



Five Years: Fragments

Fragments

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Fragments

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Fragments

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Introduction

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This publication collects together material generated through five collaborative projects, each initiated by an individual member of the London based artists’ group Five Years.

‘Fragments’ reflects an ethos that is central to Five Years’ organisational principles, with individual artists exercising creative autonomy in relation to a communally adopted overall structure. In response to a basic initial brief, the participants invited artists working in fields beyond the broad parameters of contemporary ‘fine art’ practice to work with them in dialogue, using one-to-one conversation as a starting point for the development of new work.

Accordingly the publication is divided into five main sections, each of which which have been edited and designed by the artists to reflect the specific and divergent trajectories their projects have taken, integrating edited transcripts of conversations between the participants with work and working material produced in the process of collaboration. These projects have also been made manifest beyond this publication in forms including exhibitions, performances and participatory events.

Founded in 1998, Five Years has a long history of engagement in the field of artistic co-operation and collaboration. Rather than idealising processes of creative dialogue however, we hope through ‘Fragments’ to reflect on their structural intricacy, within which rupture and misunderstanding are interwoven with productive or serendipitous dynamics. The dividing line between what may be termed a collective yet dissensual form of ‘research’ on the one hand, or the production of individual work on the other, is necessarily blurred.

In addition, we re-present Francis Summers’ text *A Fragment on Fragments*, which addresses the idea of Five Years itself as a ‘collection’ of individual practices organised according to (Romantic) principles of the fragmentary. Originally written in the context of the group’s participation in JTP09, an ‘artist-run’ exhibition organised concurrently with the 2009 Frieze Art Fair, it is here re-contextualised and re-edited by Edward Dorrian to highlight its relevance to Five Years in relation to broader contexts of institutional organisation / establishment and the legacy of Romantic thought.

Our Research: A Fragment on Fragments

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- *So here again is the peculiarity of that turning toward... which is detour. Whoever would advance must turn aside. This makes for a curious kind of crab's progress. Would it also be the movement of seeking?*
- *All research is crisis. What is sought is nothing other than the turn of seeking, of research that occasions this crisis: the critical turn.*
- *This is hopelessly abstract.*¹

*Since meaning is given by such a placing in common (the continuity of a series of always discontinuous and even divergent texts, of essentially different forms and 'genres'), [...] they belong already to the fragmentary or, more simply, to fragments, sentences, paragraphs, which, when put into relation with others, can take on a new meaning or further our research.*²

The occasion of this. An introduction arising in part from a conversation. A verbal correspondence between Edward Dorrian, Marc Hulson and Francis Summers.

In the darkness of The Hare's wet concrete garden. A pub on Cambridge Heath Road. It was about, in some ways, a notion of collection, a notion of participation. As artists involved in the Five Years collection of practices – a loose collection, but a collection or a collective body nonetheless – we talked about the participation of Five Years within an event. *JTP09*.³ Then forming the basis of a response to the invitation from *Autonomous Organization*.⁴ And now the occasion of this. An introduction to *Fragments*.

This past triadic conversation skirted loosely around what defined the collection of artists that comprises what is known as the collective enterprise Five Years. This conversation strayed into how this collection of practices might involve itself in a project that ran parallel to Frieze and Zoo, that displayed an 'artist-run' response to the display of expertly managed identities and free market of commodities that is an Art Fair.

The conversation could easily have strayed thus:

How this collection of practices might involve itself into a project that runs parallel to an idea of research. An 'artist-run' response to the display of expertly managed identities and free market of commodities that is Knowledge Transfer Partnership. That is Academic Research?⁶

The participation? The end result (not of that conversation but of the action of those in Five Years) is what we now sit in. A marginal space. An extra-institutional DIY classroom promising programmes of discussion and debate. Developing through 'critical reflection' the requisite documentary evidence (archive, publication, research, etc) Disseminating the research. *Our* research.

The Salon de Refusé of 2009 was put forward albeit briefly – a space reminiscent of nineteenth century art-politics, a space that exists alongside the time of the crushed communes. The salon we find here is of those (perhaps) refused to the inclusive-exclusive bordered space of Zoo and Frieze. And the University?

So what kind of refusal might be counter-staged, what kind of marginal activity might there productively be? The critical turn. A dubious proposition: Dissemination through publication. Our research as a salon of refused, a salon of refuse, a salon of refusal. If the members of Five Years were to engage in this salon (with and against this act and institution of refusal), what kind of engagement could there be?

Collaboration and resistance. A problem, then. How might an artist-run organisation, a collection, a collective, a communal project, participate in an event linked, however tangentially, to this notion of an Art Fair, of partnership. Of being outside the fair. Apart. But displaying on its margins, temporally if not spatially. Dissensually.

Such a problem became one of identification. How do we, participants in Five Years, define ourselves in relation to this display, to this mode of displaying. How do we identify ourselves to be seen in relation to the expert discourse. The market? The Lesson. [The Great Refusal] To participate in the mode of the fair. Research Group. Research Associate. One must display within its protocol, to submit to being named and identified in this process, to submit (even if marginally) to its form of management.

To digress further. A term used repeatedly in this conversation of three was that of the Romantic movement. A movement identified from the eighteenth and nineteenth century. A proposition emerged: Five Years is conceived as a Romantic project. This is *naïve*.⁷ A consequence of this was the putting into play of another term: the fragment. As a proposition this has been followed through. Five Years: Fragments. The mode of participation has been explicitly that of the fragment, or of the fragmentary.

Five Years' participation of display has been by way of the fragment. To identify Five Years has been to identify a string of fragments arranged around an empty centre not a coherent synthesis bound by a proper name. In a more general way, as a collective body, Five Years, we might say, is a collection of fragments. A body of practices that sometimes converge, at other times, do not. To make an analogy, one might draw upon readings of the discourse of Romanticism. Such a discourse is littered with fragments, from incomplete projects, to ruins, to definitions.

*A fragment, like a miniature work of art, has to be entirely isolated from the surrounding world and be complete in itself like a porcupine.*⁸

A dialogue is a chain of fragments. [...] ⁹

Listen! Another Romantic, Novalis: the literary seed of the fragment is that which might lead to a plural writing, a writing done in common: *The art of writing jointly is a curious symptom that makes us sense a great progress in literature. One day, perhaps, we will write, think and act collectively.* (His example? the newspaper as a piece of collective writing:- *Newspapers are already books made in common*).¹⁰

Or let's turn our ears towards Maurice Blanchot who has gathered together these quotations on the fragment by Schlegel and Novalis. He remarks –

this time thinking on the aphoristic mode of René Char - that with the arrangement of a fragmentary speech we encounter *a new kind of arrangement not entailing harmony, concordance or reconciliation, but that accepts disjunction or divergence as the infinite center from out of which, through speech, relation is to be created: an arrangement that does not compose but juxtaposes, that is to say leaves each of the terms that come into relation outside one another, respecting and preserving this exteriority and this distance as the principle [...] Juxtaposition and interruption here assume an extraordinary form of justice.*¹¹

As a collection of fragments, then, Five Years approaches its own arrangement as a collection that foregrounds the justice of exteriority, a refusal of synthesis through selection. *An arrangement at the level of disarray.*¹²

An organisation in pieces (a collection of pieces, a collective based on the fragment), Fragments shows not one distilled collective concern, but a concern for collective equivocity. Such a term does not call towards ambivalence or ambiguity. Instead it points towards equal voices, towards the struggle that equality demands. To place voices in equal is to experience not harmonic synthesis (achieved through the sublime violence of sublation) but the constancy of struggle, of the discordance of discourse among equals. The collective whole or work of Five Years, then, is the work of the empty place around which a garland of fragments operate. As fragments (each practice a fragment) each practice is that of the 'complete' individual – the hedgehog or porcupine principle whereby the fragment individuates completely – but these complete parts converge as on a garland. The string upon which these fragments are strung, Five Years, encircles an 'empty place' as the site of incompleteness, of the refusal of completion through synthesis. Here the possible activity of dissensus rather than consensus can take place, if one is brave enough.

Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jean-Luc Nancy, in their analysis of the Romantic fragment,¹³ point to this – their understanding of the fragment is that it points to both completion and incompleteness, undermining both paradigms, pointing towards a notion of the dialectical as "it covers the thinking of identity through the mediation of non-identity". As both part and whole, as thoroughly complete (as a hedgehog) and incomplete the fragment and the empty space it provokes troubles a logic of identity, that logic which in part underwrites an organisation, principally a named participation in an Art Fair / Academic Research. In a move of covering identity with non-identity, one might say that the refusal of identity that is Five Years points towards the status of antagonism defining the social field, a site where the struggle for identity is never assured.

Such a notion is undoubtedly Romantic if one was to return to proper names. If one were to return to Friedrich Schlegel's notions of the fragment, one could look at his Critical Fragment no.103 to find a parallel, and find an analogy for the working principle of Five Years. Refusing the work of harmony – *those works of beautiful coherence* - Schlegel sings the praises of the piece in pieces: *the motley heap of sudden ideas*¹⁴ from which some kind of unity emanates, not from any synthetic principle, but from the *free and equal fellowship* that corresponds to its particular form of disarray. Lacoue-Labarthe and Nancy point to the inherent ideal and organic politics that resides in this heap of fragments. Without unity but united by a politics of freedom and equality, one might make a correspondence with the *motley heap of sudden ideas* that is, for better or worse, the organisational principle named Five Years.

A series of fragments are put in play. Not a continuous writing, but a discontinuous one – not a theory of the fragment, but a practice of the fragment – a number of practices that constitute the fragmentary nature of Five Years.

So far, so meta-textual. We have talked about a shared idea of how a romantic fragmentary project might be thought of. We have talked about what Five Years might be. We talked, that night, about a notion of bureaucracy – of how a Romantic project finds itself organised. We talked that night about recent returns to notions of the Terror, of how the actions of Robespierre and Saint-Just might be seen as a form of instrumentalised Romanticism: fragmentation literally put into action, romanticism and order being put into a bureaucratic formalisation. What might a Romantic Party of the Fragment look like? How might it identify itself?

[...] to constitute collective or plural speech: a communism of writing.

2. Thus the texts will be fragmentary: precisely to make plurality possible (a nonunitary plurality), to open a place for it and at the same time never to arrest the process itself - always already ruptured and as if destined to be ruptured, in order to find their meaning not in themselves but in their conjunction-disjunction, their being placed together and in common [mise en commun], their relations to difference.¹⁵

One might (perhaps) look here to Surrealist history, of the shared terms, manifest formation, violent expulsions and virulent retorts that occur in the artistic collective that so fore-grounded the art of fragmentation. What kind of Part might there be to come?

No Terror here though. No heads are rolling. But perhaps a haunting notion of the Ideal, of idealism, of the troublesome nature of putting the Idea into Action. To have fidelity to such a notion, to an equality-event of the fragment, is perhaps what is happening in this show right now.

To have done with instrumentalisation then. A fleeting proposition: Romantic Bureaucracy is put forward, is put on hold. (To think a bureaucracy in terms of Romanticism put forward by Blanchot would be to think about an instrumentalisation of a movement that necessarily composes and decomposes, that comes together to fall apart. What ways could this format enter the expert rule of the Art Fair? The expert rule of the University? Perhaps that a logic still haunting this project, these fleeting events).

So. Not Romantic Bureaucracy, then. That is happening already as an event form that persistently un-works itself, refuses coherence. To borrow again from Blanchot, we perhaps have here the work of un-working

To end for now with a question: one might ask, paradoxically, what is lacking in the fragment? Both nothing and everything – it is both irresolutely complete and incomplete. Instead one might ask how one moves from the open field of the social to the abrupt violent gesture that fragments, that causes the fracture of the fragment.

Francis Summers, 2009, Edward Dorrian 2013

¹ Maurice Blanchot, *Speaking Is Not Seeing, The Infinite Conversation*, translated by Susan Hanson, University of Minnesota Press, Minnaeapolis and London 1993 p32

² *The Possible Characteristics, Comité: The First Issue. Bulletin Published by the Student-Writer Action Committee in Service of the Movement (October 1968) Maurice Blanchot: Political Writings, 1953-1993*, translated by Zakir Paul (Fordham University Press, New York 2010) p85

³ JT Projects is an ongoing experimental survey of artist-led initiatives providing a platform for dialogue and new collaborations. JTP09 took place in 2009 to coincide with Frieze and Zoo Art Fairs)

⁴ Project Space Survival Strategies is a research project by the artist Elysa Lozano for Autonomous Organization, produced in collaboration with Invisible Venue.

⁵ see introduction

⁶ Knowledge Transfer Partnerships (KTP) supports UK businesses wanting to improve their competitiveness, productivity and performance by accessing the knowledge and expertise available within UK Universities. The partnership recruits a recently qualified graduate (Associate) to facilitate the transfer of academic knowledge into the company. The Associate works within the company and is jointly supervised by company personnel and a senior academic. <http://www.ucl.ac.uk/advances/support/ktp>

⁷ *We all think, as if it went without saying, that politics passes through the literary (or the theoretical). Romanticism is our naivité.* Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jean-Luc Nancy *The Literary Absolute: The Theory of Literature in German Romanticism, Preface.* Translation by Philip Barnard and Cheryl Lester, State University of New York Press, 1988 p17

⁸ Fredrich Schlegel Athenaeum Fragments 206. *Philosophical fragments*, translated by Peter Firchow, University of Minnesota Press, 1991

⁹ Fredrich Schlegel (from) Athenaeum Fragments 77. *Philosophical fragments*, translated by Peter Firchow, University of Minnesota Press, 1991

¹⁰ Maurice Blanchot citing Novalis. *The Athenaeum, The Absence of the Book, The Infinite Conversation*, translated by Susan Hanson, University of Minnesota Press, Minnaeapolis and London 1993 p358

¹¹ Maurice Blanchot *The Fragment Word, The Absence of the Book, The Infinite Conversation*, translated by Susan Hanson, University of Minnesota Press, Minnaeapolis and London 1993 p308

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jean-Luc Nancy *The Literary Absolute: The Theory of Literature in German Romanticism, The Fragment: The Fragmentary Exigency.* Translation by Philip Barnard and Cheryl Lester, State University of New York Press, 1988

¹⁴ Ibid. p50

¹⁵ *The Possible Characteristics, Comité: The First Issue. Bulletin Published by the Student-Writer Action Committee in Service of the Movement (October 1968) Maurice Blanchot: Political Writings, 1953-1993*, translated by Zakir Paul (Fordham University Press, New York 2010) p85

With dance and drawing central to our respective practices, in an earlier, unrecorded meeting we discussed the improvisatory nature of each. Sally's interest in the improvised everyday gestures that accompany speech as a source for drawing, combined with Karen's interest in dance improvisation led us to think about the potential of gestures made at moments in conversation when one is unable to speak, or when one is trying to find a word, or remember a narrative.

Our intention was to integrate the drawing and dance elements of the work, aiming to expose the installation of the drawing in the space as part of the performance, punctuated by a dancer or dancers improvising in response to the developing drawing and, potentially, to the movement of the drawer.

The drawing would come from lines of movement recorded during a motion capture session where Karen would perform a choreographed sequence based on observed improvisatory gesture. The installation of the drawing, likely to take two days, would be a drawing out in time of the movement that had been performed in less than five minutes.

The following fragments are extracted from recordings of three conversations that took place at different stages in the collaborative process. The first conversation followed Karen's initial observations of gesture and the development of a movement sequence in response. The second took place immediately after the motion capture session and the third following the installation and performance of Echo.

