounds, weak forms etc Right! 1. Good question....I'll look into that and get back to you 2. That's a really interesting question...to which I don't know the answer right now. 3. I'd need to do some more research into that and get back to you.....but I just haven't had the time. 4. I'm sorry but may I direct you to one of my colleagues who has more knowledge in this area.....in fact Steve should have sorted this out, so talk to him. 5. That isn't my field I'm afraid - what about you John, know anything about this? 6. With all due respect, that question is a little off-topic and I haven't wasted my precious time coming all the way over here to be asked stupid questions like that! 7. I'm afraid I don't know but you should be able to find out on the internet - just Google it. 8. Ask me another question 'cos I haven't got a clue what you're on about!	10mins
Correct students pointing out the different expressions and phrases differentiating between 'right' and 'wrong', formal and informal	Students to practice saying expressions in groups of three - lots of lively drilling!	The phrases below could be considered a little inappropriate in formal business situations. Wrong! I'm sorry but I don't know what you're taking about! Look mate I haven't got a clue what you're on about! (Both phrases are a bit too informal and show lack of knowledge - use appropriate language to hide this fact). Look mate ask another stupid question and I'll ram my iPad right down your throat..... (a bit defensive and too informal and you don't want to get scratches on your new iPad). Any more idiotic questions and I'm outta here...(again too defensive and try to show a bit of maturity if in an upper management position) What do you mean you don't understand - are you a f***** moron?! (probably a little too aggressive if you're trying to secure a \$1m deal, so try to moderate your language - use idiot instead).	30mins
Write on board structures and make sure all students can respond quickly if asked an awkward question	To finish - group exercise with tutor selecting individual students to respond quickly to awkward question asked		5mins

LESSON PLAN

Date: 24th June 2010 **Level:** Unknown **Room:** Bethnal Green Library Lecture Hall

Class profile: The curious, the confused, those of an artistic bent, those with nothing better to do, mainly Natives of the British Isles, mixed age range of questionable proficiency range.

Aim: To create a drawn narrative documenting the artist's TEFLtastic time in Taiwan in 1986

Materials/Equipment: 50 metre roll of paper. Red satin ribbon. Marker pen. Post-punk Soundtrack (Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Art of Noise, The Cure. Selected for their sense of menace, paranoia, claustrophobia and euphoria)

Anticipated problems: No audience. Total meltdown. Audience intolerance to soundtrack. Boredom.

Purpose of Stage: To communicate a complicated narrative pictorially through bold line drawings in a 'whiteboard' style and simple words.

Interaction: The audience are encouraged to interact through the artist's movement around the space. The 'scroll' drawing unwinds gradually across the floor in a ritualistic manner, the audience can take the opportunity to follow its development. The audience's challenge is both physical - to 'keep up' with the manic activities of the artist - and cognitive - to take their own journey of semiotics through piecing together the narrative.

POST-LESSON SELF OBSERVATION : *The performance was reliant on a moment of boldness and spontaneity on the part of one or two individuals to prompt the remainder of the group to get involved. ie to get off their seats and on to their feet. The space was activated by the artist's physicality, the audience's active response and the dynamic soundtrack accompanying the drawing receding away from them to the back of the hall. The drawing was paced by the soundtrack which enabled the performance to reach a satisfying conclusion with a drawn Buddha synchronised with the last lyric: 'No-venber'. This was a profound moment. HEIDI WIGMORE*

RISE,
I know that it's [REDACTED]
That I can't [REDACTED] we're [REDACTED]
They say that [REDACTED] a [REDACTED]
And I'm [REDACTED] you.
It's gonna [REDACTED] I know,
But I'll get over you.

Look in my [REDACTED] Look in my [REDACTED]
I have seen them [REDACTED] apart.
Now I'm [REDACTED] to rise again.
Just look in my [REDACTED].
Look at my dreams [REDACTED] from these [REDACTED]
Now, I'm [REDACTED] to rise again.

[REDACTED] in my [REDACTED]
Like a [REDACTED] in my [REDACTED]
You [REDACTED] so many [REDACTED].
But, the [REDACTED] was hard to [REDACTED].

I better [REDACTED] I know that I'll get over you.

Look in my [REDACTED]
Look in my [REDACTED]
I have seen them [REDACTED]
Now I'm [REDACTED] to rise again.
Just look in my [REDACTED].
Look in my dreams [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] from these [REDACTED]
Now, I'm [REDACTED] to rise again.

Much [REDACTED] has [REDACTED] between [REDACTED].
Mmm.
Do you still [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] at all?
My [REDACTED] of [REDACTED]
Now, you won't [REDACTED] when I [REDACTED]

Methodrone is a peep into a world within a world of a bygone era that has somehow survived into the 20th century without changing in any way: a method created in the sixties that claims to teach English 75% faster than any of its rivals.

To this day, many thousands of people subject themselves to its singular charms in order to get closer to a mastery of the English language.

The materials involved are of the utmost simplicity from a technological point of view: a series of textbooks and a training manual, all apparently produced using little more than a typewriter & a John Bull Printing Set.

The classrooms, small cell-like spaces, have no blackboard. There are only two visual aids permitted: a picture of a typical English family, circa 1960, and an illustration of a set of coloured pencils.



The Method itself borrows from pseudo-scientific mind control theories from cold war spy thrillers and brainwashing techniques used by religious cult groups.

Throughout the lesson, the teacher is required to pace relentlessly behind an imposing lectern rapidly firing scripted questions at the pupils in a regimented stentorian fashion, and the pupils answer according to a similarly proscribed structure.

An internet system is installed in every classroom, ostensibly to allow the management to communicate with the teachers. It is also used to ease drop on the lessons to ensure the Method is being followed to the letter.

The textbooks read like Boys' Own annuals, populated by soldiers, adventurers, policemen, traitors and the occasional cannibal.

The training manuals are, like the textbooks, extremely repetitive, in order to hammer the author's words home.

They are also used as a vehicle to air pet theories and prejudices. Like the textbooks, they reveal a beazer disregard for political correctness. More figurative statements have since been redacted, lending the manuals the appearance of declassified intelligence documents.

As is often the case in working life, the teachers recruited to operate the Method are somewhat miscast for the role. The sometimes smiling, sometimes scowling figure in the video suggests the uneasy relationship that teachers have with their duties; the soundtrack that mixes the wisdom of the training manual with the textbook questions replicates the awful dreams of a methadone addict.

With little thought, they reach a point of normalisation where they are able, indeed best advised, to operate an autopilot with the reality of what they are doing rarely encroaches on absent-minded reveries about tea time & stuff.

The methodisation process is complete.

METHODRONE TRAINING VIDEO BY PHIL HARRIS

The teacher should ask the pupil questions at the rate of about four words a second, that is, 240 words a minute.

By constantly talking he is hypnotising his audience so that they forget they have an appointment in here, or they loom is waiting for them at home. By talking at top speed he does not give them time to think of these things, but the moment he stops, the spell is broken, the audience wakes up to the outside world and hurries on its way.

WHAT AM I DOING? You're threatening to hit somebody with your hand.

If the... I think most of the world would have been destroyed and most of the people is killed or left to suffer and die a slow death.

ALL TEACHERS MUST TEACH IDENTICALLY

Would you like to be a prison guard?

WHERE IN THE WORLD CAN A MAN MURDER ANOTHER MAN WITHOUT BREAKING THE LAW?

WHAT ANGERS YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE?

DO INNOCENT PEOPLE EVER GET ATTACKED IN THE STREETS OF YOUR HOME TOWN?

Have you ever wished you were dead? — Why or why not?

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IN YOUR LIFE?

HAS ANYBODY EVER THREATENED YOU WITH A KNIFE OR A GUN? WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE WORST FIGURE IN HISTORY?

WOULD YOU RESIST ARREST BY THE POLICE?

I do not possess anything / that is useless. / The driver must have been mad, he was driving the car / at a devil of a speed / round a blind corner /

TEACHER SHOULD BE LIKE A FLYWEIGHT BOXER

The teacher should rush into the room and give the lesson with the quick nervous body movements of a flyweight boxer in the ring. He should not shuffle out of his corner like a slow and lazy heavyweight.

6) Would you give your last piece of food to a dying friend even though you were dying yourself? — Why or why not?

CHATting IS ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL EVILS

High pressure sales-talk never allows the listener to be bored. The teacher should teach as though he were selling something upon which his livelihood depended.

TO stop is fatal.

SUCCESS LIES IN REPETITION

DO YOU LIKE READING ABOUT MURDERS?

WHAT COLOUR CLOTHES DO PEOPLE WEAR FOR A FUNERAL?

IF YOU FELL FROM THE TOP OF A VERY HIGH BUILDING WHAT'D HAPPEN?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO PAY A VISIT TO A MAD-HOUSE?

PUPILS AND SHEEPDOGS SHOULD NOT BE PLAYED AROUND WITH

Do you ever stop to think out even as you are having your lunch people are dying in the world? — Why or why not?

IS IT POSSIBLE TO KILL A MAN WITH ONE'S BARE HANDS, THAT IS, WITHOUT USING A WEAPON OF ANY KIND?

DO NOT LET THE PUPIL GET AWAY WITH A THING

It is said that / when a rat is cornered / by a man / and has to defend its life / it will fly / at the man's throat, /

You must make him realize that there is no escape, that he is caught up in a relentless teaching machine that must be answered; he cannot wriggle out of it or avoid it. The machine is not satisfied with anything short of perfection.

Understanding Verbs: Transitive versus Intransitive

Part 1 - The grammastay DVD

The DVD demonstrates the difference between transitive and intransitive verbs using clips from the 1978 film *I spit on you grave*. A voice-over and bright graphics assist in the explanation and over the four examples the complete plot is described:

- The men rape the woman.
- The woman prays.
- The woman kills the men.
- The woman smiles.

Part 2 - Detailed explanation

A complete sentence consists of a subject and a predicate. The part of the sentence that we will discuss today is the predicate. The predicate of a sentence contains the sentence's verb phrase. Verbs may interact with the rest of the predicate that follows the verbs in the sentence in one of two ways and they are classified as transitive or intransitive according to this interaction. Generally this interaction has much to do with whether the sentence has a direct object.

The direct object is the word or phrase in a sentence that follows the verb and receives the verb's action. Verbs which require a direct object to succeed them unless they are made passive, are called transitive verbs, while verbs which require no direct object and cannot be made passive are called intransitive verbs. Let's take a look at some examples:

Transitive verb
Genghis Kahn slaughtered the children.

Transitive verb made passive
The children were slaughtered by Genghis Kahn.

Note that the first sentence is active. In this sentence Genghis Kahn is the subject, the person or thing that the rest of the sentence is about, while slaughtered functions as a transitive verb which must be followed by a direct object. In this case, it is children. The second example differs because it has been made passive. The former direct object, children is now the subject, while were slaughtered is the verb and by Genghis Kahn, a prepositional phrase, follows it. In this case, the sentence has no direct object. The fact that the verb slaughtered can be made passive shows that it is a transitive verb.

Intransitive verb
James died when he ate the tablets.
James died.

Note that both sentences are active. James is the subject, the person or thing that the rest of the sentence is about, while died functions as an intransitive verb. It is not followed by a direct object, but instead it is followed by a prepositional phrase (when he ate). However, note that the verb died, since it is intransitive, does not necessarily need anything to follow it at all. Although the second sentence, James died, provides little detail, it is grammatically correct because the verb is intransitive and does not have to be followed by anything.

Part 3 - The exercise

Underline the verb in each sentence and indicate whether it is being used as a transitive verb or an intransitive verb.

1. The car exploded in the town square.
2. The child killed the fish with a pen.
3. Alice shot two of the beautiful creatures.
4. My mother steals money every Sunday.
5. The terrorists destroyed the entire cinema when they struck.
6. I blew up the school bus yesterday morning.
7. The boiling water scalded her face.
8. I opened the door to a man with a sword.
9. We talked about the riot all evening.
10. James ran away from the bleeding woman.

Answer key to the exercise

1. exploded I 2. killed T 3. shot T 4. steals T 5. destroyed, struck T, I 6. blew up T 7. scalded T 8. opened T 9. talked I 10. ran I



Patrick Loan



Heidi Wigmore



Phil Harris



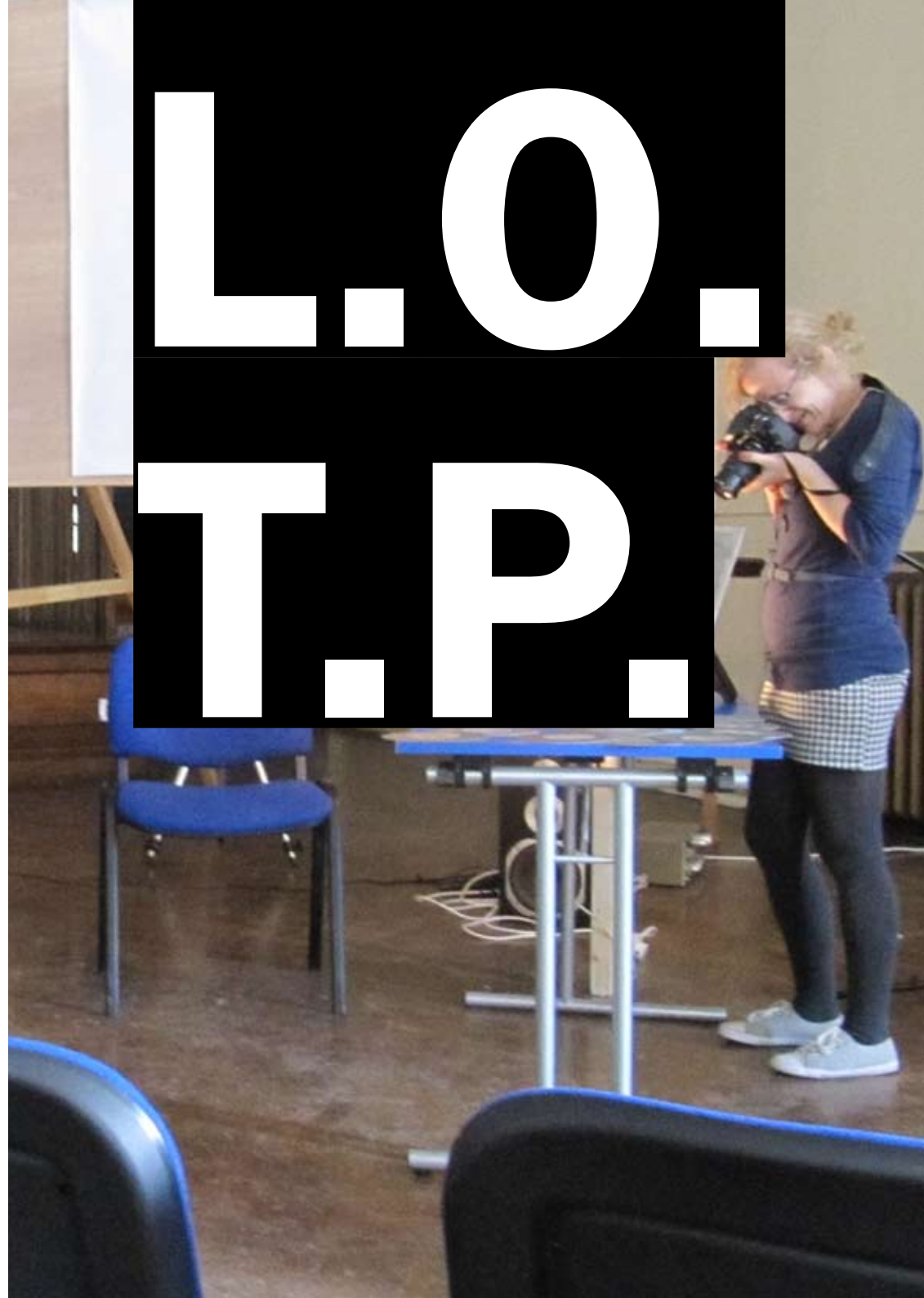
Adrian Lee



TEFLTASTIC Adventures in Teaching English as a Foreign Language

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L.O. T.P.





THE FAILED STUDENT AND THE HETEROTOPIAN SCHOOL

>>NOVEMBER 5, 2010

Written by Renée O'Drobinak
Edited by Ana Čavić
Ladies of the Press* © 2010

*"First there are the utopias. Utopias are sites with no real space."
—Michel Foucault, extract from 'Des Espaces Autres, lecture for the Cercle d'études
architecturale, 14 March 1967.*

I clearly missed the first performance.

I creep into "class", trying not to gather too much attention. But with a heavy door and echoing room, this is pretty much impossible—all eyes immediately shoot at me. All three pairs of them. I apologetically bow, pointlessly tip toe to a seat, and slump down. So much for being a co-organiser.

I am immediately prompted to describe our failed TEXT/BOOK project. TEXT/BOOK was a gallery based undertaking that Ana and I initiated as the Ladies of the Press* to experiment with recording and archiving during YES. YES. I KNOW. FREE SCHOOL. I KNOW., a project that happened at Five Years in 2009. We meticulously collected notes from each performer, took

notes ourselves, photographed and archived all collected data in an installation in the space throughout the exhibition. It was a public editorial process with a goal to edit a publication in one format or another. This failed miserably. Ana and I found that we couldn't face the mass amounts of data that loomed over us in giant IKEA bags after the show. But this unwittingly empty act of public editing had its perks: we actively contributed ourselves to the discussions and the 'participatory activities', and being the audience when it was lacking. In one sense, we were there to witness, to edit the event itself.

We were hoping to remedy our failure in the next incarnation of this project, in this massive Lecture Hall at Bethnal Green Library. Curiously enough a library is a place of infinite accumulation, and sadly, a public space that is increasingly falling short of having a secure place in the lives of the local inhabitants—though ironically, this is the very reason why we had the opportunity to hold events there in the first place. It's an archive of finite demand, almost. I think this as I pass the romance novella and sport biographies. It was as though we were seeing our editorial project come in full circle, to find itself in yet another failed archive. We intended to take the subjects at LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. outside of the physical library space and outwards, via publishing, so these materials could be accessed by a bigger audience. What we did succeed in doing was to create even more data.

There was a particularly poignant moment in LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. after the Geopolyphonies Collective presented their recent research work on markets, when John Cussans made an impassioned argument on the problematics of theory versus practice. What is "field work" without having engaged with the field, and what use is classroom theory in a real London market? A "free" art school, in theory, is perfect. But like all utopias, it's not feasible.

First of all there is the eternal dilemma of ideals VS economy. Most of the sessions were organised by practitioners, lecturers, and the like during their spare time. And needless to say, commitment became an issue. The reality of LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. was that it was prone to life intervening—and it did. A couple of participants were unable to turn up due to unforeseen circumstances. But then, weekday sessions were most often abysmally attended. Most of the people who wanted to see this were at work. Ana and I were no exception; personal issues popped up for the both of us, to top our manic performing schedule as the Ladies of the Press*, having been on tour in the UK and abroad for most of the year. In the meantime I had effectively lost my job,

and started a new one. But nevertheless I shouldn't have to bow apologetically in regards to this (a girl's got to pay her rent, after all). A free initiative, in order for it to be free, must operate from surplus, whether it is time or money. It's just the way it is.

So much for free school, you say? Perhaps with a lack of funding and PR (Yes, PR. For what is a school with no students? Ignominious wank, as someone once said), it will continue to be a repeated failure—but of course, having to chase funds would defeat the point of it being a "free" school. And even the Ladies of the Press*, with our occasional "publicist" personas, had to tend to our respective secretarial jobs during setup, as my 17:45 appearance in a pinstripe skirt would have testified at the time.

But I still have hope. These free schools, whatever critiques they were intended to be, are not so much utopian but heterotopian, as Foucault had aptly coined it; for our purposes let's apply it to this disjointed Lecture Hall space that witnessed the meeting of a scattered, and perhaps incompatible, selection of creative spheres in London. And I'm not just talking about a bunch of ex-Goldsmiths and ex-Slade students discussing Ontology in an East End library.

During the aforementioned first incarnation of this free school project in 2009 two Italian curators, Marianna Liosi and Alessandra Saviotti, came in and showed us how to cook Carbonara the way they do it back home. Subsequently this simple recipe entered my regular repertoire of everyday cooking. Free school lives on in small constellations, including my frying pan, alongside some bacon and parmesan. Not to mention, I can whip out a basic pole dance move having attended Patricia Delgado's class from the second incarnation, if I am ever confronted with a lonesome pole.

During her session, Nela Milić told the group she is going to recite poetry from three categories: life, love, and places. She chucked, and added that of course 'love' is going to be the most interesting. I suspect we were thinking of all the failed loves when we silently agreed. In terms of my own collective failures, Beckett did famously say, after all, "fail better"—and at the end of the day, I think we did.

■

L.S.



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(Evening Standard, Jan 1996)

The Otherwise Club provides an invaluable opportunity for families with children out of school to meet regularly and offer mutual support for the whole family, to exchange skills and provide opportunities not readily available to families. Many friendships are formed, with families often meeting up outside of the club for social visits educational trip and trips away throughout the UK and Europe.

We particularly welcome new families and visitors on the first Thursday of each month.

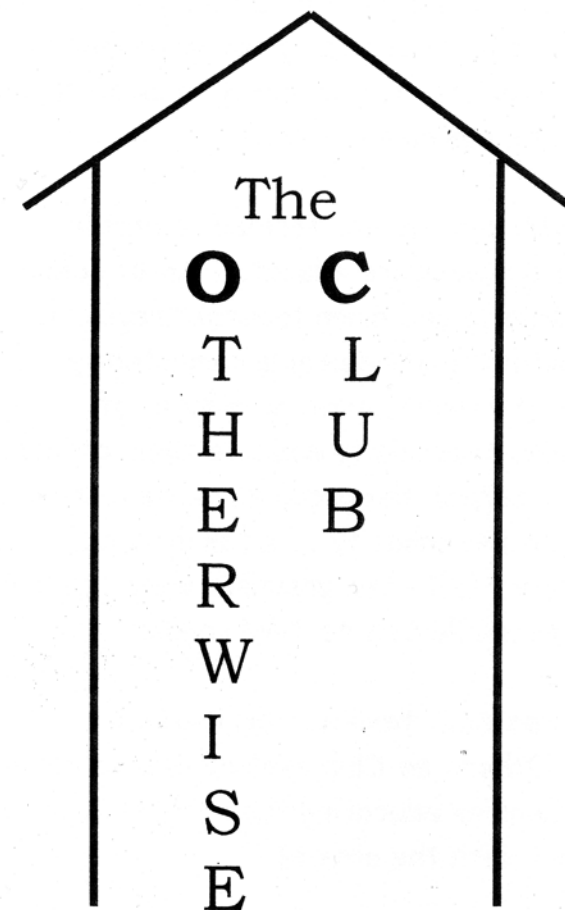
Please contact the club for further details:

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The Past

The roots of **The Otherwise Club** go back to 1991, to the home of a family with a long term vision of providing an Open University style recourse for school aged children, as well as a community centre.

In 1990 a group was formed to enable children who were educated out of school to socialize and learn together regularly and with the same people consistently. With the rapidly growing number of families choosing to educate their children out of school, the group quickly expanded beyond the capacity of a family home and in February 1993 new premises were found in The Granville Centre, NW London.

With so many families now involved, **The Otherwise Club** evolved into a centre for families educating their children out of school, with the aims of

- Providing regular social interaction for families to exchange views and ideas
- Providing workshops and group activities in which all members are able to participate.

The Present

We currently have in the region of thirty-five families who are members of **The Otherwise Club**, with each family paying membership fees towards the cost of renting the premises and resources.

We offer regular workshops on subjects as varied as rock climbing, soap making and first aid. As well as regular visits from specialists in areas as diverse as African drumming, police dog handling and country dancing, we organize group holidays and excursions, including an annual trip to an organic farm near Glastonbury, Somerset.

We are particularly keen to help older home educated children and young people and with this in mind have run Adventure, Service Challenge (ASC) Scheme and Duke of Edinburgh Award (D of E) Scheme both for some years. Recently, the club has been supporting young people in some of their GCSE's with very good results.

We have two regular history groups running throughout the year most recently looking at Genghis Khan and Mongolia. This group made a yurt from an ancient design for the club, coppicing the wood and making the felt to line it.

The Future

Innovation in education is an issue that is always inspirational to the wider community. With a growing number of families choosing to educate their children out of school, **The Otherwise Club** is also expanding.

We are hoping to be able to buy our own premises which would enable us to run more workshops and regular courses. In order to expand and begin some of the projects we have in mind such as an apprenticeship scheme for any child or young person, an alternative education resource library and a regular radio programme focusing on alternative education, we need your help and continuing support.

The **Otherwise Club's** values, its approach and its care and respect for the individual show a way forward, a new choice and a valuable alternative. The club has already caught the imagination of many people and it is through their moral and financial support that the club continues.

However more support is always needed. We welcome your contribution, whatever its size and however you can make it.

education otherwise

Education Otherwise is a self-help organisation which can offer support and information to members who are practising or considering education at home.

We have our own publications list which includes material written by members as well as a selection of other books on the subject of home education.

Education Otherwise

PO Box 325

Kings Lynn PE34 3XW

Information Helpline nos:

08454 786 345

0870 730 0074

Or visit our web site:

www.education-otherwise.org

support the right
to home
educate

Choose one or more of the following:-

PLEASE TICK

- Please send more information about E.O.
(I enclose a stamped SAE)
- Please send introductory set of 4 leaflets
about home education. I enclose £3
- I enclose a donation of £

PLEASE POST TO E.O. AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS

www.education-otherwise.org

home education and the law

Section 7 of the 1996 Education Act expects the parent of every child of compulsory school age to cause him or her to receive efficient full-time education suitable to his age, ability and aptitude (and any special needs), either by regular attendance at school or otherwise.

Home - based education is the 'otherwise' part, and all parents have the right to educate their children at home.

When parents send their children to school they are in effect delegating their responsibility. In England and Wales it is not necessary to obtain approval before beginning home education, but if a child is registered at a school it is necessary for the child's parent or guardian to write to the school requesting that the child's name be removed from the register as the child is being educated at home.

In Scotland and Ireland there are slight differences between children who have never been to school and those who have, so it is well worth while contacting Education Otherwise before going ahead.



SCHOOL IS NOT COMPULSORY

education
otherwise

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Charity Registration Number 1055120

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home education a real option



SCHOOL IS NOT
COMPULSORY

BECAUSE ALL CHILDREN
ARE DIFFERENT

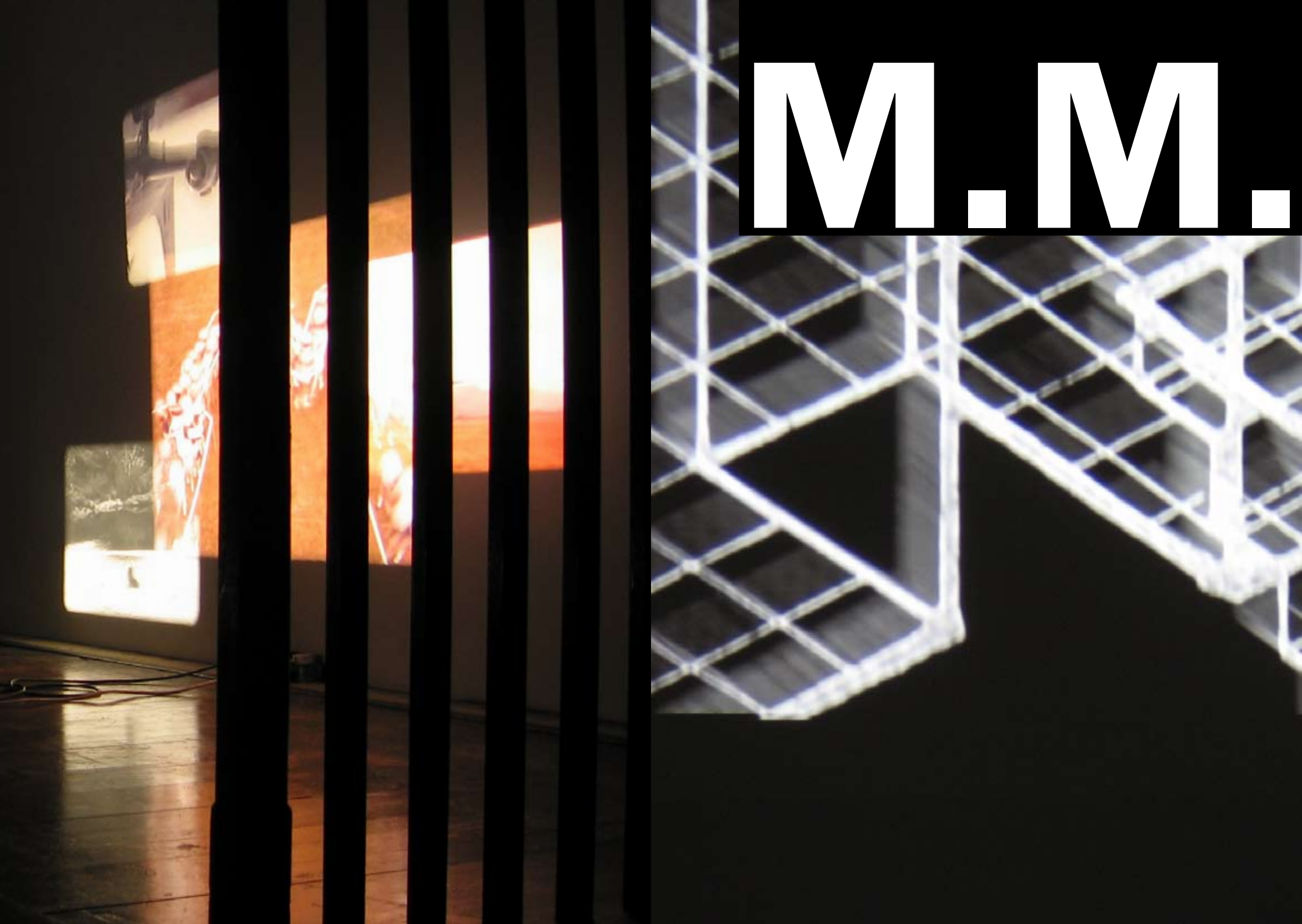
education
otherwise



L.W.