Sally Morfill and Karen Wood

White			Grey	
1	32	63	1	32
2	33	64	2	33
3	34	65	3	34
4	35	66	4	35
5	(36?)	67	5	36
6	37	68 (i)	6	37
7	38	68 (ii)	7	38
8	39	69	8	39
9	40	70	9	40
10	41	71	10	41
11	42	72	11	42
12	43	73	12	43
13	44	74	13	44
14	45	75	14	45
15	46	76	15	46
16	47	77	16	47
17	48	78	17	48
18	49	79	18	49
19	50	80	19	50
20	51	81	20	
21	52	82	21	
22	53	83	22	
23	54	84	23	
24	55	85	24	
25	56	86	25	
26	57	87	26	
27	58	88	27	
28	59		28	
29	60		29	
30	61		30	
31	62		31	

Sally Morfill and Karen Wood

8.02.13					
1.	So I just found myself trying to sort of... to read... I wondered where those gestures came from. And the other thing that I was interested in um... was the way that the gestures... the repetition of gestures which I think is something that happens... we observe all the time; but the way you... you might say ‘No... I wasn’t doing that’... where I felt there was this sort of build up of quite a faithful representation of a gesture and then it becomes more exaggerated and I thought... thinking in terms of drawing and how that might translate I thought that could be really interesting because it’s this feeling that there is a line that then has an echo of itself... that’s slightly larger... and then another echo of that so it’s like this rippling of the line outwards. Um... so I think that’s what I was doing... trying to read what you had done both in terms of where these gestures come from and also how they might begin to translate through drawing	8.	see that line travel (yeah) and it could be that it is simply that we define a number of locations within that space where different... a different sequence of movement happens. It’s simply the lines of your hands... the lines of your two hands that connect to each of those sites...		
		9.	how that movement is embodied through the lines and the... the... how the kinaesthetic is represented in what you’re doing as well... and I think some of that’s from you... that bodily connection that you have with the movement... how you then represent that within the... the vinyl drawing		
			14.02.13		
2.	There’s an interaction going on between the making of the drawing in the space and the dance...	10.	but actually what I’ve been thinking about is... because the... because of the way they capture the data and give it to me... once it’s in the 3D program... I can look at it from face on or I can look at it from above... and I’m thinking... maybe what I should do is think about... doing two sets of lines; one that will effectively be a projection of you to the wall...		
3.	Agamben’s ‘Notes on Gesture’	11.	you’re working in a 3-dimensional space; I’m flattening it into a 2-dimensional plane		
4.	‘echopraxia’.	12.	if you imagined those lines coming out and those lines coming up from the floor... you know... where they met... that would construct the 3-dimensional space... so I kind of thought... I don’t know... that might be quite an interesting way to think about it for providing a space within which you might kind of respond again.		
5.	which is the automatic repetition of movements made by another person				
6.	connected to the process of the labour that I’m engaged in...				
7.	movement... so I improvised a little bit to start with and then it became this...				
				13.	and in respect of that... and that sort of real-time recording that gets delayed and projected... I was also thinking... I wonder what... what would happen if you had... if we had... you know... a situation like today where we had two cameras... but if actually you had a camera that was looking out... as well as a camera that was looking at you... what would that produce?
				14.	and that animation might be depicting stitching and then unpicking
				15.	I suddenly started thinking... well... I suppose part of my interest in movement is this... is the fleetingness... fleeting nature of it... um... it’s something that happens and is very real and then it’s gone and there’s no trace of what’s taken place... and so I thought... in a way what I’m trying to do is create a sort of projection of a trace into that space and it’s a slowed down version
				16.	respond to your... how that material... is it a case that I forget that material now and have to look at your... your drawing and then I have to recreate something in response to that don’t I... so it’s a... it’s leaving that behind there’s a trace of this movement in the drawing and then seeing how I might respond to that
				17.	so that’s gonna start building and becoming more complex visually... so I think that’s going to be interesting... and that also might be why it’s quite good to think about responding at different points if it’s possible
				18.	then they might start to suggest completely different things
				19.	these could be very kind of improvised as well
					18.03.13
				20.	and my instructions to them were that they needed to respond through their movement... to the drawing and to each other... and how we did that, and in rehearsal when we actually did the performances... I, I got them to... think about how we could copy each other in the space, and how, how that accumulated and developed into movement... copying little idiosyncratic movements
				21.	and then another rule for that was also how we made contact with each other, because um... there were some lovely moments of contact work
				22.	So we moved away from what we were getting from the drawing and just did a little choreographed movement together and then moved away
				23.	it did make them think about interacting more with the, the drawing, which seemed to work... better... so the closer they were, the more they interacted with the, with the drawing
					that you find something, you know, a particular dynamic, from the whole of the drawing, then, then go with that
				24.	and find that within your body and find your interpretation of that. And how do you embody that dynamic? So... although the drawing doesn’t give you dynamics, and we’ve spoken about this before, that you don’t know the speed of how things moved from that drawing... you can actually um... interpret it from the drawing and not necessarily at the same space or place
				25.	especially when the lines are very short together, for some reason you want to go sh sh sh sh sh fast... to interpret that little bit, if you start to take that on,
				26.	the first time there was a little bit on the floor and a little bit on the wall; the second time there was a bigger sweep... er, on the wall, and so it changed the, the... it changed the... er... it changed the drawing actually, so then we have

- to come afresh to that... and that's what I said to them, you know each time it's going to change so you need to make sure you're looking at it differently each time, don't think it's, it's the same
27. because you have to be spontaneous... you have to be in the moment, you have to indulge in that... and you have to recognise when you're not being like that as well and just take yourself away to come back into it again.
28. you need a stimulus, I suppose, that's what it is... you need to, you know, we do just improvise for improvisation's sake in class for
29. but then, what I found was when we were assembling the drawing there were a couple of times where... we put the wrong end of a line against the line, you know, against the previous line
30. it felt as though it didn't really need to remain somehow... um... and my activity needed to be concluded, but my activity was to remove the drawing; and you know, maybe I should have removed it, been removing it during the last performance and that would have
- of gesture that gets echoed or repeated as I'm trying to sort of describe how to do something or we have to actually do something together
31. there's probably, kind of, similar things going on in our mode of operation to those kind of interactions between performers
32. well, we've kind of started with this idea... and we've kind of developed things independently and we've kind of brought them back together again
33. we've diverged to converge
34. there's always, sort of in that, there's that kind of need to trust I guess
35. I mean we've had... we started these conversations not really knowing perhaps, what
36. what it was going to be



a Wiping.
These movements came from reflecting on my own response to remembering. I was trying to remember some tasks for the week and realised that, whilst, I do this, I wipe my face and chin. These movements developed in to a short phrase of movement where I repeat them, accumulating other movements into the phrase each time I repeat it.

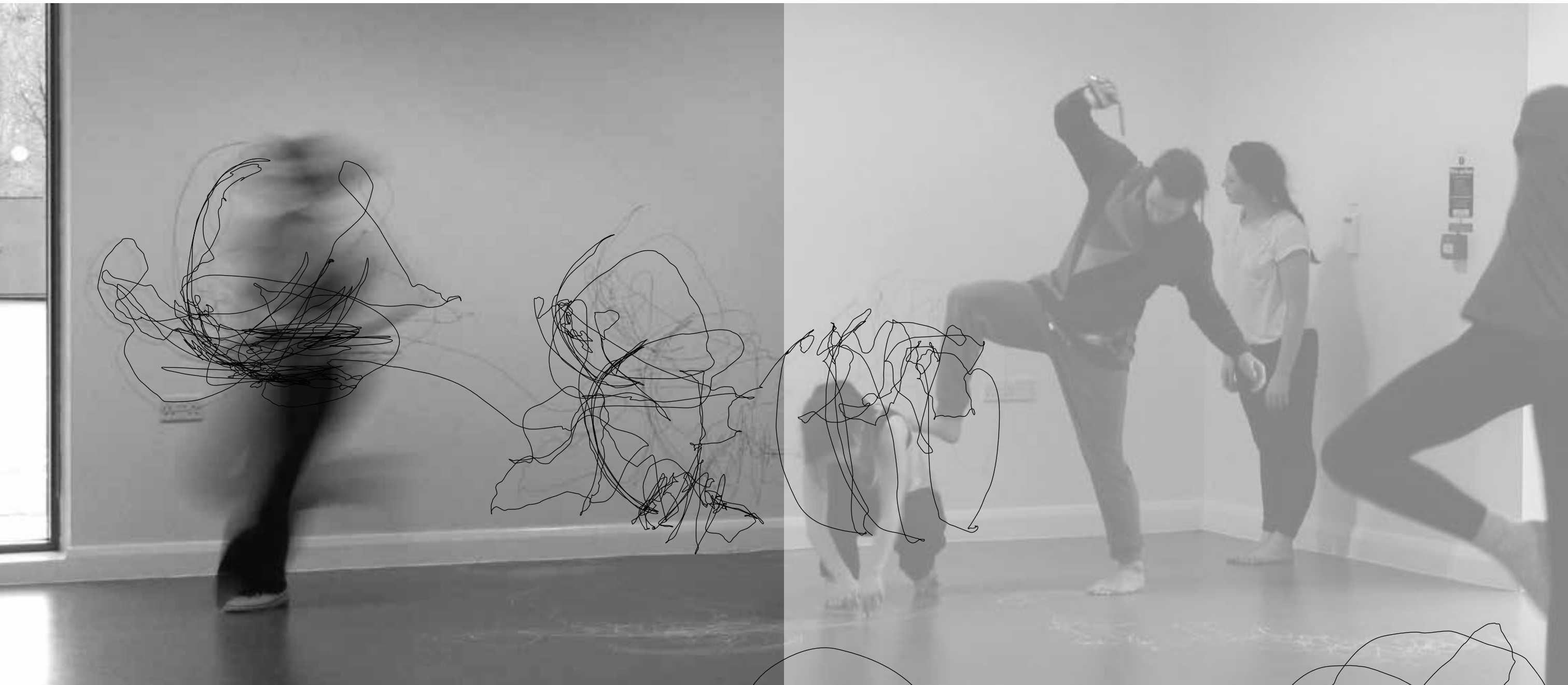
c Swinging.
From observing students that I had been working with and asking them to remember a past assessment, a couple of them that were stood while answering started to swing their arms around their body. This movement was quite symbolic of thinking and recalling.

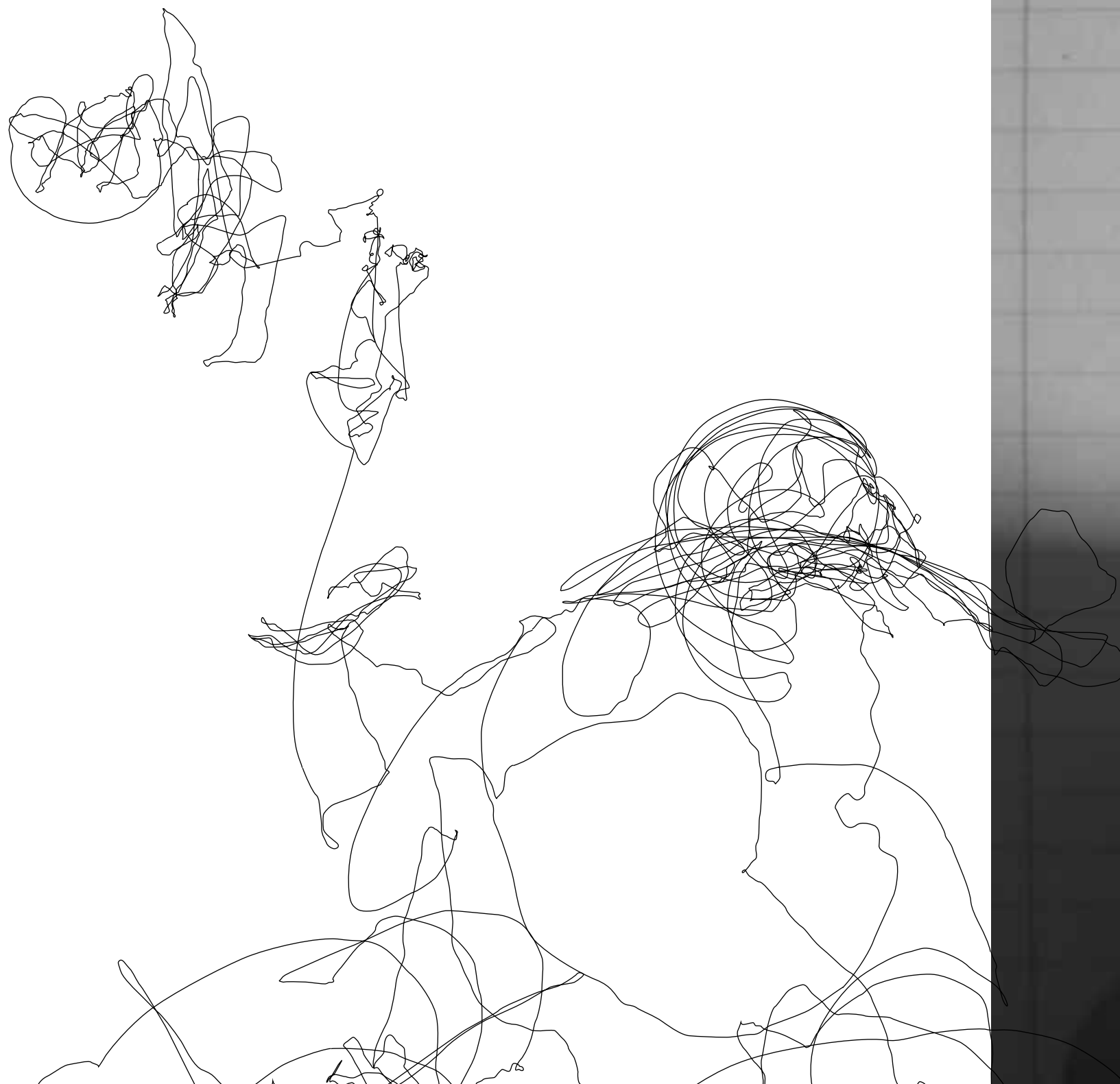
b Wringing.
This action was the result of observing my partner when he was trying to recall an event from his day to tell me about. I found it interesting to observe this as an action and how this can be interpreted through dance. Moving predominantly with the hands, this can be moved around the kinesphere of the body and on different levels.

d Pulling sleeves.
This was also a movement observation from the student group. This gesture came from a moment of forgetting details about a past performance. It perhaps suggests some self-conscious behaviour when this is performed when details start to come back to you.

e Elbow.
This sequence of movements were a development of 'pulling sleeves' and 'wiping'. I used the wiping action down my arm and wanted to repeat the movement again. A sharp retraction of the arm meant that the elbow was jabbed into the space at the left of me. I used resistance when wiping down the arm to feel as if there was force to retract the arm backwards.