M.M.



The Point of Contact
(of *The Incoherence of the Incoherence*)

Here, soon after the Second World War, archaeologists began to uncover what is now known as 'The City of David'. Today it's frontier territory, on the border between Arab and Jewish Jerusalem. Right on top of the ancient site is a new Jewish settlement. At first glance, it looks just like a pile of rubble. But if the Bible history is true, these walls were built by King David and Solomon to defend the capital of their great kingdom which stretched from Iraq to the Mediterranean. Some Israelis feel they need this science to prove the Bible is a historical record and that this land is their land.

- How important is it for Jews in Israel to be able to show that the walls of David existed and David existed?
- The beginning, it starts here. When we arrive here we start to build our country and Jerusalem was the most important. So this is the basis - the religious basis - that we stand on.
- So this is where it all begins, in these stones?
- Yes. It's not only stones. I mean, we can see only stones but it's the basis of our religion and the basis of our land, of our country. [...]

But not all archaeologists are so convinced that you can dig up old testament tales in a modern excavation. One of the leading experts has dug for years at the ancient site of Megiddo. He has big problems with the idea that the Bible is a history book for the land of Israel.

- When people came here to Megiddo and other places in the Holy Land, the idea was to look for evidence for the Biblical stories, to look for a decoration, to look for a manifestation. That is to say, you have the Biblical story - they all took the Biblical stories as the ultimate truth and they only wanted to decorate this truth with their, you know, beautiful finds, with monuments and there was no thinking about, you know, the power of archaeology to verify the real events that took place in the second or in the first millennia.¹

¹ Transcription from *Who Wrote the Bible?*, presented by Robert Beckford, Diverse Productions for Channel 4, 2009



*

Beneath Silwan tunnels are spreading. This is an archaeological site run by the settler group Elad. They're accused of undermining the Palestinians by digging under their houses and by emphasising that it's Jews who have lived here for thousands of years.

- You close your eyes and you sit on one of these stones [or] you walk through this place with a Bible and you literally see the people from the Bible jumping out of the pages at you.

Doron Spielman, from Elad, took me round 'The City of David', as this part of Silwan is now called. The site is one of Israel's major tourist attractions. Israeli soldiers are brought here to learn about Jewish history and what they're fighting for.

- Basically this is a gold mine. Here you have an archaeological site which is fourteen acres in size, which is the cornerstone of archaeology of the Bible throughout the world. This year, let's say, about half a million people [will] come.

The Israeli government has been criticized for handing over the running of a sensitive national site to a settler organization with its own agenda and a selective view of history.

- But do you understand the Palestinians when they say you're erasing their history, and that you're putting Jewish history before theirs? They feel very sensitive about this.
- If there is anything Palestinian - the Palestinians are a nation that was created let's say sixty years ago.
- Arabs, then, Arabs and Muslims.
- Arabs. Arab history? There is no Arab history here. I mean, anything that's been found is publicised.

Elad underwrites the City of David with half a million dollars a year. Donations come from all over the world, all part of Israel's drive to lay claim to the whole of Jerusalem.

- Israel is the sovereign entity and I'm a member of this country, I'm very very proud of this country. If my actions, if the actions of our organization are able to enable more Jewish people to live here, more archaeology to come here and celebrate Jewish history in this area - and I don't believe this has to be done at the expense of anybody - then I'd be very proud to do so.²

2 Transcription from *A Walk in the Park*, presented by Jane Corbin, BBC's Panorama, 2010. A response by CAMERA can be found at http://www.camera.org/index.asp?x_context=3&x_outlet=12&x_article=1789

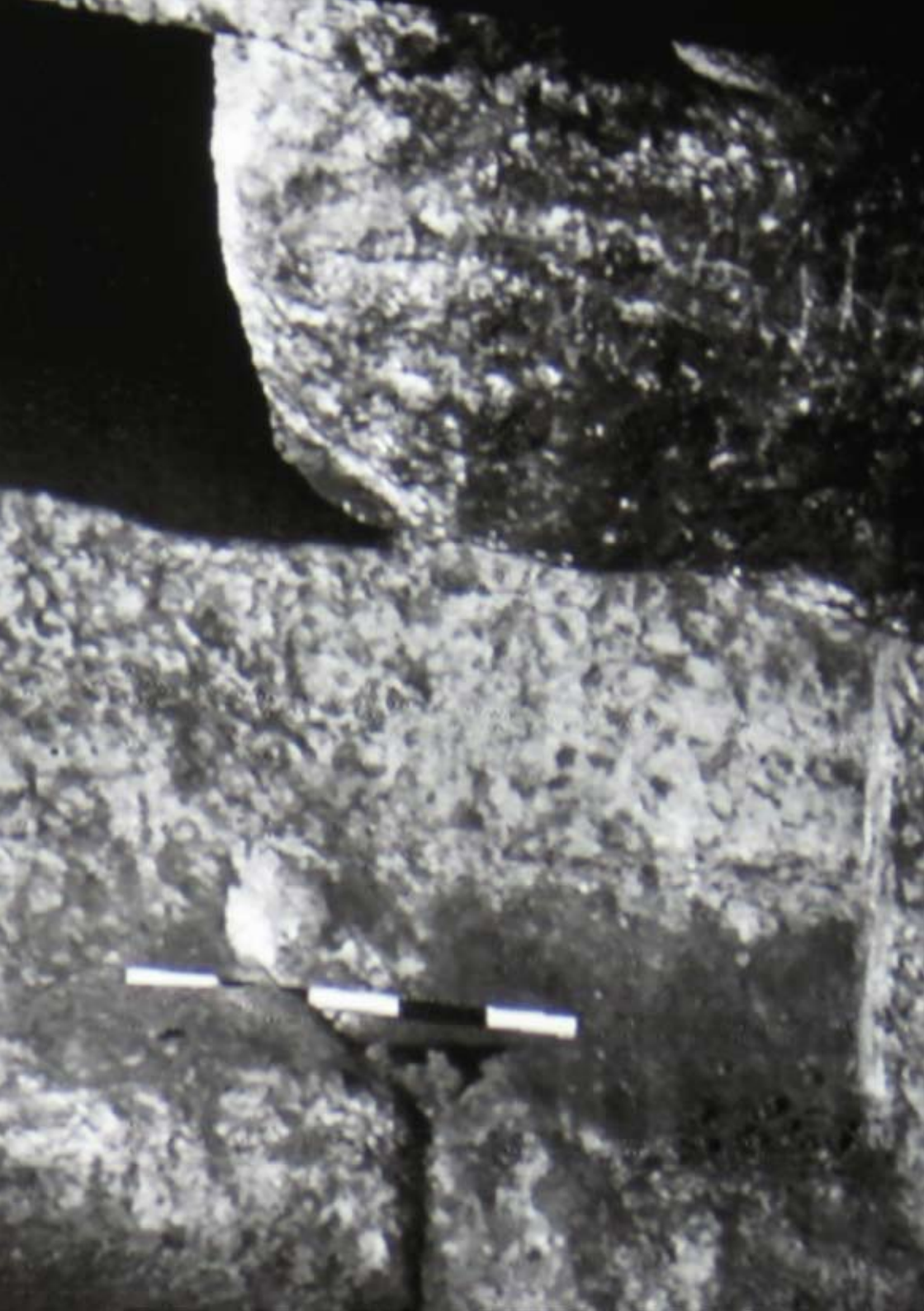
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[The issue is raised of how] one can criticize well-entrenched general conceptions, and about getting cognitive and moral distance from ourselves that would allow us to 'improve' our situation, whatever 'improve' might turn out to mean. To 'go beyond,' to 'step out of,' to 'overcome,' to 'transcend,' to 'sublate': ... these terms have had an important ... career as central concepts in many religions, and it would be reasonable to wonder to what extent they retain religious associations.³

3 From Raymond Geuss, *Outside Ethics*, Princeton University Press 2005, p8

Over page - Aerial view of the area designated 'The City of David', taken from www.welcometohosanna.com, 2010

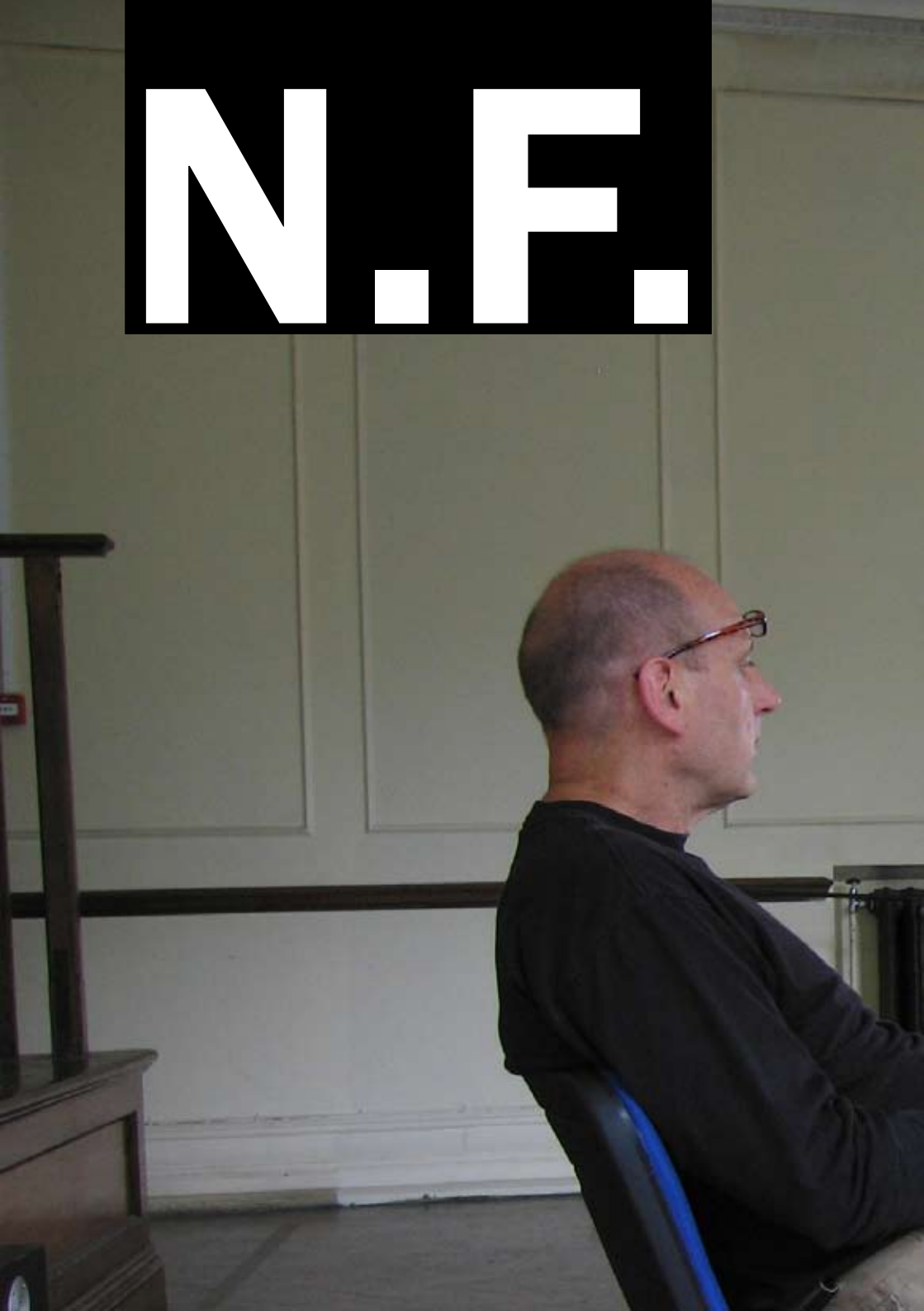




M.S.



N.F.



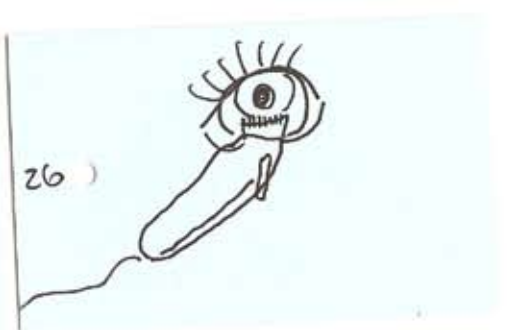
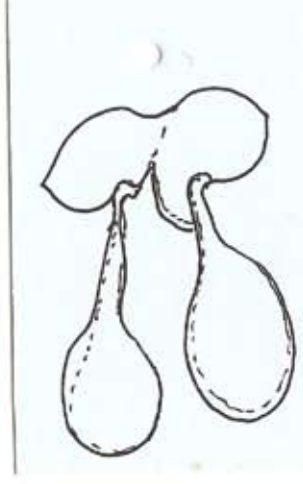
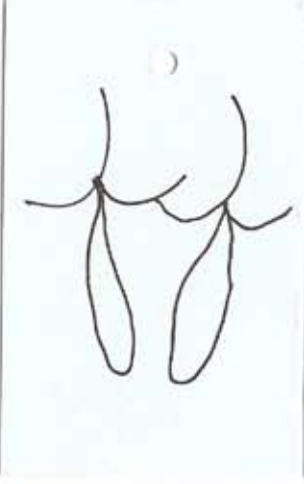
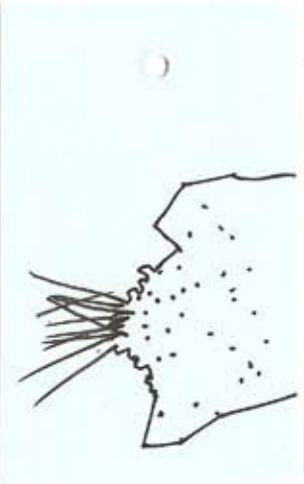
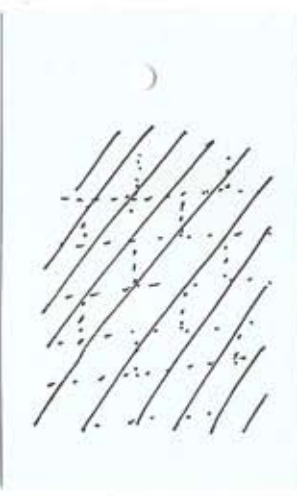
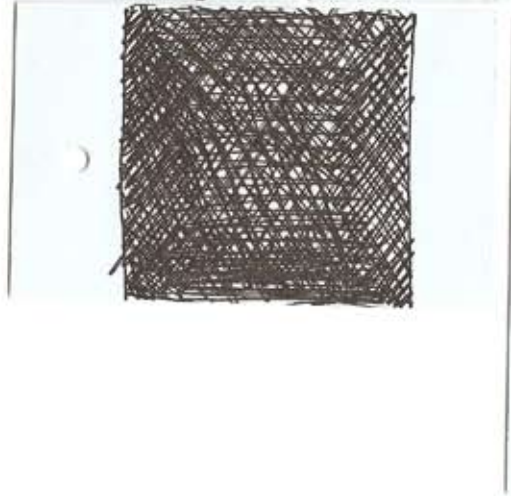
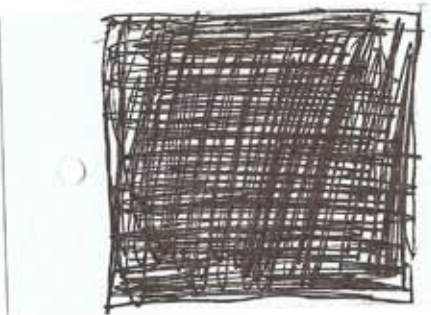
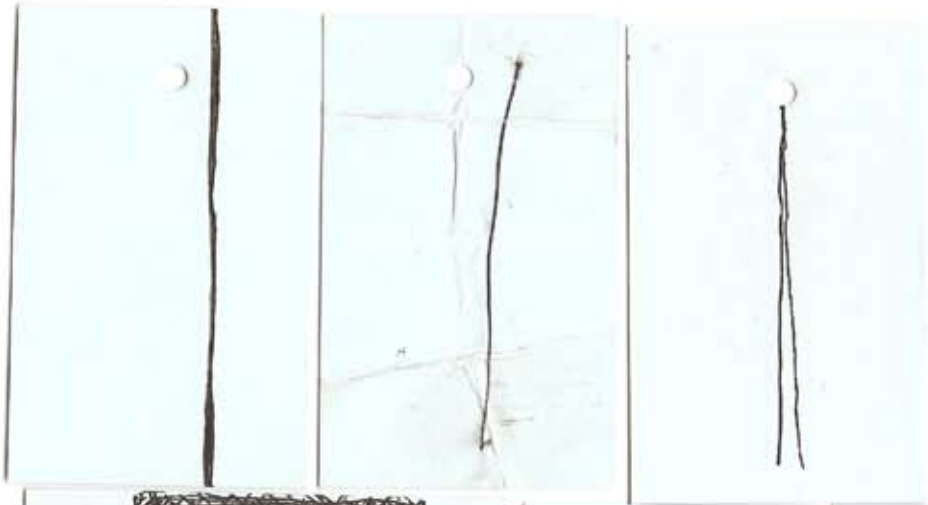