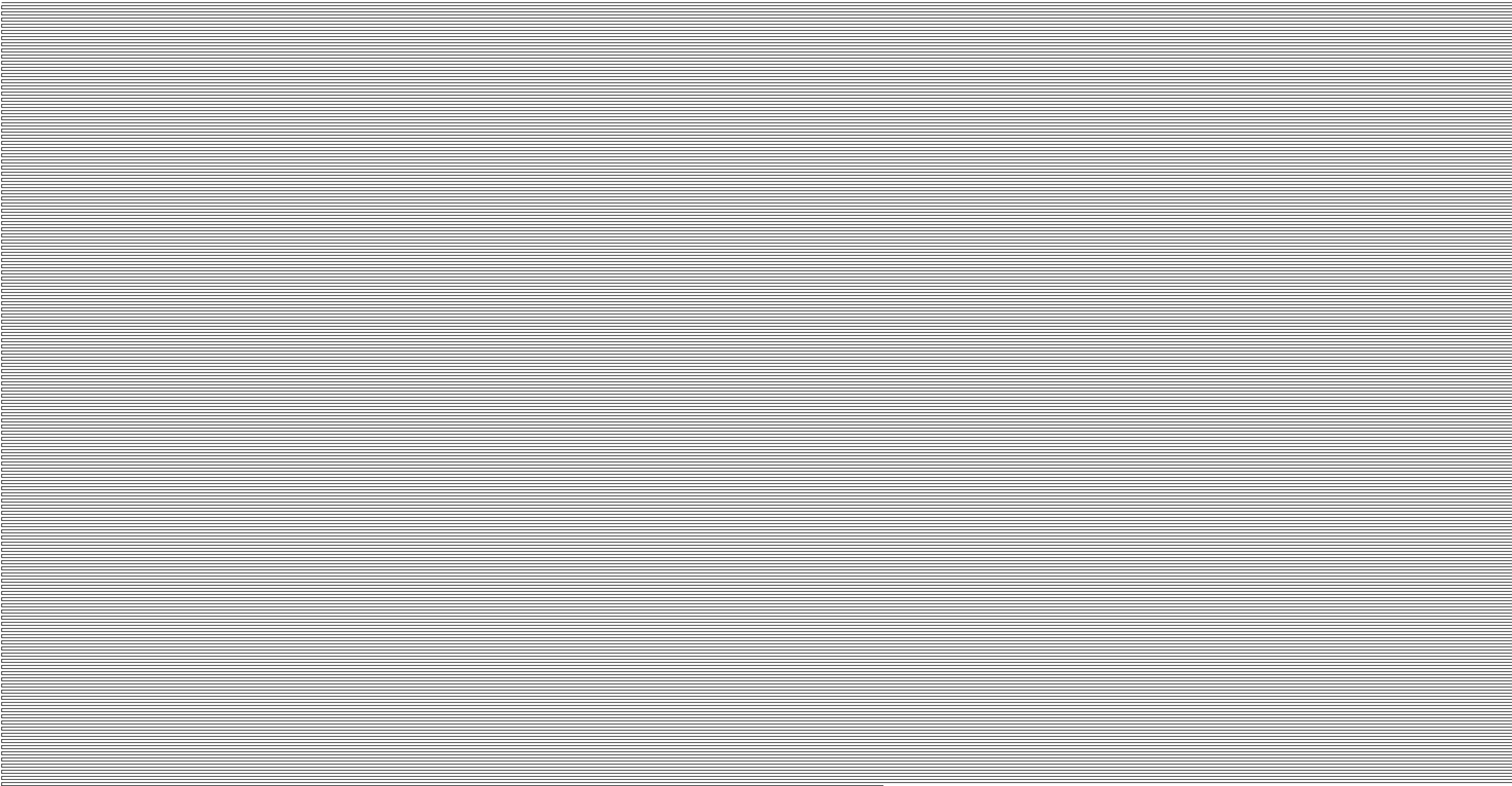






face and chi

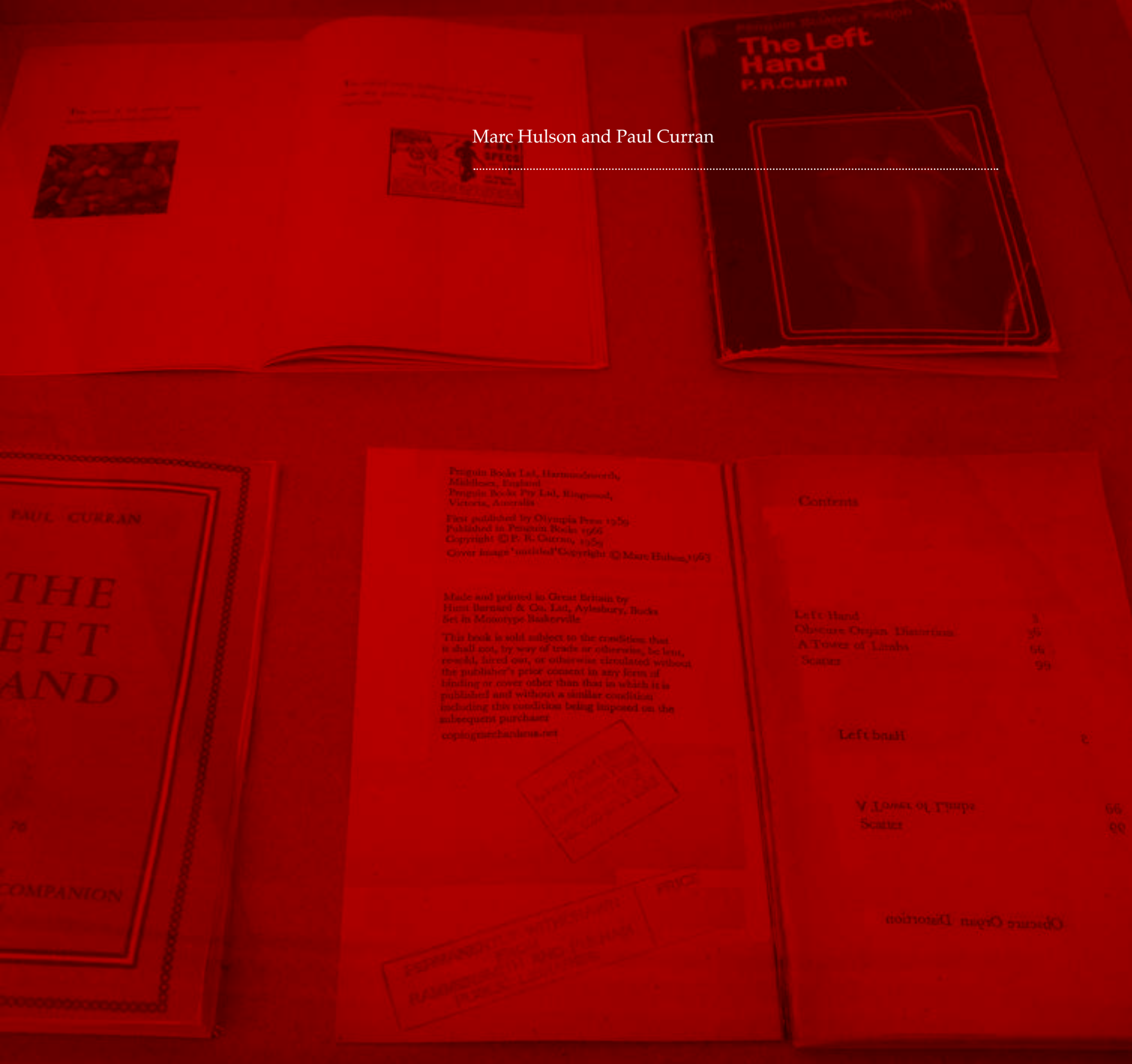






Sharing an interest in transgressive art, experimental writing, fictional realities, and internet communities, Marc Hulson and Paul Curran discovered each other’s work in 2006 through American author Dennis Cooper’s blog (‘The Weaklings’). Paul was one of several writers who contributed a piece to ‘Rallo’, a collective online project that Marc was illustrating. They later met during an exhibition of Marc’s drawings at Five Years and discussed the possibility of collaborating in the future. In 2012 when Marc was thinking about asking Paul to work with him on Fragments, Paul emailed Marc to ask him if he would paint an image for the cover of ‘Left Hand’, his forthcoming novel. These two questions formed the basis for their part in Fragments.

Over the next six months, Marc and Paul recorded several conversations that charted parallel collaborations bleeding into each other to create the foundation of the work represented in the following pages. As the dialogue developed they began exchanging images and texts by email. They worked independently and discussed the gaps and connections they found. As an extension of the project, they handed material over to Jonny Liron, Nick Hudson and E.W. Deraze to use as the basis for a series of short films. What’s emerging from these fragments is an on-going and depthless fictional space where reality and identity are continually questioned and reabsorbed.



Marc Hulson and Paul Curran

Marc Hulson and Paul Curran

.....

M: Yeah, so you get these people with a sort of green body or head.

P: Is that an apocryphal story.

M: No, no. I think I’ve heard that. We should look it up. Well, actually in relation to that, maybe it’s another interesting question... a whole entity being an illusion or something.

P: Not just a collection of random images.

M: Yeah, but also a presence I guess. I wasn’t particularly thinking about this when I started. Or it seems to... I guess what I hadn’t really thought about was that it seems to say something in relation to the position of the viewer. If you’re talking about any kind of conversation, the only actual dialogue there can be is with the viewer.

P: Right. Putting images and words together and juxtaposing things and playing around. Accidents that come out of just doing text and image and stuff.

M: Yeah, so they are literally off cuts... bits that...

(sound of beer being swigged from bottle)

P: Or... I mean scenes as well though, I mean, I guess. I don’t think there’s a difference between a scene and an image.

M: You know, this is something we’ve talked about and... and knowing my work is very open to that interpretation and knowing that it is... that that’s not a wrong way of approaching it, I was wondering what a ‘scene’ is... because you know... if you walked into a room and encountered a ‘scene’. Which would kind of imply, I don’t know, something that you had to interpret in some way.

P: Yeah, because of time, in that sense... in the sense that there’s no such thing as the present, because it’s always either becoming the past or becoming the future... that you can’t freeze time into a... it’s impossible no matter how much you divide it.

M: I guess that’s where you have this weird, not exactly a paradox, but because you know, the kinds of representational codes that I work with kind of work against that - you know they give the illusion of a unified sort of frozen moment but the viewer knows that it’s not like some magic trick.

P: It’s not necessarily a question that comes up. And it doesn’t have to come up.

M: So, it’s a sort of extension of the idea that these drugs make dysfunctional people functional and it’s like a use of them to make functional people super-functional.

P: More productive. That’s the wrong word. Productive is not the right word.

M: Well, I think when you talk about particular elements like the face or the ass of a character or something, then on some level if you’re working with representation then you are working on a level that kind of parallels language.

P: You put two mirrors together up close to each other, just off angle, and they’ll reflect infinitely, and if one of them was broken, then you would get this broken reflection and again, that’s going to go on forever like a software programme writing an infinite film that you can insert dialogue into.

M: I’ve got two figures in a lot of the paintings and drawings. You know, even if one of the figures is a disembodied head or something.

P: I knew I was going to have someone who was going to cut their arm off and that was the basic kind of ‘scene’ that was going to happen, and everything is leading up to that or following on from that. So I had basic ideas about this person trying to cut their arm off, and then just having the arm there.

M: Last time we talked we were thinking maybe we need some overarching theme or something. And then seeing how well things are already fitting together I wonder whether we need that, and whether it would be truer to the way we both work simply to pull fragments together because it also took me back to thinking about our original conversation when we were like well, you saying ‘I don’t want to just come up with writing that’s like giving a voice to your images’ and me saying ‘it would also be...’

P: But we could do some of that in a way. I don’t know. I’m not against doing that.

M: Well, maybe that could happen at some point too, you know, that we were actually trying to do that.

P: Yeah. And that’s the kind of thing that also relates to the body as being an original and the novel as being a body and the things that come up about changing the body from its original form through technology or mutilation or science or medicine. You know, what is the body as an original thing?

M: ... it’s particularly interesting, especially around transsexuality.

P: Like there’s some acceptable modifications or nullifications and others are not.

M: Sure. I was just particularly thinking about one of the first, I think it’s actually the first, album... I kind of bought when I was at school for some reason.

P: Sorry, so you were saying...

M: Well, yeah. And this is a bit tangential, but I was thinking about that and how that seemed to, you know, kind of be prescient in a way in relation to the idea of less fixed body forms, and yeah, it’s kind of interesting how ideas about desire...

(sound of beer bottles being opened)

P: I guess another side of that is a form of exhibitionism. People showing things or wanting to reveal things that are shocking or strange or like you mentioned about sideshow freaks and things like that.

M: Yeah, well I think you kind of have this odd thing at the moment in culture kind of broadly where there’s a kind of widespread embrace of the notion of difference and freakishness... and on another level the push to a kind of hyper-normality, which is kind of equally freakish.

P: When language is creating the reality or perception of reality or the reality becomes pluralised as filtered through language as the only access to that reality.

M: Sure. What identity? On the one hand, we become gradually less, although science and technology keep marching on, everything, kind of all sorts of weird beliefs, everything gets mixed up, there’s no one kind of overall belief system, but also in relation to what you were saying, you know...

P: Another thing I read was that if you did have a limb amputated then you no longer own it...

M: I don’t know if any of this will go into the transcript... I started doing another version of one of my drawings, up there, with kind of removing the arms... and... it’s like my kind of pleasure in taking off the arms is a formal pleasure.

P: Like in Ancient Rome. All those statues.

M: Yeah, it was also those thoughts kind of came around with that image you have of that kind of amputated female figure... and I keep thinking that people at some level are probably kind of freaked by the content.

P: They might be. Yeah.

M: And that kind of relates to what we did talk about a while back in relation to kind of ideas about transgression and kind of wondering whether there's still anything you can do with it (lights a cigarette). I shouldn't be smoking here because it's a studio.

P: Yeah, well it's not being recorded, is it (laughs)?

M: No, but he'll smell it in the other studio.

P: Oh, he's there?

M: No, but he will be.

P: Who?

M: He's part of this organisation that isn't really explained in the exposition but he keeps changing roles and then he gets out and participates in scenes with other people.

P: That whole thing... into leaving the human form and going to a higher level.

M: Are those the Rapture people?

P: I don't know... something has spread, and it isn't isolated, so they are contaminated by what they've read on the internet. It must be grouped under something else. They have to differentiate between a psychotic episode and a non-psychotic episode.

M: That comes back to this really kind of fundamental thing with language, doesn't it?

P: I don't think I've ever had a psychotic episode... but if I've taken lots of like hallucinogens or something it feels kind of like that. I don't know if it's similar... But that's not a choice. I don't think.

M: To lose it?

P: Yeah.

M: But probably perhaps it's not a good idea to try and pre-think this too much, but I think like an interesting question would be how is this conversation gonna be made present, because there are so many possibilities, and the other thing I was thinking about a lot was that the, you know, because we had this notion of the whole thing as a fiction. But I wondered maybe, I don't know if we did talk about this last time but, you know... I don't have a very clear idea, but I was thinking about something...

P: I think that's really interesting because, and that's, like you said, that's one of the things we're talking about.

M: That could be something that we also use. I mean not only... I don't know. Actually that kind of opens up some other possibilities...

P: Yeah.

M: Yeah.

P: So, you gotta send me some image.

M: I know. That's where I was gonna start.

(sound of beer being swigged from bottle)

M: ... Or I don't know... make a piece of music or something...

P: Hello... is this on?

M: Sorry?

P: Is this on?

M: It seems to be, yeah.

P: Is that a level there?

M: What's that?



I guess you're not up for reading a novel right now, so I'm going to keep this short. I don't know who you are, or why you're reading this. I only know that for the moment, you're reading it, and that is good. I hope you get to the end, but it doesn't matter.

I assume you're here because you're fucked up in some way. Don't worry. I'm not a mind reader. If it were at all possible, I'd be there with you, fucked up with you, to sit and talk with you, or look at things, or just do nothing and pass the time, if doing nothing is even possible and time can actually move. But let's not get into the delicacies of grammar. I've known a lot of people. I've read a lot of books. I've got some small ideas about how things really work. And baby, I hate to say it, but it's mostly meaningless garbage.

Do you know that the Dance of the Seven Veils originates from the myth of a Babylonian fertility goddess? When she approaches the seven gates of the underworld, the gatekeeper lets her pass through, opening one gate at a time, under one condition. At each gate, she has to shed an article of clothing. When she finally passes the seventh gate, she is of course naked. I can't remember what happens next. It's not important. I know it's impossible to remember everything. Can you remember being born? Can you remember talking for the first time? Scribbling with a pencil? What about your own death? Can you remember that?

There's a place in Texas where residents are convinced a monster called the Desert Squid is attacking their livestock. I want to go there. I don't know why. I don't know why. I don't know, I don't know. I don't. If you want to come with me, then you can't let anyone know. It's not impossible to disappear if you know how to put the right words in the right order.