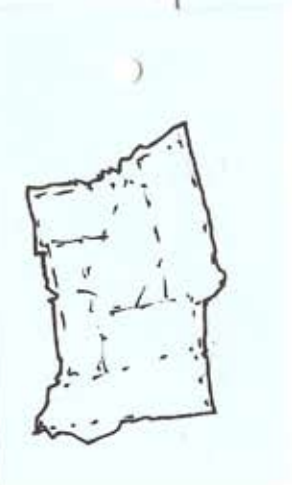
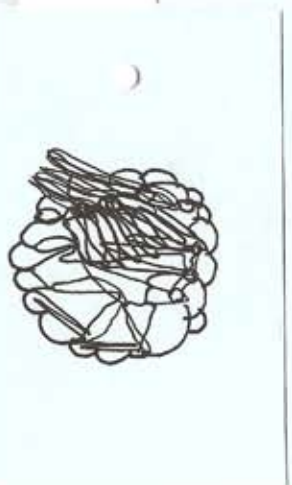
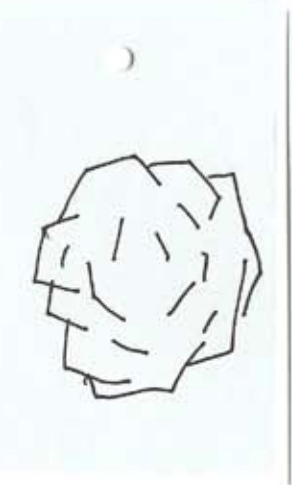
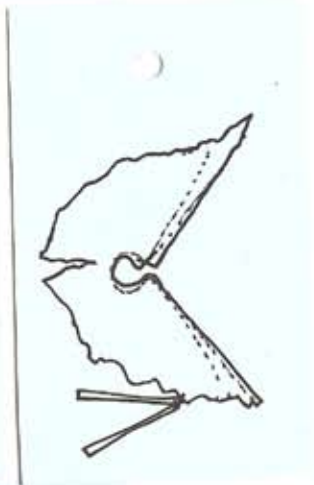
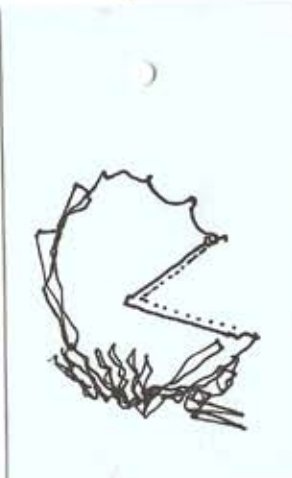
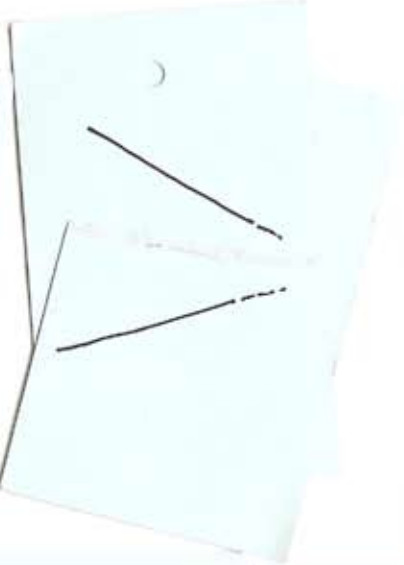
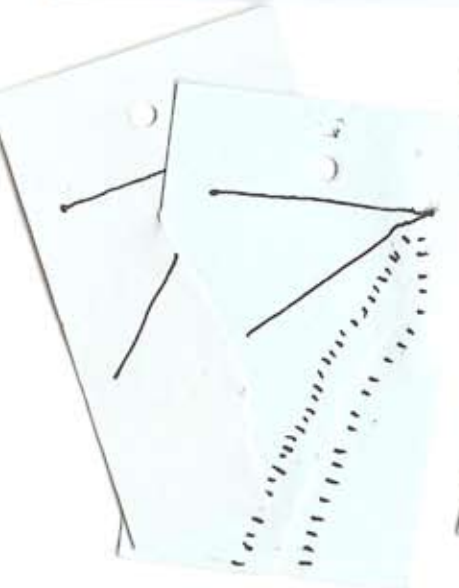
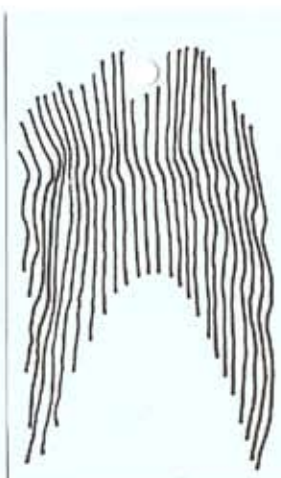
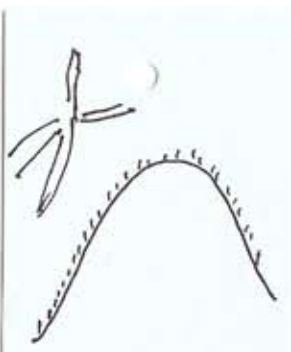
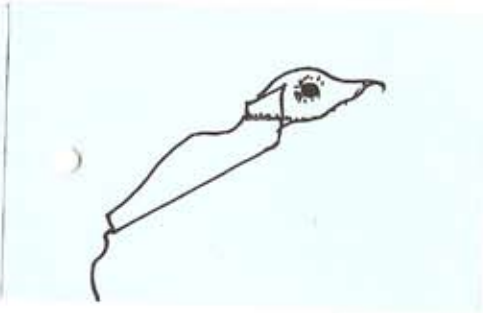
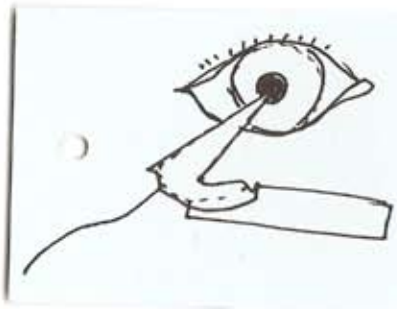
Free School Sequences: Capturing Thoughts (Friday 18th June, 2.30 - 4.00pm)

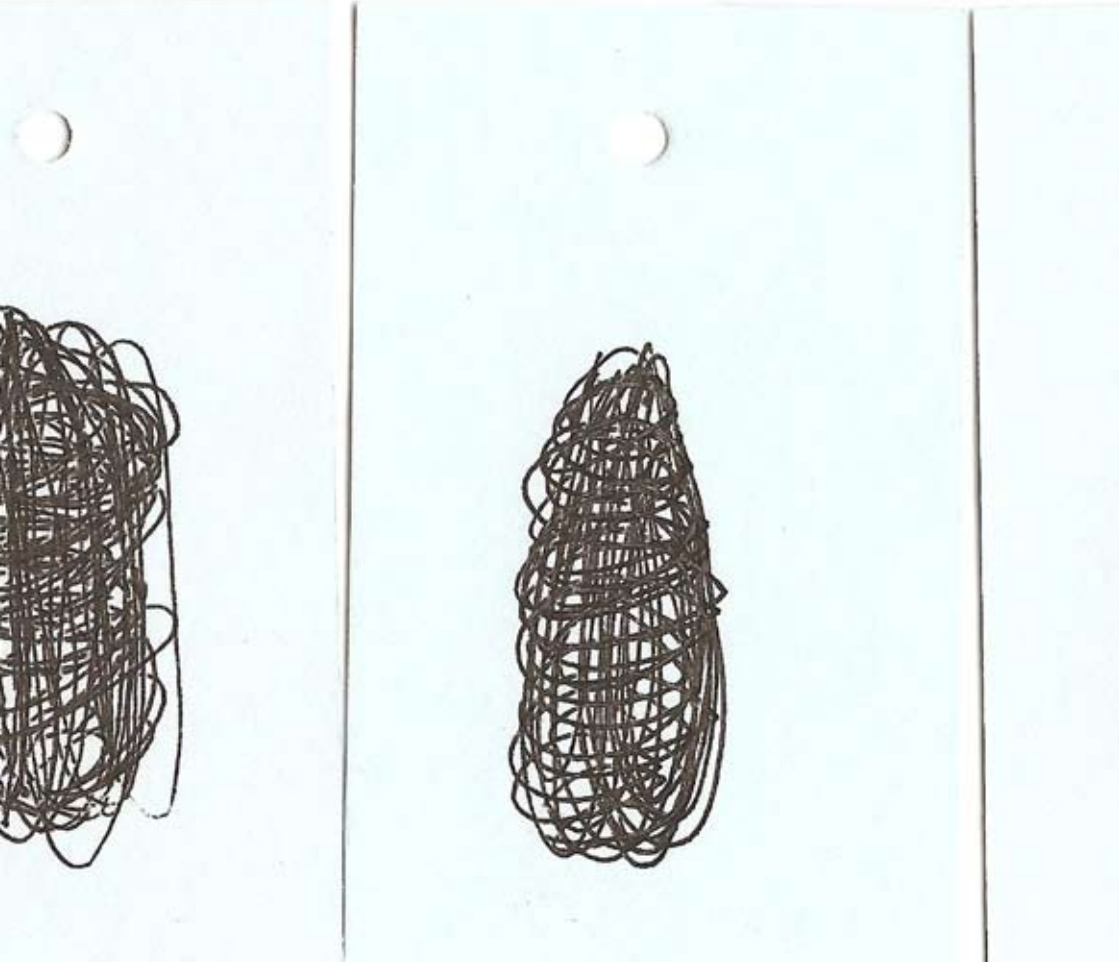
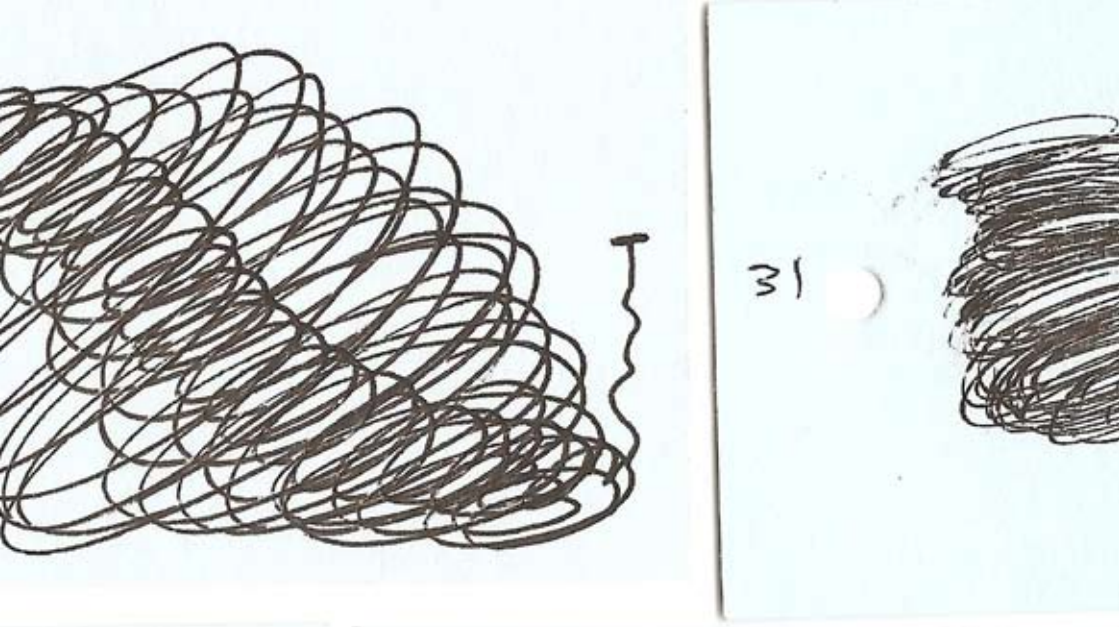
The session looked to promote drawing as a thinking tool to catch small thoughts and almost nothings, looking to allow things to emerge in response to verbal prompts.

The exercises fell into 4 main groups. The drawings produced during the session have been placed in numerical sequences and added to in a personal response to reading the drawings produced. The everything and nothingness of the works provide rich areas of enquiry and reading. They allow what drawing and imagining allows.

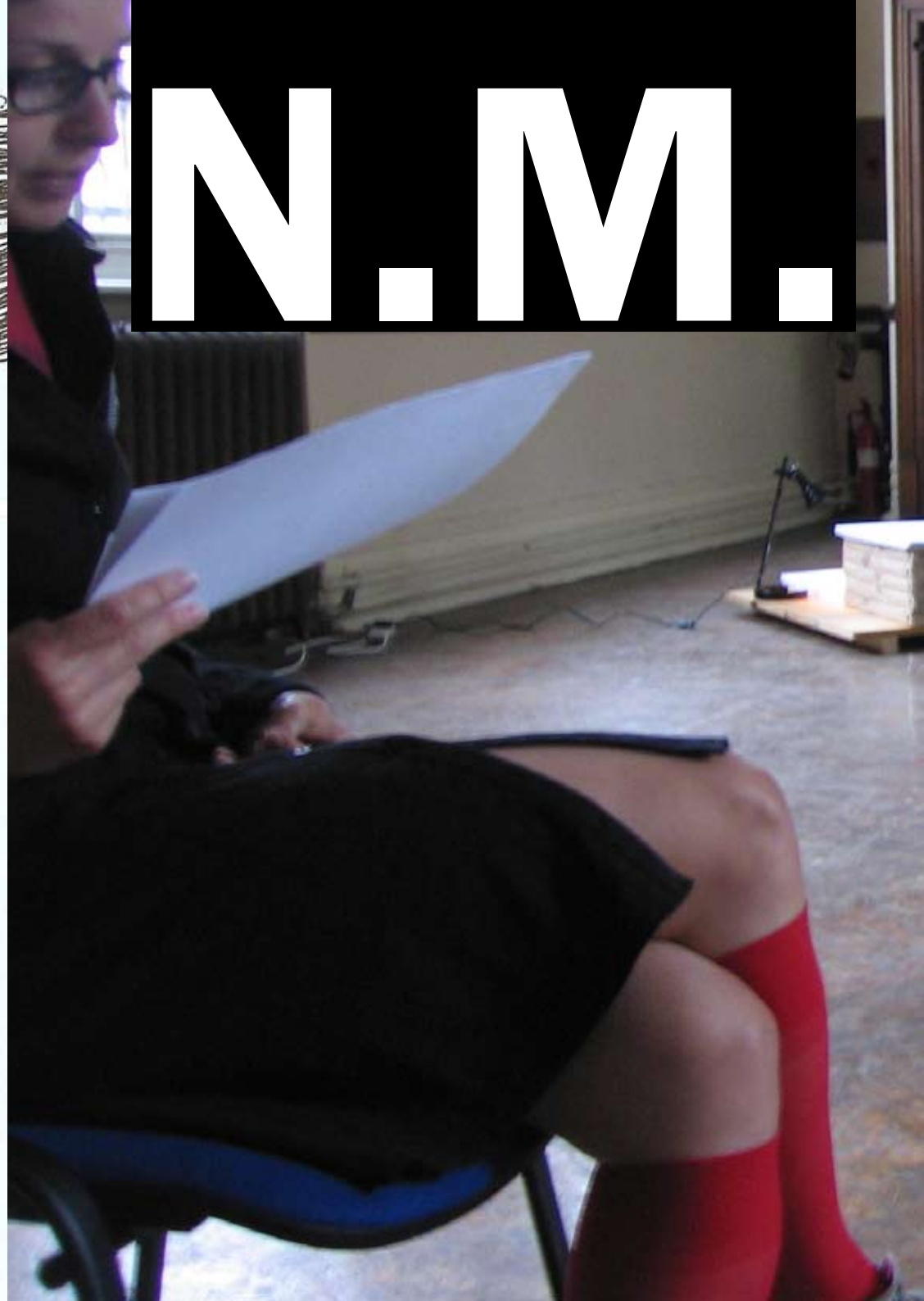
1. pulled through
2. swept over
3. looking across
4. blown away
5. coming on
6. sliced through
7. extended over
8. softened by
9. emerging from
10. blocked out
11. metal valve
12. frilled pipe
13. blanket screen
14. broken part
15. continued corner
16. soft boundary
17. landscape exposed
18. early bubble
19. obvious split
20. emerging moment
21. worst of it all
22. cracks discovered
23. things done
24. things changed
25. limited view
26. shared sight
27. offering possibility
28. large rock
29. lock out
30. negotiated freedom
31. mixer
32. shaken
33. warmed
34. copied
35. dampened
36. accuracy
37. touched
38. moved
39. decayed
40. recognised







N.M.





~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ *Travelling Cinema* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ You can't touch what is in my suitcase. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ If you reach for the pictures, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ they disappear and your hand ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ lands on it side, images ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ caressing your skin, fading out and ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ vanishing like smoke. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ You see life moving across ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ the white in-lining. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ Births and birthdays, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ families and holidays, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ loves and weddings, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ deaths and funerals. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ You watch the whole nation ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ on a long protest march ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ creating waves, seas of people, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ dancing down the streets. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ You hear laughter, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ car horns and whistles ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ the beating of pots and pans. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ Pieces of revolution, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ caught in kaleidoscope, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ a mosaic of memories ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ instead of a diary and ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ nothing else to declare. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ Nela Milic ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MY ARCHIVE

I outgrew of diaries, but never from collecting paper,
sorting the dates, filing the articles;
memories, impressions cut out and neatly
glued on the carton paper.

The immediacy of looking at the image and
recalling the events fascinated me since childhood
and soon the odd bunch of folders
captivated the people around me.

You don't remember where the play was?
Hold on a minute I would say, excited with the task.
I know - I have the information on it
in black and white in one of my files.

It soon became that if I didn't know,
I knew who did and my passion became my profession.
Then I had to flee the place where all was recorded
and gathered on my shelves.

"Who to leave it to?" my father asks.
I have to decide quickly as the hole in time
since I left grows with every day.
Take it to the Theatre Museum. Actually no,
that lot wouldn't appreciate it. Dad,
what would you do with it if I said that I didn't mind?
"Mum and I would use it to light the fire."
Good, then do that, it will be of some use,
and finish with the great drama that suits it.

I am building another one anyway.
It is in another language, has colour photos and here,
(they call it) digital, so all the world can have it.

Nela Milic

THE PATRIOT WIND

Wrap up warm my children, today is the day.
Cover your body and prepare to shiver, swapping ice
from one leg to another, alert and alarmed as
today they'll come.

I'll keep you cold, but steady, so you find your way
through the snow, I am linking up with for this final battle.

When they come with bats, water guns and rage
I'll blow you to the side, so you'll run through alleyways
and you'll get around the buildings on the safe part of the square.

Don't be frightened. I'll keep working low, through their legs,
then reverse to their shields to pull them back.

As I do so – attack their hearts with your battalion of mothers,
send the girls with flowers on the front,
I'll rustle their hair and extend their eyelashes
if the beauty doesn't stop them nothing you have will.

Come, children, give me a hug.
Mask candle lights with your palms,
take a deep breath and start singing when I begin to whistle.
Revolution mustn't start with the barking of their dogs.

Nela Milic

Путујући биоскоп

Не можеш дотакнути шта је у
мом коферу.

Ако посегнеш за сликама,
оне нестану и твоја рука
заврши на његовој страни,
сlike се распрше мазећи твоју
кожу и
испаравајући као дим.

Видиш живот који се креће
по белом прекривачу,
рођења и рођендане,
породице и одморе,
љубави и венчања,
смрти и сахране.

Гледаш целу нацију
на дугачком протестном
маршу како прави таласе,
море људи игра уз улицу.

Чујеш смех, аутомобилске
трубе и пиштаљке,
лупање шерпи и лонаца.
Комадићи револуције ухваћени
у каледиоскопу, мозаик
успомена
уместо дневника и ништа
друго да се забележи.

Нела Милић



N.V.



Homework 2

Look at the image below and analyse it.
Write a text about this image. You may do some research using the words used on the banners, but you can also invent a story that relates to this banners, pictures and the environment in which they are located.



O.G-
W.

Dear Oliver,

I find myself somewhat confused by your recent work. I understand the beginnings, the personal relationship to the poem by Rupert Brooke that seemed to provide you with a lifeline when you needed it and hence I understand the filming of 225 individuals reading the poem.

However once you began to collect the personal doubts of others I think you may have lost your way. It seems you are collecting information, boxing it into containers and then you are just leaving it there with no cause. Why? Is anyone interested in the opinions of these people? Are you? Or are you just hiding behind their words because you don't know if you have the confidence to express your own opinions?

I look at the car on which you invited people to write something they doubt. I understand you wanted to use an inanimate object to break down barriers and enable people to discuss things they otherwise would not have. But really what was the point? You said you wished to crush the vehicle, to show a recycling of doubt. You labeled this act pretentious and instead locked it away in a garage to rust. Is this in itself a statement of the way you deal with your own doubts? Do you hide them away until they have been eaten away by natural process?

Obviously you have asked yourself this question. Having seen the images from your performance 'A Self Portrait Of Doubt', in which you wrote your personal concerns on your skin and then washed them away in a public toilet, I see you are trying to confront your issues. Has your art now become a form of therapy?

You say that 'Doubt Is The Motor Of Creative Progress', a quote you have stolen and woven to your own. Yet it seems in each of these acts you are trying to distance yourself from your own doubts. Remove them even. Is it this release of tension what you see as the motor, or is it the fabric of the initial doubt? I don't think you know the answer do you?

I apologize for the bluntness of this correspondence. I do not mean to offend you. I do however think you should look at yourself before you attempt to gather the words of others again, so you may be able to utilize their thoughts without exploitation. After all you've been accused of that before haven't you?

Yours Sincerely

Oliver Guy Watkins



I doubt my former stepfather cares that I hate him
I doubt that I make much sense when I become passionate during a conversation
I doubt this is worthwhile
I doubt conceptual art has a future
I doubt my ability to love
I doubt I will not crash another car at some point
I doubt my fear of flying will subside with age
I doubt that my charm is a good enough cover for my lies
I doubt the importance of art history yet I continue to be referential
I doubt I will stop wearing converse shoes before I am 50
I doubt my ability to sustain an erection
I doubt I will ever like marmite
I doubt I will ever prefer dogs to cats
I doubt I will build the house I want to live in, if fact once I have built it I will probably immediately move out
I doubt I will ever love anyone more than myself
I doubt my love for the area I grew up in will ever subside
I doubt my death will be mourned in the way I dream it will
I doubt the lumps on my arm will kill me but they might
I doubt freedom exists
I doubt my ability to sing
I doubt I will ever bother to learn more than three cords on the guitar
I doubt I will ever know how to keep a houseplant alive
I doubt spiders will ever stop making me cringe
I doubt my mother will be alone for the rest of her life
I doubt my girlfriend likes me when I am drunk
I doubt the we will have importance in history because the no one writes letter anymore
I doubt I will actually remember much of my 20's
I doubt my commitment to my sister and her family
I doubt I can ever learn to manage money
I doubt my commitment to cycling
I doubt I will ever be able to have sex with a girl on her period
I doubt blood will ever be something I can deal with

I doubt everyone will find his or her soul mate
I doubt lemon tea is actually good for you considering the acidic content
I doubt my childhood will ever stop having an impact on my life
I doubt people take me seriously
I doubt I want people to take me seriously
I doubt I will ever learn how to grieve
I doubt that I could enjoy my own company more
I doubt the importance of leaving a legacy when I cannot enjoy it myself yet I cannot stop the desire to create something that will keep me alive once I am dead
I doubt the size of my dick is adequate
I doubt my broken finger is a reminder of the past, to be fair it just hurts
I doubt I will ever recover from being mugged
I doubt I am a good friend
I doubt God would forgive me
I doubt religion as an institution yet on a number of occasions I have prayed to God and I always light a candle when I am in church for those I have lost
I doubt I will ever put the band I was in when I was 17 back together but I like to keep on saying that I will
I doubt as an outsider I would be more respected
I doubt I really needed a permission slip to climb trees at school
I doubt I can control my panic attacks and blackouts but at the moment they seem ok
I doubt my tears are always necessary
I doubt man ever walked on the moon in the 60's but I think he has since
I doubt prostitutes are all exploited
I doubt salt removes a red wine stain
I doubt talent competitions on television ever find anyone with longevity
I doubt I could be more pretentious
I doubt history is repeating itself
I doubt I want the clouds in my memory to clear and reveal the things I have locked away
I doubt I will ever stop drinking wine but I will probably stop smoking soon
I doubt sunny days are the only reason I am ever truly happy
I doubt sandals or flip flops will ever suit me
I doubt I am happier than when I am wearing black