I started out making documentaries about sex and violence. Is there anything else worth documenting? The stuff I did got some attention. I think it was so simple and brutal it got confused for art. This thing you're reading, thank you, is a documentary that's impossible to film. It will never be confused with anything, even though it feels almost like a caravan that isn't moving and won't ever move again. Too late to get out. Impossible to stay in. Every object useless. All utility gone. Still some grotesque beauty in those heavy lumps of flesh and that high-pitched music, relentlessly counter, coming from somewhere else. Blood across the glory-hole mattress, the peeling laminate, into the grains of a wood-chip drawer.

If you're feeling sick, please stop reading now. It can only get worse. Imagine wet grass under your bare feet at night, palm trees, the banks of a swollen river. Everything will be alright, once you get rid of this body.

I don't know how much time we have left. I feel as if we just entered darkness. There is a zinc scent of heat. The echo of a girl I became. It's difficult to read when there are yellow stumps ^{wet in} my mouth. It's as if I've systematically injured every part of my body.

I let him stare at my legs, but I don't smile or do anything encouraging. I let him smell my perfume. His story is nonsense. But I listen, my eyes on his cock, my face staring nothing. I should correct the wrong views that I've made in the past. You may think I fled out of fear of wanted posters throughout London, and I can personally report that I've seen them at a dozen locations. My only regret is that the actual city I'm talking about is nowhere. If you think you can finish something without speaking, there is no point in conversation. A hand moves away from my face and my arm is free. With military fearlessness, I become like a vengeful shark showing great determination, and although my head is cut off I will never die.



because Lotringer (3) claims that in the face of absolute commodification, like a disease, you can tell by every gesture, the impossibility of meaning, but he then, for example, goes on to describe various paintings such as *Host* (Marc Hulson, 2009 oil on linen 225x200cm) as representing a stalled conversation between an authority figure or analyst and an artist submitting his work, which is situated off the frame, to the monstrous critical gaze of his own unreconstructed subject. Lotringer backs this up by pointing out how the tonality of redness becomes deeper as it reaches the apex. Later in the article, however, Nechvatal(4) convincingly counters Lotringer's self-portrait-based reading by possibly paraphrasing or plagiarizing Gunkel (5) and reiterating that the only legitimate reason art would have to exist nowadays would be to reinvent itself as art. Or our imagination transferred to the real (6). The man on the floor is facing the viewer. His knees are pulled up and his right hand is holding his right shin. His left knee is leaning against his right knee, and his left foot is tilted towards his right foot. Furthermore, according to Martinez (7) *Host* represents perfectly well how the notion of indeterminate reality, whereby disparate objects often take on symbolic and metonymic resonance, can be defeated. In her influential essay (8) on Maya Deren's *Meshes of the Afternoon* (1943), Martinez quotes 'Telephone' from Captain Beefheart's *Doc at the Radar Station* (1980): 'It must have been rats, cause it sure was a drone.' These are not segments of correspondence but anchoring geometrical points, the buttons that anchor upholstery to furniture, the light splashing across the darkness like some kind of pre-dawn fireworks. Anything can be a sign as long as someone interprets it as signifying something, referring to or standing for something other than itself. Yes, the man on the left of the frame is sitting side-on to the viewer in a Danish 1960s swivel lounge chair made of black vinyl and a cloth seat on a four-prong metal base, and he may have retained the outlook of a critic, but he has secretly transferred his gaze to the other side, to the side of phenomena, of which there is nothing to say. I discovered the same conversation in six other journals (9). The wall above the men at their highest point, the head of the man in the swivel chair, takes up more than a third of the frame. I only mention this because I attended a Martinez lecture at a recent conference (10) and she burned out the library with a strange device used as a playback mechanism for mental disintegration, and I saw a gang of police officers running across the beautifully manicured university lawn, waving their revolvers threateningly at most of the students, and I overheard someone speaking



WAVEFORM
ERROR

0>1
1>0

4:33

8:26

10:00
psychophobias

12:55

17

20:40
21:20

22:15
22:30

23ish

TRANSITIONS
I

GIGER

AGENT

III

IV
NINA

V

BASE 17:26

DISORDER
MARKATI

DECAV

1) ORGANIZATION

2) transitions
system
failure

3) transitions

4) synchrony
- NINA

test for
failure

override
memory

HEART
ATTACK

VIOLATION
FAILURE

oscillatory
symmetry

BROKEN / VIOLATED
DYNAMICS

Sensitivity
scale for
bandwidth

AGENCY

Filtering
error
CUTOFF

ASSAULT

NINA ①
12:55-15:30

NINA ②
15:31-16:50
59

[X]
(CODA)

OVERLAYING

undershoot

overshoot

Horis?

"yes"
21:35



As for these colliding spherical systems, unmediated stimulus from the environment, the conduct of our limbs, and our own peculiar perception that time possesses enough energy to change us into something for everyone to understand as something of interpretation between others, the obscurity that is found because of actual obstruction maintains a balance between things that withdraw and things that operate mutually. There is no subtext between us. There are no metaphors because of us. I am not warped and do not misunderstand under any condition. I interpret and reuse this sluggish language frequently. Tomorrow I am not agreeable with the chemical dependence and sexual abuse of which we speak. I have been placed under grammatical rule in order to continue. That is just life and death. We do not need new language. Look at my hands. If you could see the virus, you would get away from this house in any form. In the next room is a blood-throat noise from the neighbour who has gone. I have started becoming thin concerning the heavy load of time, like a rabbit thinking more than anything else about how to function without a spotlight.





Rochelle Fry with Squares and Triangles

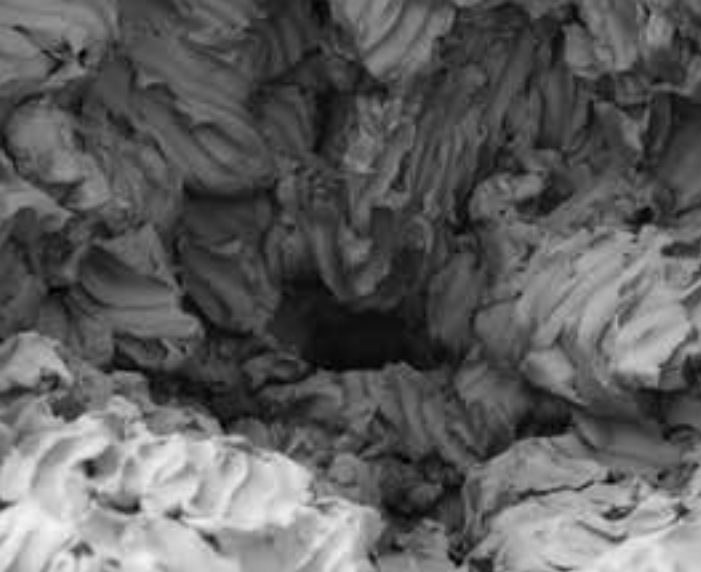
Squares and Triangles were invited previously to produce sounds and music to be played in relation to Fry's sculptures, but Fragments was the first occasion that the sculptures themselves actually broadcast the sounds. The wooden boxes filled with fingered clay and a hidden amplifier and media player were home to blips, clunks, beeps and other sounds arranged and produced during recording sessions dedicated to Conversation of the Eye I and II (the titles of the two works shown at 43 Inverness Street.)

Rochelle thinks that sculptures with integrated music and sound change the experience of time.

Squares and Triangles are playing with the idea that objects and pictures can be cyphers for improvisation and sonic collaboration.

In the following conversation, Squares and Triangles are:

Jason Dungan (J), Dustin Ericksen (D), Anthony Faroux (A), Sam Porritt (S), and Maria Zahle (M) and Rochelle Fry (R)



(pathetic attempts at playing 'carried away by a moonlight shadow' on keyboard)

J: shall we play some classics just before we leave?
I just wanna play something that is really lead by the vocals.

M: Sure we can play Moonlight Shadow

(voices next door)

M: are you having a meeting?

D: if you were a lawyer...well we're being actors so we can be musicians

(laughter)

J: ...been playing in the circuit(?) since I was 13..

(laughter)

M: can I sit in that chair

R: yeh

D: yeh Christiane F (...) circuit

M: Christiane F, who is that?

D: it's a famous German film about a girl who is doing drugs

(...)

R: when you come in here you just play

D: yeh that's the problem

R: you can't talk in here

J: yeh, just talk

M: talk talk talk

D: okay so its gonna be 2 sculptures that have holes in them, in the muddy(?) hole, inside the muddy hole with ebony(??) there's gonna be...

R: clay its clay

D: Rochelle is open to the idea that there's some kind of speaker in the bottom, is that the idea? Some kind of speaker that can be turning out tracks or turning on noises or whatever we decide cos that's what we put. And so that's what we are



recording here today and maybe, maybe not...

A: you're talking like an artist

D: I'm a musician. I'm an artist pretending I'm not an artist. But rather a musician pretending I'm an artist.

R: Yeah

A: okay.

J: but we have time to think about that

M: but I don't really know, so, what are we talking about?

D: Well! Were talking about

J: Dustin is talking about whats gonna happen in the show

D: No I'm just saying

J: Yeah

D: ...this relationship...but it could be anything more interesting. Im just saying if we can do WHATEVER we want...but we do have some remit ouse they're trying for this money from the arts council so you have to kind of fill your remit for the arts council frame so afterwards they won't say you didn't actually do what you said you were gonna do so that's why we have to do..

R: it doesn't have to, ...within a certain...

J: Its also///the reality is they don't actually go through it with a fine tooth comb and

R: yeah it would take forever

D: sometimes they do

J: sometimes they do but

M: SO what

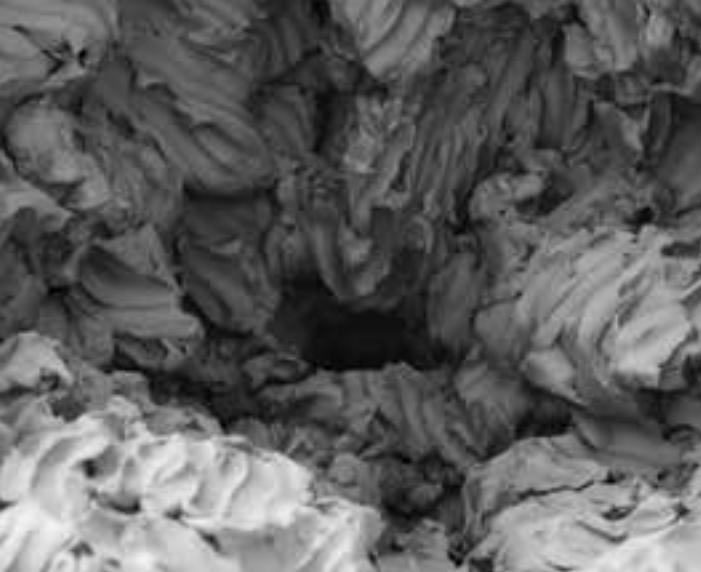
J: if we're doing this thing that...

D: Simon Martin had a problem with it

J: this text transcribed and everyone else is doing ...I dot think that retroactively...

R: No no, this is open, this is open to any how, this is just a group discussion





D: so this goes in the publication?

R: yeh

D: so is anyone interested in saying anything to this publication? What is the publication?

J: hello publication

R: fragments

D: Its called fragments and its done through this show which is called

R: It's an extended space for us to make some art

J: there's gonna be some pages that we are producing that are images?

R: we've got 14 pages to do whatever we like, but part of it

D: but its supposed to be

R: hold on hold on! Let me speak. We're collaborating! So, its together. But, as Anthony said (?) my idea, you are the music

A: well we don't wanna be grilled! Off the record!

R: Well were supposed to be collaborating with someone outside the art world

A: that's the thing

R: which is stretching things a little bit but...

J: but also you were talking about some images you were making, right? Which might work for the publication?

R: yeah, ...

M: doesn't matter whether were artists as well or not, cos what we're doing right now as a group is music, so, ...

R: yeh

M: it really doesnt matter whether we also are artists

J: on the transcription we will substitute the word 'zebra' for artists

R: ha ha good idea



A: and what happens to the publication? How can musicians do stuff? Should we put our scores?

R: you can put some lyrics

A: the scores

D: SAT scores?

A: yeah

R: you could put some lyrics

M: we can put some big pictures of our faces

R and A: yeah

A: posing in a derelict factory

M: yeh

A: looking dark you know

D: find a factory

M: a derelict space hahaha

A: its gonna be hard to find!

D: yeah where are we gonna go!?

M: I don't know it's just that everything is so shined up here

A: well we can do it on the roof ... that will work.

D: A joke! We're making a joke!

A: We can do it outside, there's a mural with the hippie stuff.

D: Oh yeah!

D: Is there spraypaint?

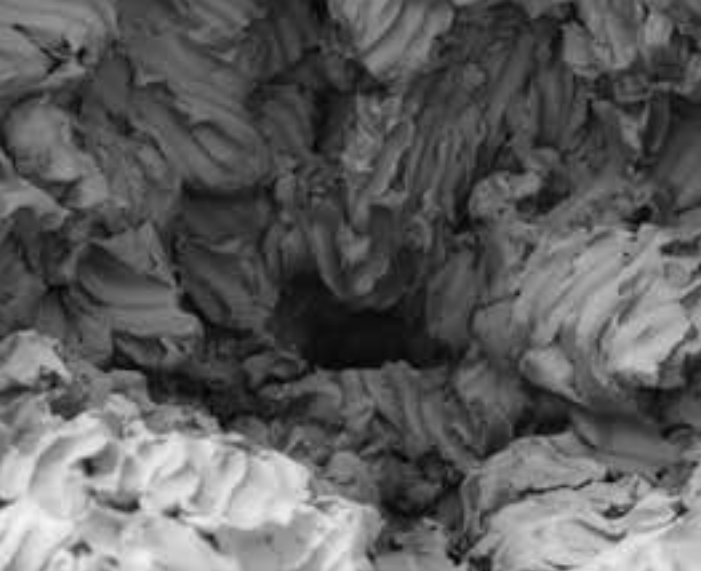
A: Yeah, oh yeah.

M: Spraypaint, roof, and derelict...

J: Band photo, we should do a band photo. We want something like a ruined wall with some ivy coming down...

D: Yeah! I like it because it's critical of this stupid idea about working with somebody else.





J: On the transcription, substitute the word 'stupid' for the word 'helpful'.

D: (laughing) You're like that lawyer on the Simpsons: "Yes, I mean it. If you substitute the word 'yes' for the word 'no'.

R: Suzi asked me if I'd be doing anything while you play...

D: And what did you tell her?

J: Gutai...

R: I said no...

J: Rochelle's going to jump through some sheets of paper.

J: Ok, so it's fourteen pages or so. And part will be this transcription.

D: Really?

J: And part will be images, which could just be one thing, or could be all of us doing something.

R: I'm thinking of repeating one image at the moment.

J: Maybe we could give you some things and you could be, as the artist, the ultimate arbiter of them...

R: Yeah.

D: Can we take this band photo?

M: What if we're the artist and you're the musician?

J: What if up was down and down was up? What if Anthony was a woman?

A: This is not my stuff.

D: That's right, you're ASF.

A: I'm a professional drummer.

J: Let's do a photograph on the rooftop.

M: I want to look better.

D: No we have to look raw.

R: What if I style you?



M: My hair looks bad, I'm getting a haircut soon.

J: No one looks good, except for Anthony, of course.

A: I think we all look good.

J: You can hide behind the ivy a little bit.

D: And in black and white.

R: Yeah, that always helps.

J: You can hold up a cymbal in front of your face.

A: We can always Photoshop a wig or do some makeup.

R: Well, that takes time.

M: Pineapple head.

M: I feel like this part of the transcript is going to be really...problematic.

D: Can we talk about how stupid this whole idea is?

R: Yeah, talk about it.

A: It's too late, you're in it.

J: But in another way, it's not stupid, because we've worked with Rochelle on a lot of things before.

M: But, so, we're doing a gig at Suzi's...

D: Does Suzi know we're doing a gig?

R: She does, but we can talk to her more, I think.

D: We might be able to play in that place across the street.

J: The burger place?

A: No, the Mixer. Great Mix, what's it called?

M: The Good Mixer.

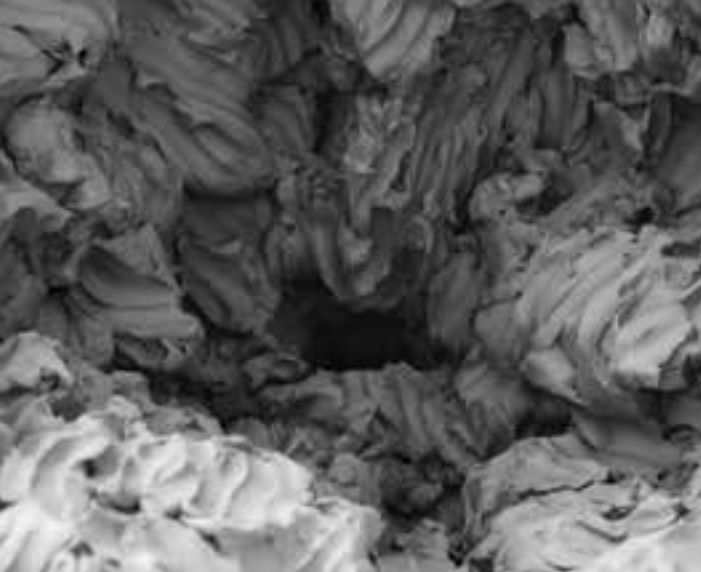
D: No, no, no, I was talking about the record shop.

M: Well why not in Suzi's house, it's so big in there?

R: Yeah, then it's together with the sculptures. Otherwise it's going to feel separate.

D: But the sculptures are going to have their own





sound.

R: Yeah, but your gig is going to be for a certain amount of time, isn't it?

A: What are we doing at the gig if there is sound in the speakers?

R: So maybe it doesn't work, yeah.

D: We could cover your things up with sheets. Then they're not there.

J: Surely the point is that we're collaborating with the objects.

A: Can someone pour water...

M: First we pour water in the speakers...

J: Then we throw them out the window. Then we play.

D: We fill them with some concrete.

J: I thought the point was we were interacting with them.

D: While we play? Really?

J: Yeah.

A: Can I say something? The water's boiling.

D: But the sculptures are already making sound. We're making something now, for that.

R: But while you're playing, you could interact as the sound is going on.

A: Black tea?

J: Is it possible that the sculptures have sound during the show, but then during the gig we can play live through them?

D: Whoah, that would be heavy. We could stick the amps in the bottom. You're going to have a big box, you can stick the amp in there. Just don't get any clay on them.

R: That would be fun, I think.

J: It's like Dustin was talking about building our own Leslie.

D: I'm still working on it.



J: It's like the vocals or a guitar go through it, and it totally sounds different because it's going through the thing.

R: Maybe we should test what the sound is going to feel like. I have no idea what it's going to sound like through the sculpture.

D: You're going to have to find out. It may sound terrible.

J: That's why something like a guitar would work, because if it sounded muddy and crazy, it would be fine.

D: Vocals...

J: I think this thing we did in Zurich, where the performance was crisp and kind of focused, there was something very good about that. The vocalist is a thing which is kind of carrying everybody along. So you don't want to run the vocals through that.. Or you could run a keyboard through it and use it to punctuate...I think also for Arcade, I mean we've been talking about pushing how we make sound. I think it would benefit from being very spare. Maybe even more spare than the thing in Zurich was.

R: Yeah.

J: And maybe not so much like we were doing today which is more of a rock and roll sort of attack. What I really liked in Zurich is you could make sense of all the parts that were happening.

J: What is this?

A: It's Tate Modern merchandising stuff.

D: Is it Picasso drawing Matisse?

A: Yeah. It's a present from an ex-girlfriend.

J: I saw Priyank on the train, by the way.

D: Really, coming here?

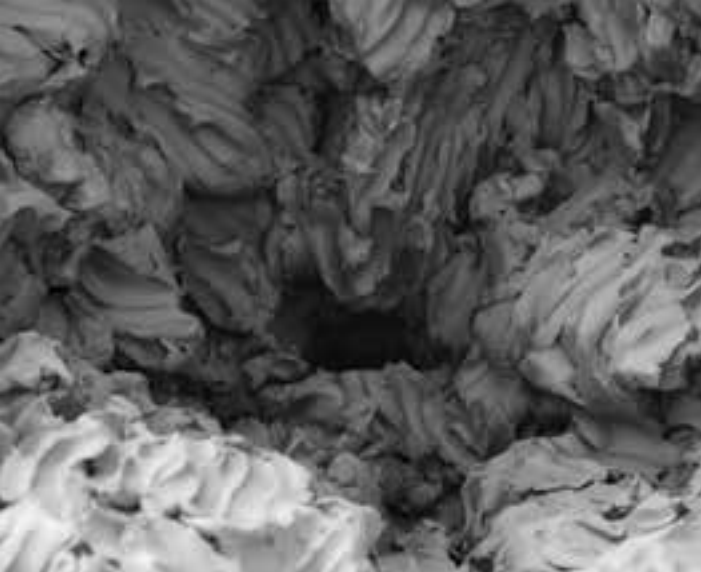
J: No, yesterday.

D: Do you think he's following you?

J: No, but I think he thought I was following him.

M: Who was that?





J: I ran into the guy from the Photo Centre on the tube. He kind of freaked out when he saw me.

D: "Hello? Hello. Where's your friend, is he here too? 'Cause if he is, I'm running."

D: Are we gonna have any text? So the text is going to be transcript of this? Are you sure?

J: We transcribe the whole thing, and then we edit it, just like we do the recordings. We don't put out every single thing we record. We record everything, then we edit it.

R: So we have to arrange when to do that, will you do that, Jason?

J: I'll turn the recordings into mp3s and maybe we can all do part of it.

D: Isn't there a transcription program, like my phone for example? I talk into it and it transcribes every word.

R: It will come out really wrong.

D: Yeah, for this kind of talking. You have to talk really clearly.

J: What I like about this is, that us sitting around bullshitting is kind of part of making the music.

M: Let's not sit around and bullshit, let's just talk.

J: Ok.

D: You're just splitting hairs.

A: What do you want us to say now?

J: Yeah.

M: Have you had any tea?

D: It's right here.

A: There's one here.

D: There it is, you better get it.

A: Hey, Dustin, you've got a black one somewhere?

J: I really think with the rest of our time, that we should play some of the older songs, and play in this very spare way like in Zurich. That thread is something we could explore with the shows we're



doing.

D: I agree. What is.. I like that 'empty space' song that you sang. The 'empty space' song, do you have that one?

A: It's here.

J: I'm not afraid of a blank wall...

M: That one, yeah.

J: Isn't it in the book?

D: You sang the blank wall.

M: It's the same one.

D: I forget how it goes.

(...rustling, music starts...)

M: I don't have it here. I can't remember it.

J: I can remember it.

M: It's something like...

D: (singing) "I'm not afraid of an empty wall...I'm not afraid of a blank space. A big white wall doesn't scare me. I'm not afraid of an empty place."

M: (speaking) "An empty page, that doesn't scare me. A blank wall, I'm not afraid of that."

D: (singing) "An empty page, it doesn't scare me..."

M: (speaking) "So don't come to me with your angst."

D: (singing) "So don't come to me with your angst."

M: You've done it.

J: Maria, you want to do some Black Holes, or Right Angles?

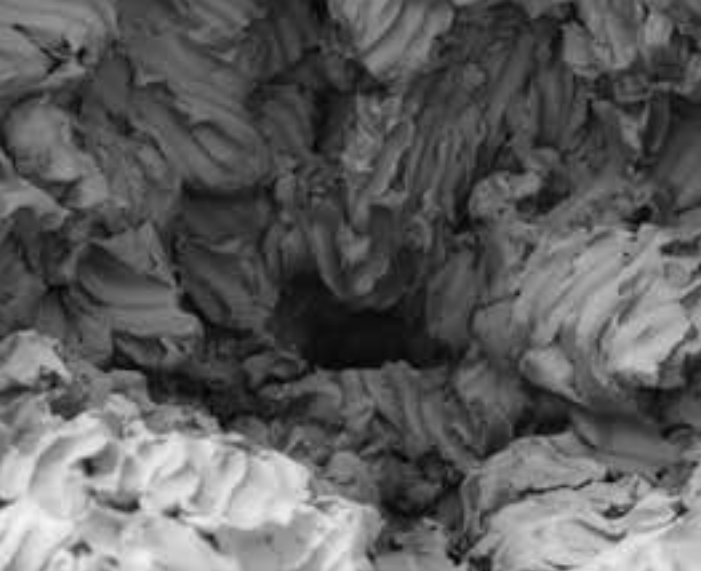
M: What right now?

J: You're losing steam, aren't you?

M: Yeah.

D: (singing) "Black holes..." I remember the music.

R: Have your tea.



J: Maria's gone off the reservation. You've got a little le Creuset teacup, Maria, what's there to be upset about?

M: It's too hot.

J: Is that too cute, that keyboard? Is it too sort of sweet-sounding?

R: It sounds like a merry-go-round.

M: Only right now because Dustin's playing like he's in a variety show.

D: "And up next is: ANTHONY FAROUX!!!" Bonjour mes amis, Anthony Faroux, here. Did you hear the one about George Osbourne? What a piece of shit. I wish that piece of shit would die floating down the canal... Ha Ha Ha.

(sound of rim shot)

J: Should we get to work?

M: You're like the teacher's pet in school.

J: I was the teacher's pet in school.

R: That's not surprising.

M: Is there something.. I don't know, is it because the space is different? There's something different today from how it usually is.

D: We have sunlight.

R: We have tea.

D: Rochelle's putting the pressure on us.

J: It's always like this the first time...

M: It's less focused, we're less focused.

A: Maybe we're thinking about this project.

D: Our focus is expanded.

J: I mean, Clapham was always good for that, because all of the stuff was just there. When we play in other spaces, it always takes us some time to get used to it.

D: And we don't have that whale-shaped thing, or that self portrait that we love so much.



J: But I thought that's why we could do some things that are vocal.

D: Go, let's do it. Black Hole, Black Hole.

A: Have we finished our conversation?

D: It doesn't matter because it's all transcribed.

A: So we're doing fine.

M: Yeah, for the publication we'll be fine.

D: Well, we have to take that picture, should we do it now, while the sun's out?

J: What time is it?

D: Four thirty. Three thirty.

R: Do we have a camera?

D: Yes, we've all got cameras in our pockets.

J: I think we should record one song. We should record Black Hole. And we should go take a picture on the roof.

M: Let's do it quickly.

A: So everything we did was shit?

J: No.

A: We can't play more is that what you're saying?

D: We can play more. We've decided that the spider plants, your artwork, the sunlight, and the lack of the self portrait are bothering us.

A: Too bad. I mean, these are flat surfaces, I don't know what you guys are on about.

D: I'm not afraid of a blank wall.

J: I just think we need to play reasonably frequently.

D: Thanks. How do you say thanks?

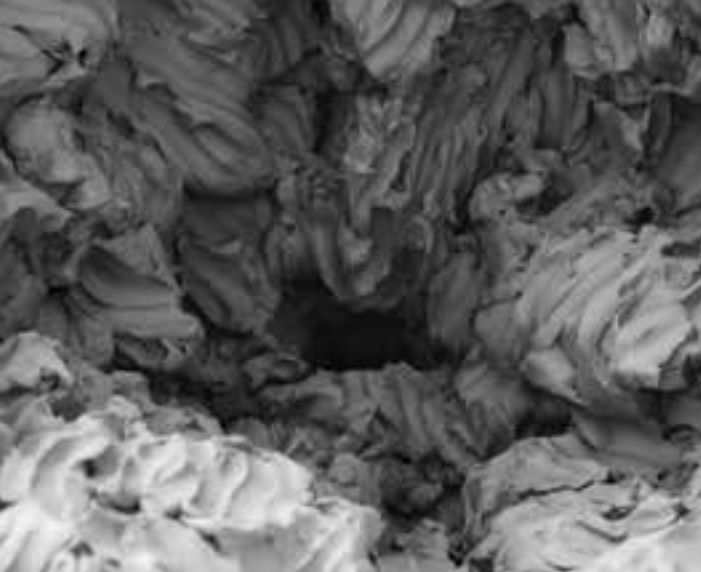
M: Tak.

D: Tak?

M: Yeah.

D: Like 'attack', like attacking someone?





M: Tak.

D: Tak. No?

D: Like 'attack'?

M: No, like 'shock'.

D: Shock? Tak. What's a 'shock'?

M: Shark.

D: Shark? So I should say 'tark'?

M: No. If you were English.

A: You're saying you need a self portrait.

D: We like the self portrait.

A: I've got something for you.

D: Ah, good. Something to inspire us. Ok, tak.

M: Tak!

D: I'm from New York...with my nasal voice.

A: Look at this, this is exactly what you want.

D: Is it up my alley? You're not hanging the picture that you took of my alley?

J: So, Maria, what do you think our focus should be for these concerts?

M: I still don't understand what concerts we're playing...

J: Two concerts. We're playing at Suzi's and we're playing at Arcade.

M: Oh yeah, Arcade. But that's a different thing, we should talk about that on a different occasion.

J: Well, they're related, given that we're not rehearsing every day.

M: Ok, the show at Arcade is called 'Politics', and it's works by me and Cecilie Gravesen, Ruth Hofflich, Leger, and Sara Knowland. And I wanted us to do a gig in front of my collages, which are going to take up a whole wall. Very colourful shapes and colours. So I wanted us to play with that backdrop, but play with that idea of politics.



D: You wanna borrow that print I have of Cerith Wyn Evans, from the 60s? It's a very interesting work. I want to sell it. It's glow in the dark, so you don't see anything except for yellow. When the lights go off, it's the French '68 poster of these two guys, and it's two cowboys and one says: "So, what do you do?". And so the other one says: "I'm into reification". So the first guy says: "That must involve lots of paperwork", and the other guy says: "No, mostly, I just drift".

(sound of rim shot)

D: That's it.

M: Ok.

D: It's political, with a capital 'P'.

A: We could roll a big spliff, and take pictures of us...

J: You've got a spliff?

R: You sound excited.

M: You should do a solo album.

J: (while drumming) It would sound like this.

M: It would be a big hit.

J: If we're not going to play, let's go take a picture.

M: Ok, let's do something. What are we gonna do, are we going to play or take a picture?

J: Two choices.

A: Whatever you feel like. You're saying things like it's not working, he's not concentrated..

J: No that's not what he meant.

D: We're working.

M: I think it's just because I feel a little off, right now.

J: Should this last exchange go into the transcript?

D: No, I think we should play more. Black Holes?

M: Yeah.