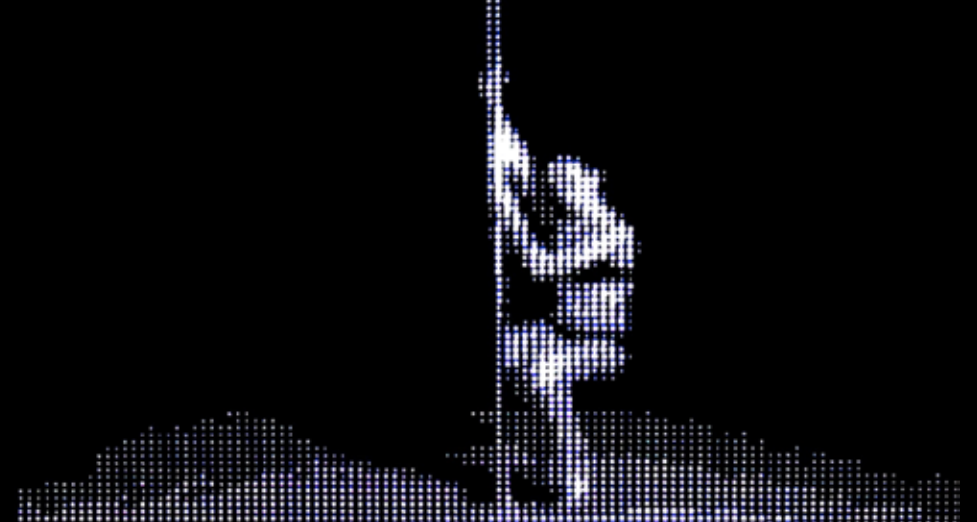
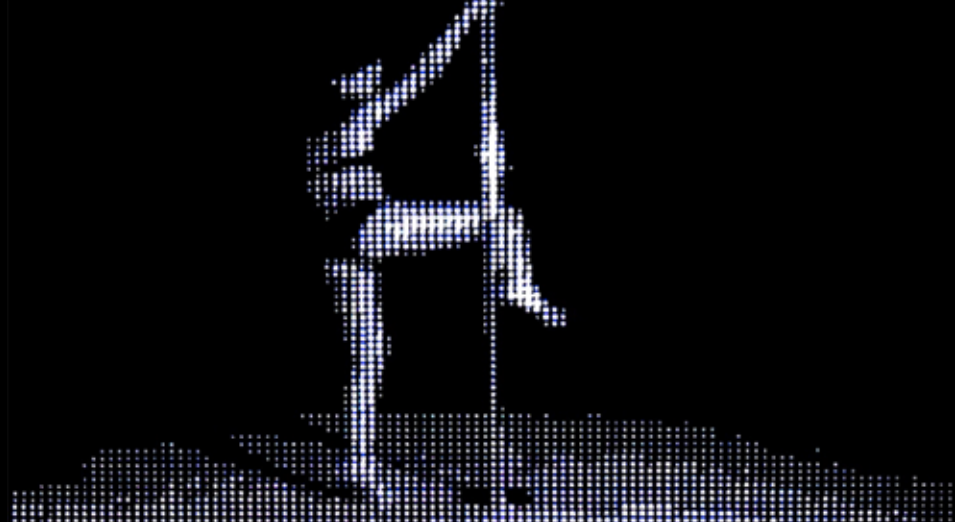
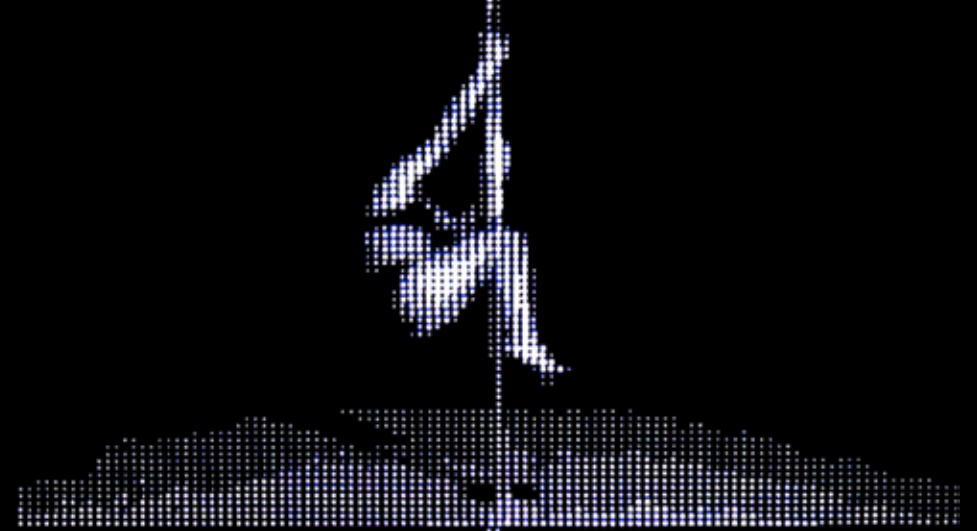
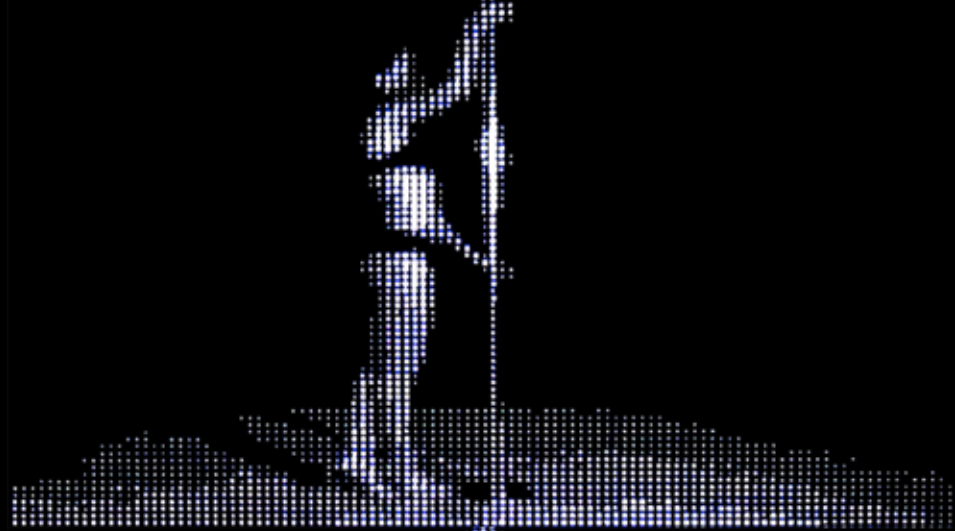
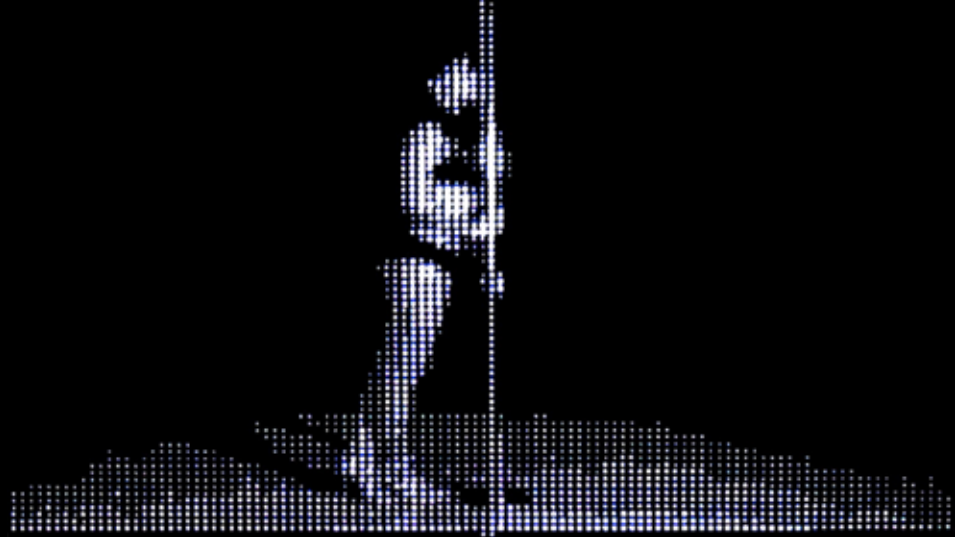


P.D.





**This
might
be
too
sexy
to
publish...**



Face the pole.

Now put your right hand at the top of the pole.
As far as it will go.

(Shit. I should have made him stretch first... What if he sustains an injury and sues me later?)

What should I do with my left hand?

Put it on the pole, at about hip height.

(And he's wearing trousers. This could be difficult.)

Now what?

Now you put the back of your right knee on the pole.

My leg keeps sliding off.

That's because you're wearing trousers. Bare skin creates friction between your body and the pole.

Pause

What if I took my trousers off?

Pause

That would help.
(Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I hope that he's wearing boxers...)

[...]

Ok, so I have the back of my right knee on the pole...

And your right hand at the top of the pole.
The left hand at hip level is optional, really, but it's better to put it there if it's your first swing.

(Phew, he IS wearing boxers.)

Ok...

So now you just swing.

Don't be afraid.
And try to keep your knees together during the swing, if you can.

[...]

That hurt.

(Yes, I know, I think I actually heard your knees crunching as they hit the floor.)

I think that your palms might be wet. Maybe if we put some chalk on your hands your swing might improve...

Remind me...

Right hand at top of pole, back of right knee on the pole.

[...]

To truly swing, both your feet must leave the ground.
Right now you're just hopping around the pole.

Ummm... Ok...

Your left foot needs to leave the ground.

Right.

And you start with your right leg curled around the pole, but during the swing your knees should come together.

So do I need to jump into it?

You could try and see what works for you.

[...]

Ok, not bad, but you still look a little scared. Try again.

[...]

That was pretty good.

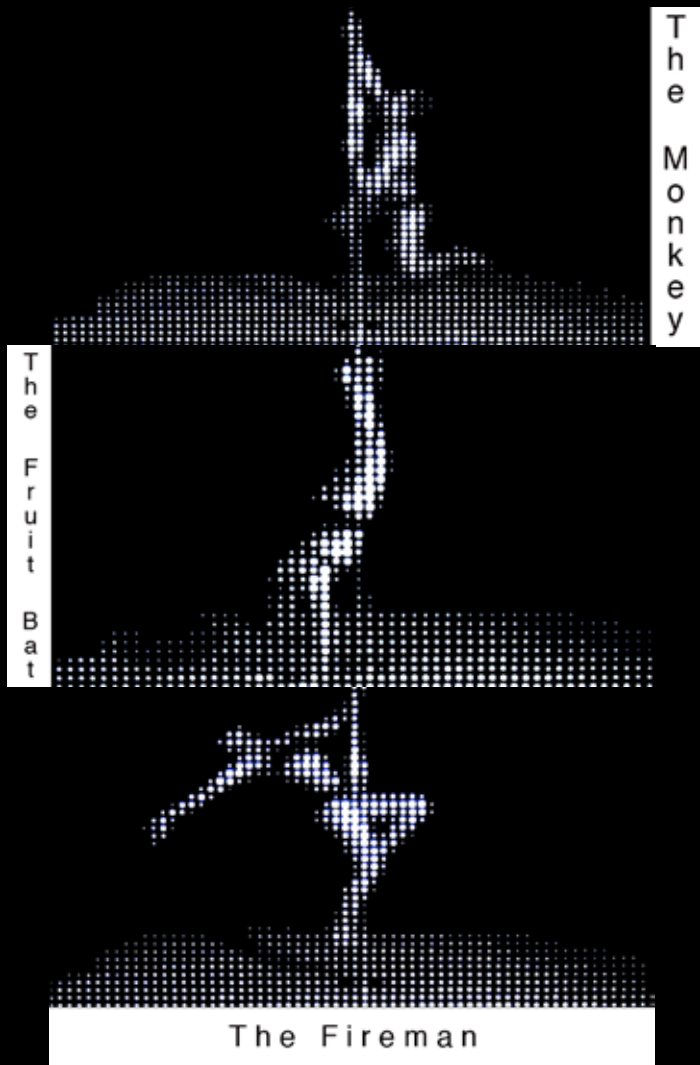
[...]

Can I put my trousers on now?

[...]

So what other moves are there?

Well there's...



P.L.

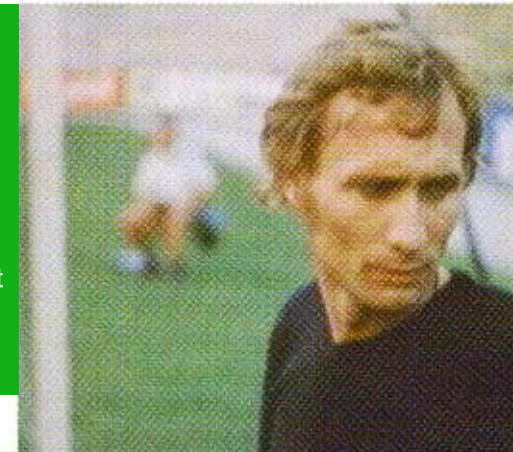




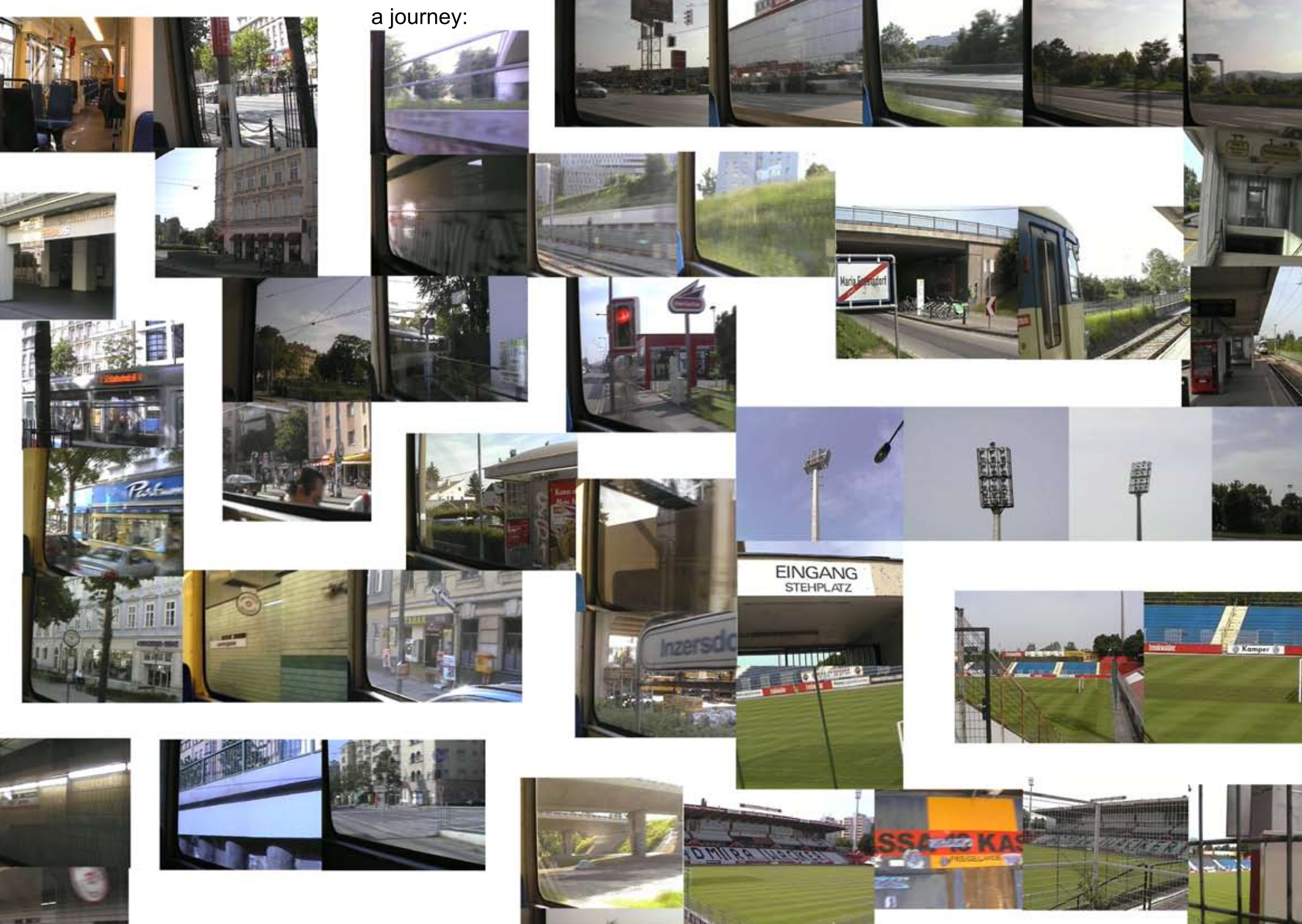
Performance/ Journey #2: In search of the field

Responding to/ referencing:
Die Angst des Tormanns beim Elfmeter
[The Goalkeeper's fear of the penalty
Kick]
A film by Wim Wenders 1972

A documented journey to Admira Wacker's
ground, Stadion Südstadt, built in 1967, just
outside Vienna. Location used in the film.
'Die Angst des Tormanns beim Elfmeter'.



a journey:



a performance:



The salesman

A goalkeeper is sent off during a match for complaining too forcefully about a goal scored which he thought was offside. He spends the night with a cinema cashier, whom he kills afterwards. Towards the end of the film, the goalkeeper and a salesman are watching a football match. They witness a penalty kick.



Bloch
(the goalkeeper)

The goalkeeper describes what it's like to face a penalty. Should he dive to one side, and if he does will the kicker aim for the other? It's a psychological confrontation in which each tries to outfox the other. Parallel to this, the goalkeeper, rather than go on the run, has returned to his home town and continues to go about his daily life. He doesn't know if the police are looking for him in particular, and the police are not necessarily looking for someone who isn't trying to hide. He might be a suspect, but only if he acts like one.

Die Angst des Tormanns beim Elfmeter [The Goalkeeper's fear of the penalty Kick]

Conversation between Josef Bloch and the salesman

Transcript 1:31:17 – 1:33:54 (unauthorised translation by A. Turunen)

Bloch:

"You shouldn't play those high balls in this kind of wind.

Do you know which teams are playing and where they are in the league?"

Salesman:

"I'm not from here either.. I don't know...I'm a salesman and only here for a short time."

Bloch:

"The players are shouting much too much. A good game is played quietly."

Salesman:

"There's no coach here, shouting from the sidelines, telling them what to do."