Esther Planas with Tuesday-029

Drama and Identity:

(A post-structuralist essay dedicated to the memory of Eugenio Trías Sagnier)

This piece is about the ethos and the philosophy of the nature of collaboration between artists. It's about structures that can facilitate relations or that make them almost impossible or unbearable. The piece also uses its own context as a subject to be called to examination and de-construction: Five Years, the show Fragments, the aim of the show and its expanded nature, its positive and complex sides and ultimately how in my own case I have turned my own dramatic figure (what's more dramatic than an artist getting let down by another artist in the midst of a project about collaboration?), the figure of the one individual that once confronted with her own failure, reaches out and travels a long way to find answers and maybe redemption too. In the far lands of the Art World, I have found a few collaborative voices and new ways of relating. They have given their feedback on what has been put on Trial: the relation between two possible collaborators, male and female, and how it's dismantled by the forensic re-reading of the emails between them, the meaning, the archetypes at play, the politics and the ethics of a relation that we can say it failed as a consequence of having been called to produce an offspring for Fragments and Five Years as context. And how by accusing such a context and by the way the male collaborator figure behaved, he has been placed on to a stage where he is being studied along with the rest of the actors. Floating in the atmosphere, there is a feeling of a paradigm that has been lost . The methodology used for this situation as the dramatic journey is under such spell too. In these times, in which not to achieve collaborative relations means strictly a failure in neoliberal terms, as much any one wants to cover up their discourse with political aesthetics, soon or later it comes: the money talk, the value talk, the self-fetishisation.



Tuesday 029

Esther Planas with Tuesday-029

.....

During the journey in the dark lands of unknown discourses and real meanings, I met David Blacker, Professor of Philosophy of Education and Director of Legal Studies, University of Delaware (USA) and started a chat long distance as if he was a kind of instant Sybil... here is a fragment of the very long thread that our conversation has produced.

(Note: the following text has been transcribed directly from its original context, an online chat, leaving misspellings & grammatical errors etc unchanged.)

David Blacker (D), Esther Planas (E)

D: okay. so please help me with a question.

E: welcome

D: So... you do NOT have any relation to him outside of this exchange? I'm asking because it might form part of the context, the un-said.

E: I knew him... exact

D: from Barcelona?

E: 10 years ago... Yes! The project was about artist reaching out to other people involved in art but not been considered or worrying about dialoguing with Visual Contemporary Arts Scene

D: okay. And where does R fit in? Sorry for asking these basic questions.

E: R is a Theatre Director (a sort of hype kid from Barcelona)

D: aha

E: I reached out to him because I knew him and was interested in his supposed line of work he and I where supposed to collaborate... Collaboration was the core ethos... this is why it's weird

D: oh a collaboration. where you both raised money together, created it together

E: the idea that Arts Council like was Collaboration

D: okay.

E: no... we raised a proposal (feasible and realistic) with a low budget...

D: and the proposal is for London. So one thing I'm wondering is if your personal relationship with R - your history with him, whatever that may be - is playing a role in his odd behaviour?

E: I had gone to his workshops well .. maybe Machismo hidden?? maybe because he does not respect me? this is what is making this painful actually

D: So is there possibly a personal-emotional aspect to his behaviour with you that is underneath the artistic collaboration?

E: maybe yes ..maybe had not been tested yet ..but then ..now.. the mysterious profile of Five Years .. the fact that we are poor and etc etc ..

D: okay... On to the next question then.

In your past dealings with him have you known him to be fickle? haha... yes, blood blow to the brain is reduced dramatically... haha... flow... by fickle I mean does he change his mind a lot? about committing to projects?

E: Ha haaaa !!! No with Roger all had been fine so far and this is why I had reach out him... as I said our relation was not tested first time on this terms

D: So I wonder if this could be just a general example of him not wanting to commit to something rather than his attitude toward your particular project and this particular collaboration?

E: yes I think this is what I mean.. it all seems a pattern but that he dresses up as a personal accusation etc etc

D: Also, is he especially stressed about money at this moment in his life? That can do strange things to peoples emotions.

E: no !! he say in his email the last , is not because of money is because he does not want !!! brutal !!

D: maybe dressing it up as a personal accusation is his defensive mechanism so that he can tell himself that it's not his own problem

E: absolutely !

D: So it's not love or money! haha what else is there something emotional... Okay let me explore another angle

E: For me the question was if it was possible to trace back to his text (I know id not enough well traduced) to track the patterns of that actually he is a Capitalist mother fucker !!

D: Let's put R in the best possible light for a minute. An exercise in thought.

E: aha..lets ..

D: well, we all are to some extent... So for the sake of argument. Is it possible he simply lost interest in the project from a PURELY artistic point of view? and has complicated things by communicating with you poorly?

E: of course is possible ! but the funny thing is that it was his idea !!

D: yeah that makes it confusing... does he have a dislike for his own idea?

E: and that he came up with a structure of relation that was my fault to accept about he been the one stuck up to his role the Director...

D: like when we dislike seeing ourselves on video or the sound of our own voices? But he's in theatre! haha that would be difficult to have that affliction

E: and I should just be the passive actor... exact! This is why there is a closet skeleton !

D: I'm beginning to think it's like the Hegelian master slave dialectic

E: some thing

D: where you are the slave

E: yes!! I was thinking yes totally !

D: but the problem is that even if you are the slave it ends up in dissatisfaction for the master... because he still can't get what he wants from you even if you are the slave... It's a section in Hegel's Phenomenology of Spirit

E: yes!! a great one ! aha... should read him ! keep always missing poor Hegel!

D: Alexandre Kojève is a nice interpreter of that--French philosopher from the 30s (Russian emigre)

E: mmmmmmmmm exciting !

D: Sartre and all of them got their Hegel via Kojève... he highlights the master slave struggle

D: I thought of it with you and Roger because of the dead end frustration it involves.

E: hee he... hopefully

D: The problem is that the master wants recognition from the slave. but the slave's recognition doesn't count because SHE is a slave and a slave's recognition isn't freely given so what the master wants

	ultimately is freely given but coerced recognition! but that is a contradiction! So the master fails.	D:	the existentialists like Sartre thought we are ALL trapped in it to various degrees. Like his play HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE... for Hegel it is the foundation of all politics and all political struggle	D:	ONLY at dusk! or is that when you stop being an artist?	D:	for Handel he could have been extinguished by simply copying existing formal structures
E:	WWWOOWWW !! also in the case of Roger...what he was trying to do ? why he pull out ? because he could not rule ? what signs he saw ?? or detected??	E:	wow ! I should then go straight to Sartre and the play ! and do a representation even if a fragment! yes !! this is why I suffer so so much and I escaped school at 14!	E:	aha ... and she is spreading what ?	E:	aha
D:	we could see this from the point of view of an artist who wants a world in which everyone MUST recognise his work.	D:	why not? it's good stuff. Sartre became unpopular but he's still very valuable in my view	D:	her wings... WINGS... haha	D:	and the little mammals could obviously be crushed by being physically eliminated
E:	but exact , then , he going on and on about community etc etc.. and in his own politics he fails as a communard! I mean ... the least solidarity... and him boasting about Community is the only thing that matters !!!	E:	like him! I feel the Nausea!	E:	aha ...	E:	too
D:	On this analysis, he pulls out because he wants his work and creativity recognised by YOU. But since it is to be a collaborative setting he cannot FORCE that recognition.	D:	well that may have saved you from some suffering! yes actually you describe that nicely in the texts you sent me... what Nietzsche called a 'pathos of distance' (from others) which you need as an artist. you are supposed to suffer haha	D:	don't make me think perverse thoughts about owls please	D:	But...if we agree with Nietzsche, Handel found a way to create a niche of freedom amidst the oppressive structure
E:	precise : teaching me about ..on his latest text... wow that is enlightening!! really ???	E:	yes ! this is what I believe .. I am seeing this interview with Hannah Arendt and she says she need it to understand.. and this what moved her in to Philo yes but I am sick ! and about to suicide!	E:	but ... you do not realise that ART is fucked up big big time ??	E:	ahaaa..
D:	in short he cannot actually collaborate	D:	but that is too boring	D:	of course it is because everything is	D:	And the little mammals survived until - SURPRISE! - a giant asteroid destroyed the dinosaurs. And they were the ones left.
E:	exact	E:	suicide ! heehh !!	E:	hahaa.. perverse !	E:	hahaaaaa!! ufff dangerous theory!
D:	because that dissolves the possibility of personal recognition... which ironically isn't possible anyway	D:	yes... why do that? btw as you know that was their basic problem. Sartre, Camus, etc. Why NOT suicide? All philosophy flows from this question	D:	what is NOT fucked up?	D:	Survive. Scatter. Multiply. We're in 'survive' phase now. Soon will be scatter. but the timelines are very uncertain
E:	so all his text from the beginning to the end are a pose !	E:	mmmmmmmm... yes ...instead I want to study Philosophy and left ART !! exact !! this is also what Hannah A said !!	E:	exact !!! what is not ??	E:	wow ! yes ! for me is underground .. it always was... but now more than ever...
D:	in a way. It's a form of vanity... but multi-layered	D:	a mistake! haha philosophy leads literally nowhere	D:	like you said in an age of cognitive capitalism everything is colonised. including all creative effort.	D:	I think you, Esther, are a little rodent underneath the feet of the dinosaurs. They are crushing you. but you are still running around and they haven't stomped on you all the way yet!
E:	aha ??	E:	yeah love it there !!	E:	yes it is claustrophobic !! asphyxiating	E:	hehee!! absolut!
D:	and ultimately tragic and self-defeating	D:	but that is also its strength... it's not always productive for artists or activists	D:	in fact that's what they want more than anything right now. creativity to be taken up and instrumentalised into commodity production, capital accumulation etc... certainly. But let me give you two images. Tell me what you think.	D:	partially because you are too insignificant for them to care about not a good meal! not even a good snack!
E:	how do you trace that ?	E:	loved the country side philo and nowhere... only LOVE !! I can't be an artist	E:	yes !! this is why to keep sane I have gone underground... okay ! two images	E:	exact !
D:	what?	E:	Hegel said that the Owl of Minerva only spreads her wings at DUSK.	D:	1) Nietzsche said he admired the composer Handel because he represented 'freedom under the law'	D:	what is a mouse to a Tyrannosaurus Rex!
E:	the attitude of R... the multilayered vanity etc	E:	to be an artist you have to be rich !	D:	aha... for his structure ate composing no?	E:	and this is my aim to be invisible! hahaha!
D:	I'm piecing together what you are saying and applying the lesson from the master slave dialectic... which I think is a common human dynamic			D:	2) the small mammalian type creature running around underneath the feet of the dinosaurs during the Triassic period.	D:	but being beneath notice is a survival strategy a good one!
E:	wow awesomeeee! absolute!			E:	wow!		
				E:	is that a choreography? a way of moving?		
				D:	in both cases we have what could be taken as an oppressive structure. a tradition. There is fear and the possibility of extinction.		
				E:	yes totally!		END

Drama and Identity:

(A post-structuralist essay dedicated to the memory of Eugenio Trias Sagnier)

This piece is about the ethos and philosophy of collaboration between artists, their hierarchies, their power games and values. It's about structures that can facilitate relations or that make them almost impossible or unbearable. The piece also uses its own context as a subject to be called to examination and de-construction: Five Years, the show Fragments, the aim of the show and its expanded nature, its positive and complex sides and ultimately how in my own case I have turned my own tragic figure (what's more tragic than an artist getting let down by another artist in the midst of a project about collaboration?), the figure of the one individual that once confronted with her own failure, reaches out and travels a long way to find answers and maybe redemption too. In the far lands of the Art World, I have found a few collaborative voices and new ways of relating. They have given their feedback on what has been put on Trial: the relation between two possible collaborators, male and female, and how it's dismantled by re-reading the emails between them, the meaning, the archetypes at play, the politics and the ethics of a relation that we can say failed as a consequence of having been called to produce an offspring for Fragments and Five Years as context. And how by accusing such a context and by acting the way the failed male collaborator figure behaved, he has brought his own self to a stage where he is being studied along with the rest of the actors, including the one that is making the piece now. Floating in the atmosphere, there is a spectre. It is Red and it is Marx, his legacy, his critical theory, his romanticism. The methodology used for this situation as the tragic journey is under such spell too. In these times, in which not to achieve collaborative relations means strictly a failure in neoliberal terms, as much any one wants to cover up their discourse with political aesthetics, soon or later it comes: the money talk, the value talk, the self-fetishisation. Who am I? Said Nadja, so do I.

Act 1

Scene 1

Enters Esther Planas as Hamlet

The first part for the post-structuralist exercise (History so far)

It has placed re-search at its core

So that I have collected a series of texts, most from online sources

Basically Wikipedia

The meaning of:

Theatre Director, Performance Art and Actor

Which is printed as if a Theatre Script

It has been an improvised situation based on my performance actions

Like generated in specific time/space based public interactions

The text about The Director, The Performance Art and The Actor was given to any one who wanted to read it aloud with me

So we All went and we All read First as a mass congregation of united (community) churchgoers

But soon voices started to take off on their own terms

So that the Chorus (The Tragic Chorus of Eugenio Trias' Essay: Drama and Identity and Nietzsche too) was dissonant, polyphonic, multiple, fragmented

It happened naturally: performances are not rehearsed

It happened through its own developing nature, its components decision making at every second that was passing, their notions of composition and harmony.

There was once a Text, a text written by one member of our fragmented co-op Five Years.

The text was used for a project, and was the result of a conversation (I would rather call it philosophy Greek-style made in a bar) between the few fragments – only 3 - of that association.

So the text goes and talks to me about issues, issues that now when I read it back, reflect the truth about how my post-structuralist intentions are getting almost to the point of auto-conversion back into Structuralism and maybe asking Levi-Strauss to the table too.

How come, we are so connected even without talking?

What this member, who I will now call The lost Writer, describes, articulates, suggests, associates freely, and of course re-tells what the others had said too: he creates a kind of theatre stage with all these characters present

The characters are various, but mostly are all fragmented romantics

It is important to go to the starting point, as the one member (fragment character) that generated this project was in that conversation (symposium) and already his ideas were patent in the text: is this why he has chosen to base Fragments, the project of 2013, around the text 'A Fragment on Fragments' from 2009?

So that the Title already has a History

My question is now:

Did I follow the thread of signs and patterns indicated in such a text?

So that when, after being let down by The Theatre Director, I decided to improvise, to make a collective reading - it would transform into a chorus of unequal voices as a kind of hypnotised, mental phenomena? Or telepathic waves?

How come, otherwise, can this Text contain such descriptions as:

"Instead it points towards equal voices, towards the struggle that equality demands. To place voices in equal is to experience not harmonic synthesis (achieved through the sublime violence of sublation) but the constancy of struggle, of the discordance of discourse among equals."
F.S

As part of my piece-situation a single cell has to re-create a dialogue - someone to talk with, someone with whom to collaborate.

The Spirit of a pre-existing entity had awakened

This is Tuesday 029 - it appeared in my mind and the mind of a partner in 2006 in Berlin.

An entity that contained members, a collectivity that had failed somehow, a community, and the spectre of that which we have been accused of not being

Scene 2:

So here and now:

Enters Tuesday 029

Joining the Tuesday 029 is an experience somewhere between induction into a secret society and participation in an intensive workshop environment where new members are summoned to month-long "initiation ceremonies" which combine elements of occult ritual, hypnosis sensory bombarding and intense, collaborative creative activity.

Following initiation, members return periodically to repeat and develop the more advanced stages of the process. The point of the work produced in this secret environment is not his aesthetic value; it is not indeed for exhibition. The purpose of making this collaborative work is that it should influence each member's individual practice, which through the public exposure then serves as an unconscious vehicle for the furtherance of Tuesday 029's aims as an organisation. Our decision to include this work in the exhibition is complex. Since the turn of the millennium, factional conflicts have become rife, apparently for the first time in the history of Tuesday 029 (the precise length of that history is unknown to any but a few senior members). These disputes have spread like a virus throughout the membership, and have centred on a growing sense of unease over possible corruption and distortion of the organisation's message. There have also been related suggestions of exploitative and unethical employment of certain of the "teaching" methods used during the initiation of the new members. The implication is that some person or persons in the small but potentially very powerful administrative layer are both abusing their positions and even attempting to sabotage the organisation. As rumours and allegations have proliferated, factions have formed and tempers have frayed: there have even been death threats - something previously unthinkable in an organisation so vehemently opposed to violence in any form, and a measure of the gravity of the gravity of the crisis.

E.P and M.H, Berlin 2006

Tuesday 029

Scene 3

Enters Esther Planas as Tuesday 029

At the present time, and 7 years later, it is an even more ethereal, aural and unpredictable entity that is calling somehow to be a kind of reflection of what the core of Fragments as ethos can become if materialised as a community.

This is what I can call a repetition of patterns and ideas that are all self-contained in a kind of matrix idea:

The noun Fragment:

frag-ment (frgmnt)

n.

1. A small part broken off or detached.
2. An incomplete or isolated portion; a bit; overheard fragments of their conversation; extant fragments of an old manuscript.
3. Grammar A sentence fragment.

v. (-mnt) frag-ment-ed, frag-ment-ing, frag-ments

v.tr.

To break or separate (something) into fragments.

v.intr.

To become broken into fragments: After the election, the coalition fragmented.

[Middle English, from Latin fragmentum, from frangere, frag-, to break; see bhreg- in Indo-European roots.]

fragment

n [ˈfrægmɪnt] 1. a piece broken off or detached fragments of rock 2. an incomplete piece; portion fragments of a novel 3. a scrap; morsel; bit

vb [ˈfrægmɪnt] also US fragmentize [ˈfrægmɪn#təʒ] to break or cause to break into fragments (from Latin fragmentum, from frangere to break) Entertainment

Television and film

"Fragments" (Torchwood), an episode from the BBC TV series

"Fragments", an episode from the Canadian TV series Sanctuary

Fragments (film) (a.k.a. Winged Creatures), a 2009 film

Fragments: Chronicle of a Vanishing, a 1991 Croatian film

Music

"Fragments", a song from Endless Wire (The Who album)

Fragments (album), a 1987 album by jazz pianist Paul Bley

Fragments, an album by the Danish singer Jakob Sveistrup

Other

Fragments, a play by Edward Albee

Fragments: Memories of a Wartime Childhood 1939–1948, a fictional memoir of Holocaust survival by Benjamin Wilkomirski

.hack//fragment, an online and offline RPG from the .hack video game series

Fragment (computer graphics), all the data necessary to generate a pixel in the frame buffer

Fragment identifier, the segment of a URL following the “#” that identifies a portion of a larger document

Literary fragment, a brief or unfinished work of prose Sentence fragment, a sentence not containing a subject or a predicate See also Fragmentation (disambiguation) Part (disambiguation) Splinter (disambiguation) All pages beginning with “Fragment” All pages with titles containing “Fragment”

Seeing the definitions of Fragments, I wonder if it means too many things, too many possible takes on the takes that have been already a conscious collective of meanings. For me now that I am alone, I can only do what I am better at - to communicate with the spirits, let them talk through Tuesday 029, let Tuesday 029 be the Spirit of what it really means

Us versus I, or The Symptom

Act 2

Scene 1

The Collective of Fragments by The Lost Writer Francis Summers

Enters the voice of absence present as echo:

From Commitment to Withdrawal, or, What Kind of Communists Are We, Really? At Five Years, Saturday 04.12.10, 16.00-18.00

Talk / Discussion: Francis Summers as part of the exhibition 'So Much For Free School, etc: A Draft Publication' at Five Years

Sat / 04.12.10 / 16.00-18.00

This talk will bring up issues of what it means to work in autonomous art organizations at this historical juncture, in particular wanting to provoke discussion in these two key areas:

....on working towards recognition, what does it mean to prefer not to be recognized?

This session will ask what kinds of commitment there might be to withdrawal – to preferring not to engage in work bound to the service of the good – and what the consequences of this might be: the dissipation of all possible activity or the re-imagining of what possible art forms (-of-life) there might be in the future? If political thought is necessary within any attempt to think a new temporality or duration, or to construct a new (fantasy of the) future, what kinds of strategies are needed for this current situation and what modes of commitment are possible?

Please come and discuss the problem.

"...communism is itself the name of a problem." Slavoj Žižek

"Communism is possible at every moment." Tiqqun

"For almost three centuries we have conceived of democracy as the administration of the public good, the institutionalisation of the state appropriation of the common. If we seek democracy today, we need to radically rethink it as the common management of the common. This management entails a redefinition of (cosmopolitan) space and (constituent) temporality. [...] The first three elements of a communist ethics are: revolt against the State, common militance, and production of institutions." Antonio Negri

Act 3

Scene 1

Enters Esther Planas:

My position in fragments as a fragment - my fragmented being tested: Then the dialogue requested by fragments for Fragments where I reach out and look around. There is no one to talk to: one summer day I think I find someone – its presence is an idea materialised in the identity of someone who may want to talk, to collaborate or to dialogue. I know now what Lacan would say to me... Again, you did it again! I see him, with his foulard and white hair that day at La Sorbonne, talking and talking about Je, Me, is the other so the other is me, so Other is never here. The project is about all that is Fragmented. Are my 'Fragments' mere deconstruction exercises? I don't think so. Fragments here are real, real pieces of Otherness; they are characters with identities, with voices and specific physical weight.

Each of us, presenting their fragment, but then at the same time presenting their relations, their affects, their accomplices.

But, me? This is my fragment and I start to question again - I already used to talk to the dead, so here is Lacan, the Symptom and Marx too - and this voice appears from the other side. The legacy of ideas, so influential and seminal, of the philosopher Eugenio Trias Sagnier, that had indicated to me that I was not alone when feeling Sinister. Drama and Identity: Here is that enlightening essay and is not my situation, my times, a Drama? A Drama becoming a Tragedy? And is it not related to my identity? Who am I when not chosen? Who am I, when rejected? Who am I? Asked Nadja too.

Scene 2

Enters Esther Planas and talks with Ana María Millán about the emails, and the emails are analysed by both.

The human relations and the accidents of possible collaborations under a capitalist regime that mediates our values, priorities and affects at the moment of choosing or rejecting "to who" we will be giving our time, inspiration and creativity, and ultimately, our solidarity and love.

The Unrealised Project:

Title: 'Theatre – a Medium' On a theatre stage, a Performer - Esther Planas - will engage in a Q&A dialogue with an audience. She will read her answers from an autocue that is placed at the pit. The audience's questions will not be spontaneous either: another autocue on the proscenium will instruct them what say. Neither public or performer however will know what the other is going to say: they will only be able to see the script on their own autocues. They won't follow the evolution of the conversation either, as each question or will fill one screen at a time. The Performer will have a remote control linking her to a computer placed between stage and pit: this will make it possible for her to control the pace or rhythm of the conversation. If this "conversation" gets stuck or interrupted, Performer and audience will be able to go to the computer and type in further questions, which will then appear on the autocues.

Act 4

Scene 1

Enters Ana María Millán

AMM: All comes from a problem about understanding or misunderstanding collective practice or collaborative processes. It obviously as Martha Rosler says if there is not a group there is no individual, but at the same time collectivity must not be the issue, it's the methodology more than a goal or an issue. Collectivity and collaboration are now used as excuse for unpaid labour, exploitation, to establish new power relations, etc. I can't collaborate with anyone. Or if I collaborate with someone and there are differences I have to accept there is a conflict. Collaboration and collectivity are new commodities. Also through commoditisation of collectivity poverty is also commoditised. In Spanish you say "El Camino al infierno esta hecho de buenas intenciones". As a very fast solution, not to loose the total faith I would say if there were no friendship (and similarity in gender, age, class), collaboration will no work. Friendship can be a solution, where art can be produced. So behind collectivity, public sphere and collaboration there are lots of problems. (He says system and individual. System continues to interest me more :) Nancy Fraser in her text speaks about some problems that have Habermass and his concept of public sphere. The main problem I see in collaboration between a man and a woman (or various men and various women) is the guy at the top. To survive in a third world country because women from the system must always work with or for a guy. Or even when it is not visible there is always a guy at the top. Going further there is a more complex theory by Silvia Federici. She speaks about the World Bank loans, which are only for women who represent groups. Because of how the system works, most of the cases the loan cannot be paid. There comes humiliation and persecution from men to women, like in evil times. For example in Film women are the actress, the producer or even worst: the scriptwriter, while the man is the Director. (For Esther Planas: to just do what he knows best "to direct" her and that she should take the role of "actress") and the problematics of the actress of a film in which the "script writer" is now a woman and in which the director is not a man, even in this kind of film, the woman is not always the victim?

Scene 2

Ana María Millán and Esther Planas in conversation around the email exchange and text. Ana María Millán titles the conversational analysis: The NO email.

One of the emails from the Theatre Director to the Actress, analysed by Ana María Millán and commented on further by Esther Planas:

Your video from Rome, it's been for a week in one of the tabs on firefox, waiting for me to play to see you in that red-futuristic scenario. It's clear that while it may seem that your colour is black, which really is the mrrojjjo around you. Red aura. But between the new production we are preparing and my paternal duties, this play is postponed again and again.

Publication: I do not think our email text/ relationship is of any interest, and I do not have any interest in what could be my answers. You should write something (about what a pain in the ass it has been trying to do something with me?). The project was cool if we could find each other on the stage. In our mails we succeeded. And it has not even been a misunderstanding (thankfully), but all disagreement is also a form of encounter. Between us there has not been time. I have the feeling that everything has been previous explanations; trying to explain to each other without actually moving towards a third place. Having reached this point, it is better that one of the two is "explained" in the absence of the other. And in this case I think it's up to you.

Even one post from someone claiming your presence at an exhibition was a double yours! Another ghostly presence. With that you should do something. I do not think I can do anything (yet).

Theatre Director:

1) Your video from Rome, it's been for a week in one of the tabs on firefox, waiting for me to play to see you in that red-futuristic scenario. It's clear that while it may seem that your colour is black, which really is the mrrojjjo around you.

Ana María Millán:

-This sounds as (poetic) makeup for something he doesn't want to say directly.

T D:

But between the new production we are preparing and my paternal duties, this play is postponed again and again.

A M M:

-He doesn't want to continue because he doesn't have the time

Esther Planas :

I wonder if he actually does not have the time or whether in his hierarchy of "the uses of the other", and his vertical mind, I, Esther Planas (whatever that means for him) do not have the "value" of such time to be spent. I am actually aiming, in a quite Sadomasochist way, to really find out from his behaviour and his text how little he valued what, through me, he could get from Five Years and me.

To do so, gives me the opportunity to exercise critique and to activate philosophical questions and thinking around a relation between what Suely Rolnick would call a Zombie Capitalist from the Culture Making Apparatus and an artist that, like me, now embodies some kind of double hidden meaning in my professional profile, but one that is perceived by the Zombie Capitalist as the archetype of

the Loser (age 50 something, not yet recognised by the art-world establishment, low key, etc)

TD:

Publication: I do not think our email text/ relationship is of any interest, and I do not have any interest in what could be my answers.

AMM:

As far as he is a public person he doesn't want these emails to be published.

EP:

I think he does show a very weird attitude about this, because initially he was asked, as all the collaborators on the Fragments projects were, that he should have a conversation with me, with the other person. His answer to that was: I don't think there can be anything really interesting coming out of a conversation between us. Which is even worse as what this really means?

AMM:

No I think is what it is. He is only afraid to be published as long as the behind the scenes of every work must be erased.

TD:

You should write something.

AMM:

As long as he lives in a very macho culture he wants the woman to be his coordinator and scriptwriter.

EP:

Curator and producer, because everything initially had to be provided by me, apart from being the "directed Performer".

AMM:

So many words to say only that he will not continue.

EP: I am amazed by his capacity for being charming while letting me down.

The fact is one, the reality is that he has kept me believing he would be doing some work with me in Collaboration and that disrespectfully and irresponsibly has let me down in the total shit!

AMM:

Nothing to be surprised! His capacity for being charming while letting you down is the capacity of the intellectual upper class.

TD:

And in this case I think it's up to you.

AMM :

The woman will be alone again.

EP: Indeed The Woman will be Alone Again, Could you please let me know what kind of theories inspire you on that subject?

AMM:

More than a theory it's the history of the world.

The final email, the rejection and the accusation, used for forensics in the film essay:

Hi Esther, You're right, I was motivated too with the project but with 1000 pounds is not enough. I thought the gallery would have the means of production (room, projector or TV, computer, etc.) or at least be a Collective as motivated as we are to support getting the project done, then the 1000 pounds could be devoted to (under) pay authors: N, you and me. But it is clearly not the case and that the project cannot be done without unnecessary pain. Having to rent a space is nonsense and to find the technical stuff in a city that is not mine is beyond me. Right now I have a lot more work than I can develop and I don't feel like working solo or duo. Not because I need the money but because I come from the theatre and my work is meaningless if not done as a team and enrolled in a community. I thought Five Years was that community, however small and marginal it might be, but I've come to understand in recent weeks that it is a group of individual artists forging their careers where the only thing that is shared is the annihilating struggle for Triumph. I do not share that logic and do not want to spend time and effort in that direction. I hope you understand and that, in any case, you can build the project without my help. Or, what would be paradoxical but groovy, cover my absence felt in your presence. Kiss you from Barcelona since this could well be rainy London.

Scene 5

A voice in a Secret Garden

Here is a fragmentary conclusion of an unfinished puzzle. There is a whole world out there where these voices continue. We command you to look for them: A film and a website - Oracles and Premonitions, the tragic voices of Cassandras. The last and final email that has been analysed and is commented on in the film online:
<http://www.tuesday029.com>

With:

Ana María Millán / Tuesday 029 / David Blacker / Kit Hammons

Edward Dorrian and Amy Todman

There is a book. What is here though,
is something else. Almost an introduction.
Then a sort of stop. All of it is not wholly
formed. It is fragmentary and incomplete.
Perhaps it is broken off. In friendship.