Bloch:

"On this small ground you have to make decisions quickly"

Salesman:

"At a stadium, I once saw a player break his leg. You could hear the.. cracking sound.. all the way to the back of the terraces"

Bloch:

"I once played against a team, where all the players were barefoot. The smacking of their feet against the ball went right through me.....

Have you ever tried, during an attack, to focus your attention on the goalkeeper, instead of the strikers?....

It is very difficult to look away from the strikers and the ball, and to concentrate on the goalkeeper instead. You have to tear yourself away from the ball. Instead of the ball, you see the goalkeeper, running backwards and forwards with his hands on his thighs, leaning left and right, and screaming at the defenders. Normally, you only notice him, when a shot is aimed at the goal. It's funny to see the goalkeeper like that, running around without the ball, but in the expectation of a shot.

Salesman:

"I can't look like that for long..... you get the feeling, you're going cross-eyed. If you're looking at a man going through a door, you don't focus on the door handle either. It gives you a headache. You can't even breathe right.

Bloch:

"You get used to it. But it's ridiculous...

Penalty!

The goalkeeper is trying to work out which corner the penalty taker is aiming for. If he knows the kicker from previous games, he knows which corner he usually aims for. But it's possible the penalty taker is counting on the goalkeeper making those assumptions. So, the goalkeeper thinks the ball might go... in the other corner this time. Yes, but if the kicker is still following the goalkeeper's thinking, and wants to kick the ball in the usual corner.....and so on and so on..."

P.T.





Paul Tarragó 'Cinema of You' Session 3: 'Making their own Television'

The responses came in three waves, each with a different trajectory. They criss-crossed paths, mixed and resonated, hummed, thrummed, then continued on their way. For a while there I felt triangulated, globally topically positioned, but this sensation soon faded, along with a wholly accurate memory of the responses. Correction: I remember ALL but my version seems at odds with photos taken at the time or the accounts of others - which may be a comment on the memory of the others or the framing of the cameras.

Therefore, in the interest of comprehensiveness if not coherency, this piece is an amalgam. There was some disagreement over the relevance of pictures submitted by a couple of the respondees, so they've been edited down and selected by a hopefully 'fair' randomising method i.e. coin tossing and dice rolling.

What I'm aiming for is an aleatory collage, but yesterday it looked like a pig's ear, today more like a patchwork quilt. I will continue with the process until Chance makes it work. Hopefully there will be something here for everybody, or most, or failing that just YOU.

"I'm not embarrassed by having TV style and pacing; I'm not ashamed of being inspired by that whole world."

Alex Bag in conversation with David Frankel

The original idea was to give a lecture-screening based around critically reviewed experimental moving image works rarely being entertaining. This was a contentious opinion, but one that had bubbled up from a couple of decades of watching experimental film + video and finding that formal, structurally foregrounded work was the mainstay subject of the critical writing, as if serious work necessitated gravitas - on both sides.

Seeing as humour has a richly subversive potential beyond its obvious pleasure-giving: used effectively it can undermine representational orthodoxies, question cultural assumptions, suggest new methods of articulation, and posit a radical reworking of power relations - all concomitant with the ideals of an avant garde cinema - this marginalisation must be the effect of other (more powerful) prohibitory discourses, I reckoned. That's what the talk was going to look for and at. But after a few days of thinking and initial scribbling I used my usual measure: where's the joy - for me doing it and for those attending? I was hard pressed to find it, even with a great leap of imagination. So I did the tv talk instead.

*

Note left on seat after lecture, middle front row:

The hands. The hands moved too much. And they formed strange shapes in the play of the light. I saw, variously:

a walking man; a barking dog; head of an ankylosaurus; Gog and Magog; two ducks: amatory and then in conflict

Was this part of it? The films seemed made by people with low self-esteem and limited resources. The hand show, then, proved the highlight but seemed more of a sidebar.

Make up your mind!!

(accompanied by a doodle of an owl trailed by angled lines, signaling either taking off or urinating)

*

I'm looking at a display of glove puppets in the Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood. The tigers and cats are very hard to tell apart, and I keep focussing/defocussing between them and the barrier glass. It gives the sensation of surging backwards and forwards, through and then out again, like I'm on a swing. Every time I'm back 'in' the case I have another go at telling the cats from the tiger. Swing. Now I'm out I think of my day. Swing. Cats. Tigers. Swing. Maybe time for tea. Swing. On the next arc out I become aware of a woman standing to the side of the case, looking at me. She says she came to that talk, the library thing, and that though she didn't agree with me it was good of me to try. I nod and smile like she's praising but don't really know what she means. I don't remember her either, and when I go home and check she doesn't appear in any of the many photos that Jennet took. She adds that she's a friend of my sister's and then says:

"Beetles"

like it's a punch line, or an old shared joke. I try and look as blank as I can without seeming surly, but I'm no good at silence so quickly add a:

"Where?"

and look down and about me, as if they're maybe just scuttling by.

Later that week a book arrives from Amazon - 'Television' by Jean-Philippe Toussaint - and I assume my sister has sent it as she gave me his 'The Bathroom' for my birthday. But she hasn't/didn't. It's either an anonymous gift or a mistake, but both options I find unsettling. I don't enjoy the book particularly either.

I have a dream in which I remember ordering it but it's just that: a dream. None of my waking life bank statements show this purchase. When I mention it to Jennet she suggests maybe I ordered it in my sleep.



*

1898 - N.Tesla submits U.S. Patent 613809 - 'Method of and Apparatus for Controlling Mechanism of Moving Vessels or Vehicles' - and includes schematics for the first 'at a distance' (= remote) controlling device.

1935 - The 'Sticksman' becomes the first commercially available television remote. An extendable telescopic tube with a clamp end, its maximum reach is six foot.

1948 - The 'Listener' is launched by the Garod Corporation: a successful audio-activated remote, incorporating on/off and 'picture zoom' functions. Public interest is short lived as its sensitivity prohibits conversation whilst viewing.

1950 - The 'Lazy Bone' is introduced by the Zenith Radio Corporation. Offering on/off and channel changing, the connecting cable is bulky and constitutes a tripping hazard. This becomes a popular gag in comedy shows of the time.

1955 - Tired of the jokes, Zenith introduce the 'Flash-matic'. Relying on four photocells positioned about the screen, the system has problems working well on sunny days when the sunlight sometimes changes channels at random. More gags ensue.

1956 - The 'Zenith Space Command' appears, and employs a unique 'battery-less' system. Inside the transmitter are four lightweight aluminum rods that emit high-frequency sounds when struck. Each rod is a different length to create a different sound that controls a receiver unit built into the television.

1959 - The 'Maestro' appears and disappears within the year. Using electric field motion sensitivity - similar to a Theremin - channel changes and volume adjustments are achievable by gesture alone. Despite the capacity to calibrate to individual living rooms, pets prove a recurrent problem.



*

I've yet to start work on this piece but am coffee-fueled, so spend some time skittering back and forth online. I come across a review-blog on the LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. series by someone calling himself Bunny Boy. Unfortunately he doesn't seem to have made it to any of the Friday events, which is a shame as from a quick skim read he seems incapable of negative comments.

Unlike most blogs people do seem to reply to his posts, though, and if the number of response comments is anything to go by he has quite a big readership. But on scrolling through I find that most of them are from someone calling them self The Critical Friend. It looks like they should get their own blog - but maybe they're building up to that.

The Critical Friend was there on the Friday of my talk but spent most of his time in the Reading Room down the corridor, leafing through a slab like edition of Faust and some encyclopedias. At one point he passes through the lecture room (en route to the toilets) where he describes the architecture of the stalls and the patination on the tiles. He's blogged all this live so I learn that at:

- 10.34am - he Digg'ed the Faust book
- 10.36am - he Buried the person who had removed the illustrations
- 10.55am - he Digg'ed the collection of Pearson's encyclopedia
- 11.10am - he Digg'ed the tiles (with a response of 112 who 'Dug' his 'Digg')
- 11.25am - he Digg'ed the ordnance survey maps
- 12.15pm - he was Digging his cappuccino at E Pellicci

*

My sister has just finished a hypnotherapy course at City Lit and is looking for subjects. I ask if she can take me back four months to the day before, and then the day of, the talk. I want to rewind the tape and refresh my memory, look around a bit: maybe keep an eye out for Beetle Woman, The Critical Friend's fleeting appearance, and the Owl Doodler. Maybe even watch myself?

But she says it isn't like that. Regression isn't an exact science. It's more about exploring channels, following threads of connections, like untangling a web in the dark. And you can't change seats and watch yourself. She said she could take me back but it was just as likely to be four years, fourteen. You know the film 'The Time Machine', and how it had a steering lever made up of a stick with a jewelled knob on the end? Yes, of course. Well, it's like that machine but without the knob or the stick - it just goes.

Now that she has the Certificate she's considering going for the full Diploma. They don't even mention regression on that, she said. It's much more practical. The stress is on its therapeutic value: weight loss, stopping smoking, fighting phobias - though there is also an optional stagecraft module. That's as close as it gets.

*

Fredric Jameson described Brecht as "an adversary of entertainment" but I can't help thinking that his alienation devices - through set design, intertitles, acting methods, use of music, and knock knock knocking at the fourth wall - look exactly like the methods and strategies employed in Olsen and Johnson's hit knockabout musical comedy 'Hellzapoppin' (a stage show about making the stage show (1938), remade as a film about making the film that we're watching (1941)), or the Marx Brothers 'Duck Soup', and which are all... entertaining. They foreground process, but don't dwell on structuralism; they employ representation, but pull back the curtain to reveal the illusion: they serve pleasure on the same plate as ideas. This giddy mix continues on through Ionesco, Adamov, N.F.Simpson, Pinter, Barthelme, B.S. Johnson. It was there before in Jarry and Satie, Kafka, Hoffmann, Sterne and Cervantes. Carries back forward again through Godard, Ruiz, Anderson, Chytilova and then, heading TV box-wards come Alex Bag, Mike Smith, George Barber, Eileen Maxson ... It keeps on carrying on.

James Benning ('13 Lakes', 'Ten Skies') is talking following a screening of his 'One Way Boogie Woogie' (1978) and the companion piece '27 Years Later' (the same 60 shots as in 'OWBW' but filmed again in 2005). Mr. Benning comes across as an affable sort, and despite the formal structure of 'OWBW' he explains it as a very personal work, with puns and personal references abounding. These are maybe more hidden to a lay audience than he realises, and he goes on to explain how after this first solo feature he was very careful to keep the humour hidden as he wanted to be taken seriously as a filmmaker. "Humor in Benning's work is woefully unrecognized," writes Jay Kuehner.

*

1928 - Television is LIVE. A NY station broadcasts on a 48 line spectrum a montage of moving faces and jumping, jerking wind up toys. Station owner Hugo Gernsback declares:

“In six months we may have television for the public, but so far we have not got it.”

1928 - The world’s first dramatic television play - ‘The Queen’s Messenger’ - is broadcast in the US. Two actors speak their lines on camera, whilst two others act as hand models for close-ups. The broadcast is received by four television sets.

1928 - penicillin discovered; clip-on tie designed; Mussolini ends women’s rights in Italy; Mickey Mouse makes his first appearance; 51 frogs entered in 1st annual “Frog Jumping Jubilee” (Angel’s Camp, Cal)

1928 - 1928

*

• **so sorry...**

To Paul Tarrago
From: V***** C***** (v*****_c*****@hotmail.com)
Sent: 25 June 2010 12:05:33
To: Paul Tarrago (mistralstudios@hotmail.com)

So sorry I missed your talk this am- and I cd have gone too!
I only just remembered and I am really cross with myself as I really wanted to go. Been suffering a bit with my back so my Mind was a bit elsewhere. So sorry. Hope it went well.

Bests
V*****



R.C.





R.B.





S.E.





S.G.





Breaking My Silence: Notes Reflecting on My Performance of Observing Silence

Asked by Edward Dorrian to reflect on my performances of *Observing Silence* (OS) I made in July at Free School. Lecture Hall., my immediate response is Yes to him, but How? and Why? to myself. I read his email again. I hear my voice inside my head and my ideas are re-affirmed. So I respond to the email in the affirmative and now I hesitate. I consider the possibilities and there's the temptation to respond with something irreverent, make some ironic comment (previous drafts contained one or two), or make another work, something visual or conceptual, but instead I decide to use the opportunity wisely and invest some thought and explore the context of my ideas and evaluate OS post-performance. How I will do this I don't know, but its a good opportunity nonetheless. I will do some research around the subject and will write notes about what I did sequentially, starting from the beginning of my performance and go on from there.

A few moments ago this page on which I now write was blank.

Standing in front of the audience my performance has begun. I know *mostly* what to expect, the audience does not. I have to keep focussed, keep to my plan. There is something methodical in my attitude now. This is live art I have conceived and I enjoy realising my ideas. 'One can look at seeing; one can't hear *hearing*' [1] but we're going to try anyway. In performing work there is a confirmation in the concept now, and Now is what interests me. I know that I have performed many times before, both solo and collectively, each involving a heightened sense of looking and listening, but every time I perform its different. Any nerves I have are excitement, my essential tremors shouldn't detract from the spectacle, and although there is always the possibility of some technical fault, hiccup, heckling or interruption, I accept and relish these as indeterminacies in the Now and push them to a corner of my mind. I have confidence in myself, in the work, and in the ideas, but I can't *know* the work until I experience it and share in its communication to the audience. OS is an idea, it is hearing and seeing, it is You and I, what we share and what we keep to ourselves, it is spectator and spectacle, voice and text, silence and noise, it is then and now. Not *about* Now: Now.

Each pre-recorded voice we hear reduces the tension of the silence before. We relax. I can see it in the audience. It permits people to fidget a little, to shift in their seats, presumably unnoticed. They turn their attention to the content heard and their eyes shift as their heads either study the ceiling or gaze at their shoes. I must visibly relax too. I have heard the voice before; I recorded it and I know to whom it belongs. I have read the text the voice reads and remember what comes next. I remember who wrote it. Standing here before the audience with this unfamiliar disembodied voice is uncanny, something like a soliloquy or a voiceover in a film. The experience shared is akin to listening to the radio collectively, as people once did, (which at this moment incidentally, makes me think there's an odd inverted correlation here with Rogalsky's S [2]). It is like being read a story as a child, or a reminder too of how we once learnt to read, first aloud and then silently. I headed the proposal for OS at Free School. Lecture Hall. thus:

It is thought crude to move the lips when reading. We were taught to read by being made to read out loud; then we had to unlearn what we were told was a bad habit, no doubt because it smacks overmuch of application and of effort. Which doesn't stop the cricoarytenoid and cricothyroid, the tensor and constrictor, muscles of the vocal cords and the glottis being activated when we read. Reading remains inseparable from this labial mimeticism and its vocal activity. [3]

To hear someone read aloud is somewhat alien. Their voice contains their own nuances of speech that are not our own, and presumably belong neither to the text nor to the author. Other than perhaps a film script or screenplay is their any direction as to how we read, save for punctuation. Whilst punctuation assists in reading it can only suggest a guide to nuances such as pace and inflection, which are there to reveal emotional, rather than literary content. The reading of a text aloud is a personal interpretation, and may account - as I've found in gathering voices for *OS* - why others are often reticent to read aloud. Perec's insight that it smacks of effort may go some way to explain too why others have little confidence in the sound of their voice recorded. The exception to this however, is the audio book, which interestingly are mostly abridged (an edit of the original), read aloud often by the author or a familiar voice like that of a celebrity. Our experience in reading text is however still very different. Sara Maitland, (in her study of more religious eremitic solitude than actual silence), observes that prior to the fourth century everyone who read, read aloud:

And the script they read in the West was written without word breaks in a single stream of phonemes or letters perfectly replicating speech it is called *scripta continua* it had no punctuation. (And the script they read in the West was written without word breaks - in a single stream of phonemes, or letters, perfectly replicating speech. It is called *scripta continua*. It had no punctuation.) [4]

Prior to the fourth century reading silently was then seen as subversive; that reading privately the reader 'owned' the text in a silent dialogue with the author. Private reading by the individual led to independent thought. The author of a book is communicating to the reader in his absence. We look, we read, but we do not hear the author's voice. We hear our own voice, but not our own words and there is an absence. To some extent there is even an absence of our awareness of the environment outside ourselves, (except perhaps what we feel, smell, or hear), and our sense of self when we read. For example we may read in a public place but we are reading privately, again in silent dialogue with the author. Our thoughts we keep to ourselves, are hidden, secret. This is a very different experience than reading aloud. This difference in experience between reading a text silently and reading aloud fascinates me. This is in part due to the idea that an author's 'voice', that which he used to write the work (and re-read it as he went), is lost when the text becomes published as a book (a multiple), and that every reader uses his own voice to read the author's work. Every book thus has the *potential* of becoming adopted by another voice, another reader:

I dip the pen into the inkwell, then watch the black shapes form as I move my hand slowly from left to right...I work my way down the page, and each cluster of marks is a word, and each word is a sound in my head, and each time I write another word, I hear the sound of my own voice, even though my lips are silent. [5]

I began collecting texts that referred to both noise and silence initially to be read aloud by myself as part of my own sound compositions and those made with London Concrete [6]. However, it wasn't until London Concrete became defunct and I withdrew from making noise that I began to read with the intention of finding more silences, and I felt it pertinent too, to explore ways to present this accumulation of appropriated texts. In light of the fact that readers make a text their own, or appropriate it when reading, and that if what they read referred to multiple variations of silence, it occurred to me that *OS* should contain multiple voices that are not my own nor manipulated by me, and that in performing the work I myself should be silent. Coincidentally, nine months after I began reading and gathering silences the musician, writer and sound curator David Toop published his own findings of sound and silence in fiction and visual art. Like Toop, I found that authors

conceived silence not only as 'an external phenomenon that can be heard...[but] that are behavioural, metaphorical, mystical, philosophical, or political' [7], and that silence (and sound) forms in one's imagination when reading. However, further to what I've written concerning the author's voice, I would add that whilst I concede that authors of fiction observe and borrow from life so that readers will recognise what is described, fiction is invention. If fictional sound or particularly fictional silence is invented then it never 'existed' other than as the text we read, and as a result is all the more silent. Whatever silence the author may describe we cannot hear it, we can only read it, and furthermore that in reading the silence we give the author's text our voice(s) so that the silence is broken. Perhaps the only way to preserve the silence is not to read it, or not to write in the first place? This illustrates the inherent paradox of silence. Its entry in the OED is ambiguous in its two definitions: as either an absence of *language* or as an absence of *sound*. Yet as I've found in reading silences, and in listening too, to say that there is *absence* is somewhat misleading. *There is nothing outside the text* [8], except maybe, silence.

This page on which I now write is either half full or half blank.

During my performance, the silence that proceeds the pre-recorded voice creates a 'quieting' of one's self, a clarity and an appreciation of the environment I share and a noticeable change in the focus of the audience. There is an element of shifting from literacy to illiteracy, from a language understood to a language that confuses; *quietism* is after all, an ignorance of sorts. I'm also aware of perspiration beneath my shirt, and the weight of my body shifted on one foot pressing into my shoe and feeling the wooden floorboards below. The sunlight, mottled by the glazed windows is very much a June sun; bright, penetrating and warming. The warmth becomes part of the stillness, the comfort of those within the hall, and that distant voices remind us that this sun has invited others to the park beyond. The warmth too permeates the hall with its own odour; dust, varnished wood - disuse? - which heightens the quiet of the moment. I can hear many sounds, some I can see their source, others too are recognisable so that I can visualise them in absence, but others are uncertain. I can hear visitors to the library pushing through the doors downstairs, a repetitive tchk, probably from the large clock at the other end of the hall in the periphery of my vision, and then also each of the audience, seated before me, breathing and listening. I can hear my stomach gurgle a little and I remember I haven't eaten, then I think whether anyone heard it. But of course, they can hear what I hear. This silence is the basis for all other sounds to be heard more distinctly, it has *potential*, and 'the place of the 'i' in the listened-to world...but an 'i' in doubt about his position...[and] as the call to listen to the world and to myself, as things in the world' [9].

I look at each spectator in turn, looking upon them like life-models, tracing the outlines of their bodies, studying their clothes, their expressions. A friend may return my gaze, observing me equally. Mostly the audience retreats into introspection, averts their eyes, uncomfortable by my silence and my gaze. This in turn makes me uncomfortable and I retreat inside to some extent too. I'm aware that my eyes and my silence add ambiguity to my presence before these people. This is not a straight-forward 'lecture'. The audience is realising I may never speak, and my communication is limited to what I do with my eyes and my stance. *OS* reveals as much as what we do with our eyes when silent as it does the experience of listening. Critics of so-called 'sound art' claim that sound is invasive, but I've always felt that the visual or light is just as intrusive. Whilst we cannot close our ears, how often do we close our eyes, or are aware of what we do with them when they are open? Vision has permanence and though sound is continual, it is temporal and ephemeral, but sound 'evokes the permanence of participation and production...[inviting one] to consider the *dynamic* of perception rather than the monument of its materiality' [10]. Standing before the audience, observing and listening, *OS* reveals to me how this

experience is absurd, and yet I cannot dispute the complexity of that that I have instigated with the idea. We could close our eyes and escape, and either the audience or I could speak and break the silence, but we do not. The experience is unsettling and yet potent in its simplicity; the silence acts like a mirror: our senses heightened to such a degree as to expose us to one another, to our environment and ourselves with in it, to our own sound making and our own silence.

In the silences there becomes an anticipation for another pre-recorded voice. Each silence is approximately two minutes in duration, and each second which elapses is acutely felt, both by me and the audience. If according to Merleau-Ponty 'speech accomplishes thought, critical reflection, rather than translate its object', [11] then the pre-recorded voice serves as both a welcome contrast and as a means to reflect on the silence we have just heard described and the actual silence we shall hear. The duration of *OS*; just under twenty minutes, is relatively brief, yet provides a great deal of time *during* the work to critically reflect. The Now of experiencing *OS* both as performer and as audience is intense; ideas and emotions suppressed by the silence and noise are given time to ferment, time to be examined. I could not have pre-conceived this and yet I am delighted by my experience of the work now passed. In fact when the performance comes to an end, I am genuinely surprised by my own thoughts and feelings, the relief I enjoy in regaining my voice, and the well-articulated questions I am asked and the fluidity of my responses. Furthermore, and in response to questions received about the silences I have collected, their sources, and those of which I selected for performances, shortly after Free School. Lecture Hall. I began a blog [12]. I have quoted those instances of silence and those I have found and added since, and I welcome too contributions of voice and found texts from visitors; I am effectively creating an on-going compendium of silence; extending the duration of the work indefinitely.

This has ended up being a critical essay of sorts. I can't profess to being much of a writer. In fact, I've found expressing myself by way of words rarely delicious; mostly its just irritating. If I had wanted to express the idea of *OS* as a written work I would have done so, rather than perform it, and as it is I feel I've only just begun to scratch the surface of ideas I've explored. That said, I have enjoyed researching my ideas, reading critical texts on the subject of sound and silence, and gaining an added perspective to *OS* which I didn't have before. Often in making work the reasons why are discovered after the event and in this way writing this text has been useful in elaborating on and giving voice to what I *instinctively* knew, and giving me insights to that I did not. However, reading back over this text now, I am aware that any one of these paragraphs could be read in any order, that there's nothing particularly conclusive here, but perhaps that's as it should be. No one reflection entirely rings true with what I remember. I'm not going to go into Memory here, but there is a comparison with it to be made with Sound, and *OS*, for precisely the same reason: its subject to change. Sound, and indeed silence, is intangible and forever there and yet out of our reach, 'neither mental nor material but a phenomenon of experience' [13]. In conclusion, I can only confirm that the experience of *OS* at Free School was temporal, and it has passed. Future performances of *OS* may or may not happen. The blog for *OS* I update continuously, and invites participation; it too is in flux. Live art is in the here and now. It is not static. It is experiential. By all means read about art, read aloud about it, discuss it, write about it and listen to it and observe it, but above all, participate in it and experience it.

This page on which I now write is full. The next page is blank.

Seth Guy, Nov. 2010

- [1] [see], note taken from *The 1914 Box*, Marcel Duchamp; the artist 'published' notes of observations in an edition of 3, quoted from *Sinister Resonance: The Mediumship of the Listener*, David Toop, Continuum Books, (2010).
- [2] *S* (2002), Matt Rogalsky; the artist harvested the silences between words from a live BBC Radio 4 programme, info: www.silenceisntgolden.net
- [3] *Reading: A Socio-Physiological Outline*, first published in *Esprit*, 1979, from *Penser/Classer*, (1985), taken from *Species of Spaces*, Georges Perec, Penguin Classics, (2008).
- [4] *A Book Of Silence*, Sara Maitland, Granta Books, (2008).
- [5] *Travels in The Scriptorium*, Paul Auster, Henry Holt and Co., (2007).
- [6] London Concrete [2006-9], eg. hear *The Tartar Steppe*: <http://www.archive.org/details/NoiseResearchReactions>, more info: www.last.fm/music/london+concrete
- [7] *Sinister Resonance: The Mediumship of the Listener*, David Toop, Continuum Books, (2010).
- [8] "Il n'y a pas de hors-texte", *Parergon*, Jacques Derrida, from *The Truth in Painting*, trans. Geoff Bennington & Ian McLeod, Chicago University Press, (1987), quoted here from *In the Blink of an Ear: Toward a Non-Cochlear Sonic Art*, Seth Kim-Cohen, Continuum Books, (2009).
- [9] *Listening To Noise And Silence: Towards a Philosophy of Sound Art*, Salome Voegelin, Continuum Books, (2010).
- [10] *Listening To Noise And Silence: Towards a Philosophy of Sound Art*, Salome Voegelin, Continuum Books, (2010).
- [11] *Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith, London and New York: Routledge, (2002), quoted here from *Listening To Noise And Silence: Towards a Philosophy of Sound Art*, Salome Voegelin, Continuum Books, (2010).
- [12] www.observingsilence.blogspot.com
- [13] *Against Soundscape*, Tim Ingold, in *Autumn Leaves*, ed. Angus Carlyle, Double Entendre/CRiSAP, Paris, (2007), quoted here from *Sinister Resonance: The Mediumship of the Listener*, David Toop, Continuum Books, (2010).

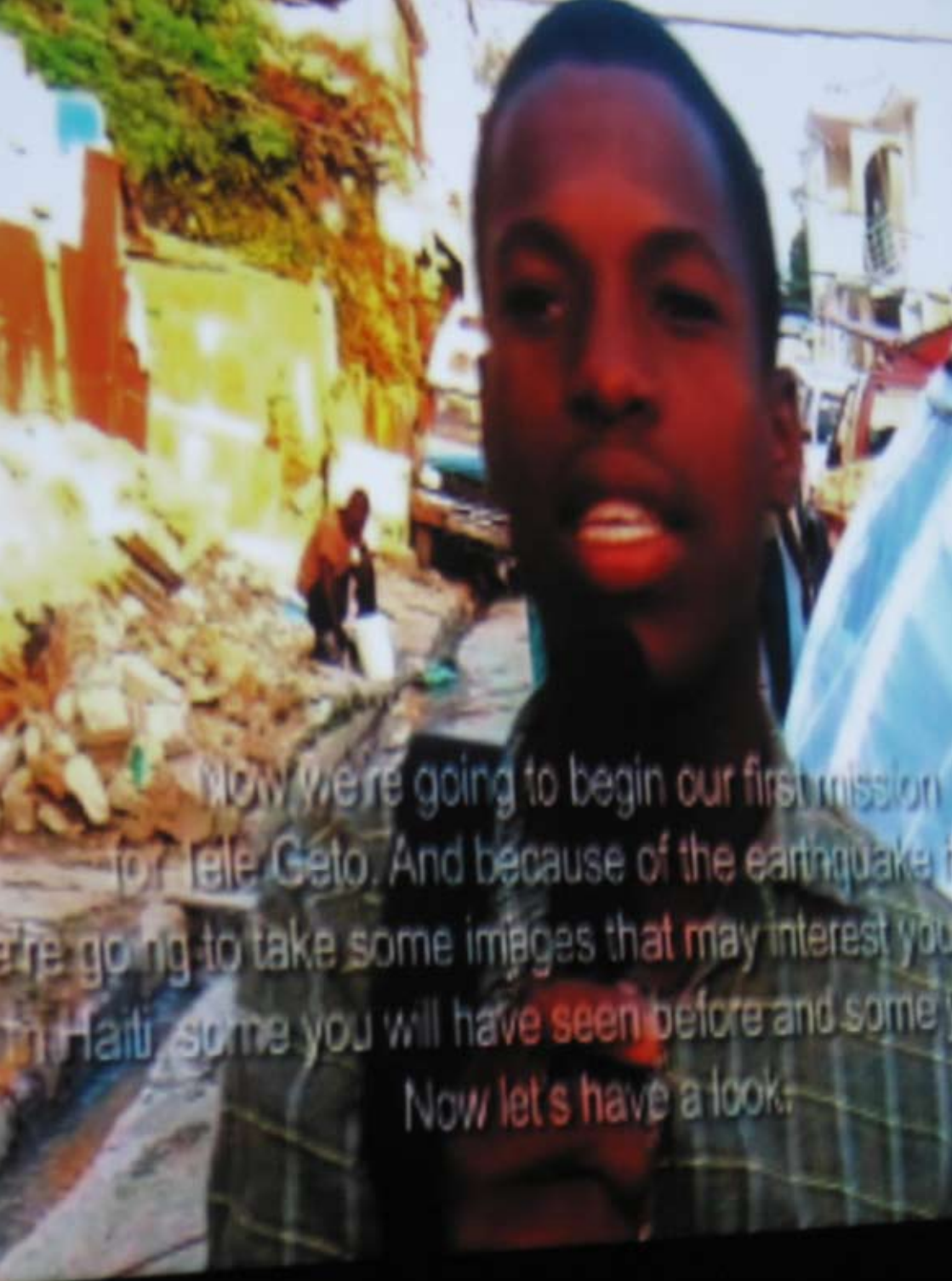
S.R.





T-G.

Now we're going to begin our first mission for Tele Goto. And because of the earthquake we're going to take some images that may interest you in Haiti, some you will have seen before and some
Now let's have a look.



V.K.

+

J.B.

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