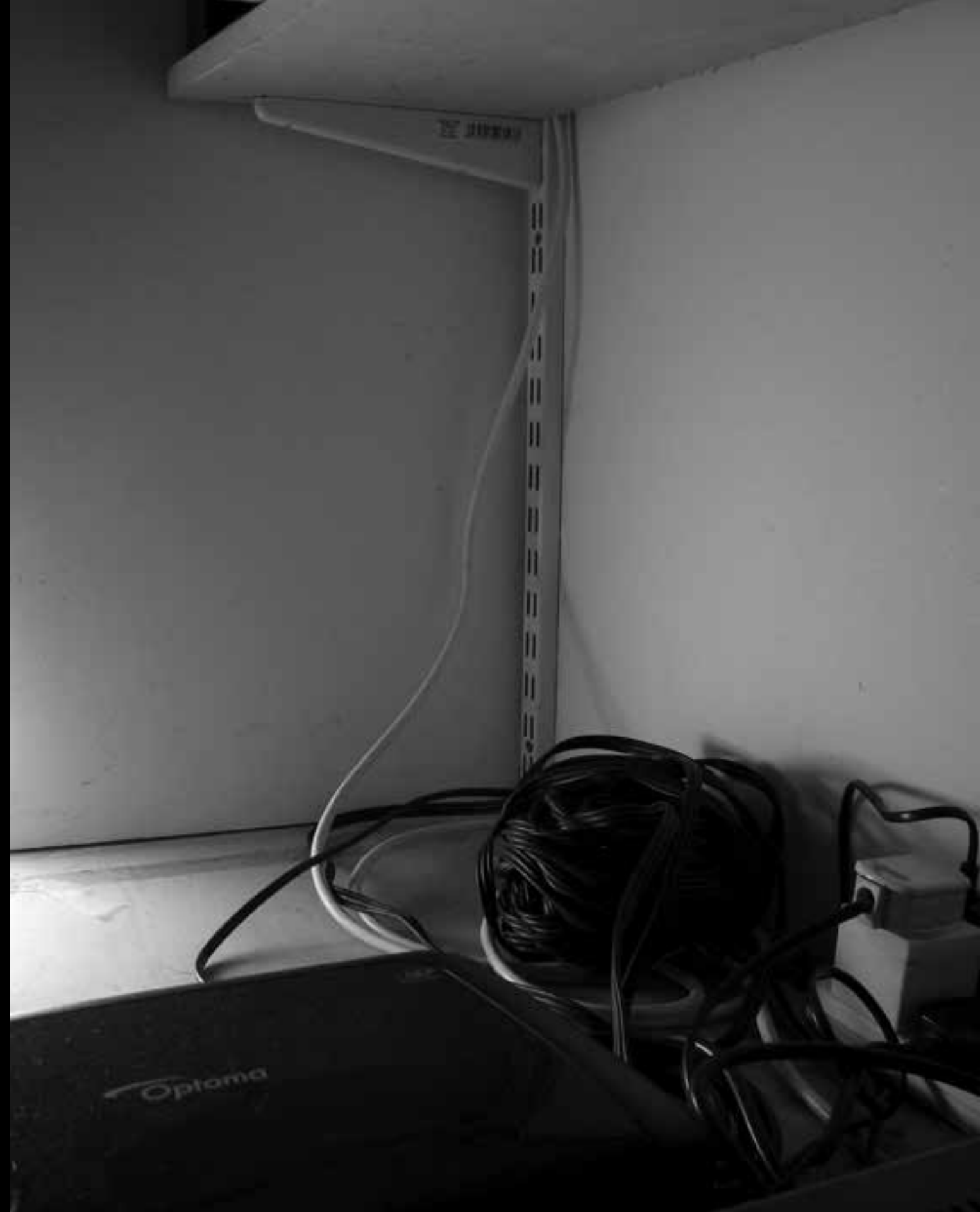
*How could one agree to speak of this friend? Neither
in praise nor in the interest of some truth. The traits
of [their] character, the forms of [their] existence, the
episode of [their] life, even in keeping with the search
for which [they] felt [themselves] responsible to the
point of irresponsibility, belong to no one.
There are no witnesses.
[...]*

*I know there is the book. The book remains,
temporarily, even if its reading must open us to
the necessity of this disappearance into which it
withdraws itself. The book refers to an existence.
This existence, because it is no longer a presence,
begins to be deployed in history, and in the worst
of histories, literary history. Literary history,
inquisitive, painstaking, in search of documents
takes hold of a deceased will and transforms into
knowledge its own purchase on what has fallen to
posterity. This is the moment of complete works.
One wants to publish 'everything,' one wants to say
'everything,' as if one were anxious about only one
thing: that everything be said; as if the 'everything
is said' would finally allow us to stop a dead voice,
to stop the pitiful silence that arises from it and to
contain firmly within a well-circumscribed horizon
what the equivocal, posthumous anticipation still
mixes in illusorily with the words of the living. **

* Maurice Blanchot *Friendship*
p. 289-290 translated Elizabeth Rottenberg
Stanford 1997 (originally published in
French in 1971 under the title *L'Amitié*)



[illegible]





13 May 2013 19:14

It's a process of give and take.

The boundaries of work and life?
Or is it?

This is a project that should have
no boundaries - or perhaps the
boundary negotiation is the project.

As I reflected on the project, I became
unsure. It had shifted, along with
my own feelings, into a territory
that felt unclear, perhaps unsafe.

13 May 2013 19:29

It was about positioning, and I no
longer knew what to say my position is
so much between. Perhaps it is not all
about positioning that point where I no
longer know, and where it is no longer
safe to not know an incredible tension
in my stomach anger, undirected

13 May 2013 19:33

My position was no longer historian
but person, whole. In part this was to
do with my own recovery. Perhaps
I could no longer easily separate
one face from another. Or perhaps it
seemed too dangerous to do so.

13 May 2013 19:34

As friends, I felt I could be honest. As
a historian and part of 'fragments',
perhaps I should not. Again, to hide
felt wrong, perhaps dangerous.

13 May 2013 19:53

To hide behind history felt dangerous,
and in fact, on the day we met, felt
impossible. The public conversations
we'd scheduled fell before and after my
eating disorder support group. It was
all somehow impossible. I'm not proud
of that, but it was true for that day.

13 May 2013 19:58

He asked if I was wasting his time. I felt
it was the wrong question, but I could see
why he asked. My whole body radiated
irritation. I wasn't irritated, but full of
anxiety and uncertainty. Later, anger.

13 May 2013 19:59

I might stop now. We should discuss
these. At the moment they are not
part of the project, but they could
be, if we decide that's right.



1.

Research.
Process. Give. Take. Between one thing and another. Is this thing becoming history? Becoming work. Projects not works?
The boundaries of work and life. Is this something everything or nothing. He is thinking naively.
Should. This is a project that should have no boundaries. Perhaps. Boundary negotiation is the project.
Or. They're unsure. It seems always shifting. Refuse. Along with their own feelings. Into a territory (landscape). The brief. Unclear, perhaps unsafe.

2.

Insubordination.
It was about positioning, and she no longer knew what to say. Her position is so much between. Suspended. Perhaps it is not all about positioning that point
3.

In Fragmentation.
Her position was no longer as a historian. What then? A whole other person. What was his? Ignomious wank. Inexpert. In part. The whole is the false. Between. This was to do with her own recovery. Reflections. Recovery. Damaged. Recovery-oriented practice. Life. Hope. Etc. Is this now the proper place to position boundary negotiations? He thinks. Naively. Perhaps she could no longer easily separate one face from another. Or perhaps it seemed too dangerous to do so. The whole becomes something which must be deciphered but whose code is unknown.
He looks on. He doesn't know.

4.

Between.
As friends, she felt she could be honest. As a historian and part of 'fragments', perhaps she should not. Again, to hide felt wrong, perhaps dangerous. 'Disorder'. What did he mean when he said 'Hidden in plain view'? Why would he say such a thing? Recovering something discarded - lost as worthless?

5.

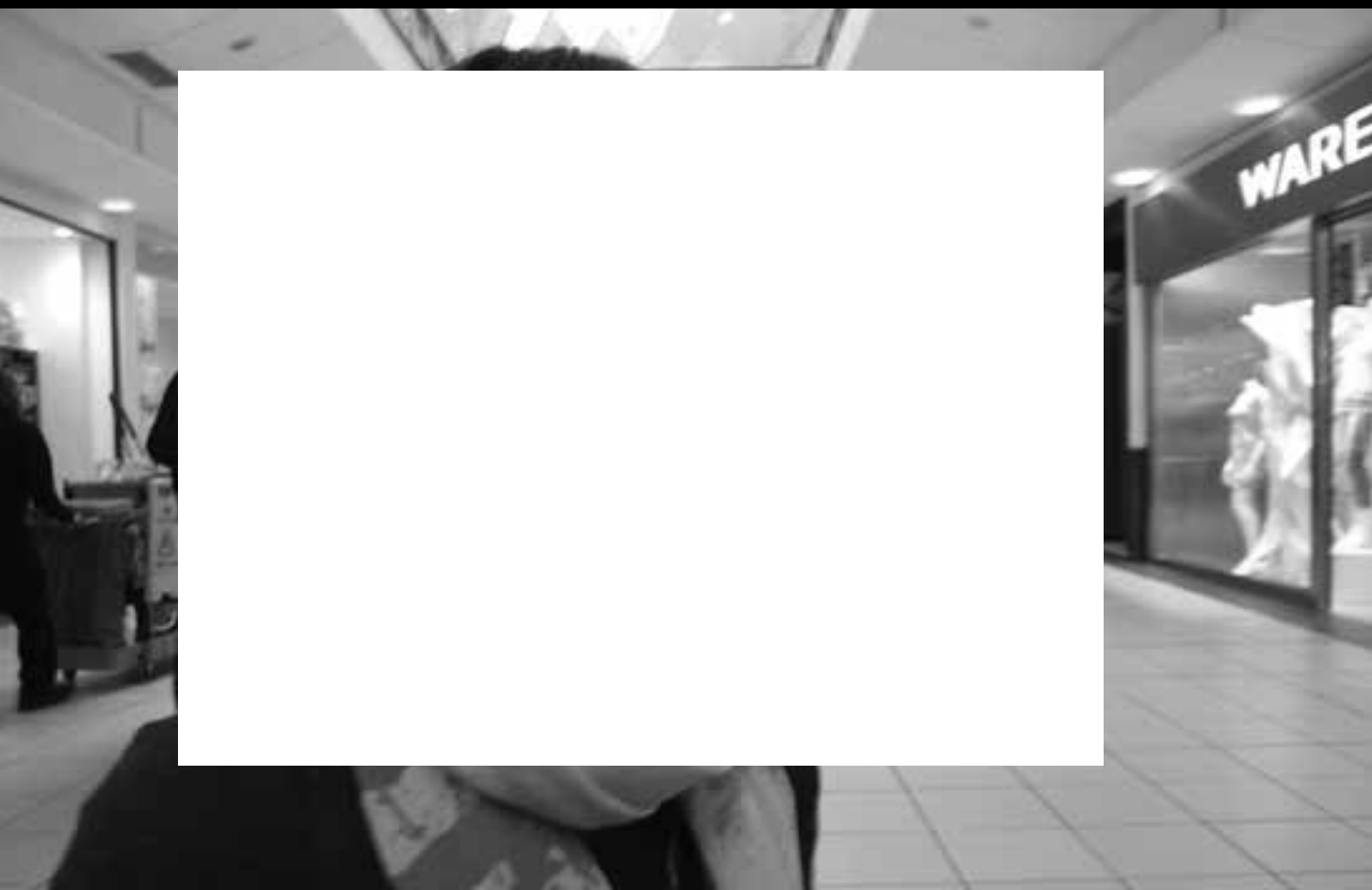
Natural History.
Legoland. To hide behind history felt dangerous, and in fact, on the day they met, for her, it felt impossible. The public conversations they'd scheduled fell before and after her eating disorder support group. It was all somehow impossible. When she'd agreed to meet in the shopping centre to record their conversation, she had said that the two meetings that day would be too much
6.

For Friendship.
He asked if he was wasting her time. She felt it was the wrong question, but could see why he asked. He himself, immediately thought it was a wrong question. Why did he say waste? Did he think he was irritating her? Both said nothing. They carried on trying to talk. Struggling. Her whole body radiated irritation. She wasn't irritated, but full of anxiety and uncertainty. Later, anger.

7.

Conclusion.
I might stop now. We should discuss these. At the moment they are not part of the project, but they could be, if we decide that's right.

due to her struggling to finish her thesis. There was, she said, other money things. Perhaps he should have cancelled. He didn't. He should have.



2. Fragments. The number of exchanges determines how many fragments each interlocutor writes (the total 1207 divided by the number of interlocutors). Fragments fall into the following categories: Commentaries written from memory of the time spent during this conversation. Commentaries written in direct response to the transcribed conversation (and/or to the audio-recording) Quotations or references made in direct response to the transcribed conversation (and/or to the audio-recording) Fragments should be no longer than 500 words.

Fragments may be grouped under an agreed list of headings (derived from words/ terms that have arisen from the conversation)

Fragments may also be grouped under a list compiled separately by each interlocutor.

Footnotes and reference details may be used outside of the 500 word count.

3. An Introduction if desired. Index. Appendices.

702. Yes... possibly... there is that notion that...

703. So why don't I theorize my practice then?

704. Well I don't know... you

find it too... difficult?
Yes? It is not easy...

- The fragments (these words) may incorporate the words of others. Response outwith. During the course of the project. Beyond a first edition. Etc. How do they understand the structure? Is there a system that organizes what is written? What is that system? System 1. Each uttered part (1207) is randomly assigned a fragment from all the fragments they submit. System 2. Each uttered part (1207) is assigned a specific fragment by each of them. Only from those they submitted.

705. Because it feels as though I'd have to start a theory from first principles in order to do that... and I don't think I have the capacity to do that...

706. And that's why you don't do it?

- I draw.

707. Yes! [laughs] I don't think I can! Maybe I've just never found one that is close enough... and maybe... actually there is one... maybe you get closer...

- Am I talking about my work?

708. Closer?
possibly... there is that notion that...

- Conversation.

703. So why don't I theorize my practice then?

704. Well I don't know... you

find it too... difficult?
Yes? It is not easy...

705. Because it feels as though I'd have to start a theory from first principles in order to do that... and I don't think I have the capacity to do that...

706. And that's why you don't do it?

707. Yes! [laughs] I don't think I can! Maybe I've just never found one that is close enough... and maybe... actually there is one... maybe you get closer...

708. Closer?

709. To something... to something... this... that I'm just not...

that fits... maybe this is like it... what I'm trying to do... 709. To something... to something... this... that I'm just not...

710. Those are all the things... 715. ...aware of yet.

710. Those are all the things... that seem necessary to... as precursors... or premise... aims... all those things that... a critical... thinking... might... suggest are ways in which you... understand... that there is a... suspension... there is... in practice... that is practice... but you can't suspend... also... so there is this... other... contradiction... a necessary contradiction... there is... 714. I like it... 715. ...aware of yet. 716. Glad. 717. This whole thing.

710. Those are all the things... that seem necessary to... as precursors... or premise... aims... all those things that... a critical... thinking... might... suggest are ways in which you... understand... that there is a... suspension... there is... in practice... that is practice... but you can't suspend... also... so there is this... other... contradiction... a necessary contradiction... there is... that's... that you can separate the two... out... you have too much theory... or too much practice... I don't know... is that Goldilocks? I don't know! That there's a... field of... and it's just not... really... doesn't seem to be... I don't know... I ran out! [laughs] Couldn't get that out... I just closed the door... 718. Yes there should be a simplicity... 719. There should be a directness! In words... which is what theory is dealing in...

710. Those are all the things... that seem necessary to... as precursors... or premise... aims... all those things that... a critical... thinking... might... suggest are ways in which you... understand... that there is a... suspension... there is... in practice... that is practice... but you can't suspend... also... so there is this... other... contradiction... a necessary contradiction... there is... that's... that you can separate the two... out... you have too much theory... or too much practice... I don't know... is that Goldilocks? I don't know! That there's a... field of... and it's just not... really... doesn't seem to be... I don't know... I ran out! [laughs] Couldn't get that out... I just closed the door... 720. But I think that the simplicity is that it's very difficult... 721. Do you know that drawing I made at Kilquhanity? Of the mud in the puddle?

711. It is quite complicated... [laughs] Evidently. Panning. Reader comes... like them. Them. In a state of agitation. Reading. Listening. Speaking. The wonder of its constant genesis... and the swell of its unfurling... the work... ruined... by them... 722. Yes... 723. It should be like that... It's what it should be like... but that's clearly not a theory...

712. Half way down the street... 722. Yes...

- The place I wrote my PhD.

713. I feel that there should be a very simple way of doing all 723. It should be like that... It's what it should be like... but that's clearly not a theory...

712. Half way down the street... 723. It should be like that... It's what it should be like... but that's clearly not a theory...

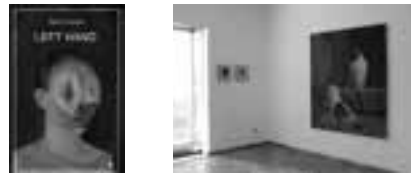
713. I feel that there should be a very simple way of doing all

Image credits and notes

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cover	Rochelle Fry <i>Conversation of the Eye</i> , 2013		
	Sally Morfill and Karen Wood		stills from a series of short films based on the work of Paul Curran & Marc Hulson;
15	Page from notebook: 8/9 March 2013		E.W. Deraze – notes / score for soundtrack
	Collaborative record of the installation of 88 white vinyl lines on the floor and 50 grey vinyl lines on the wall during Echo at Axis Arts Centre, MMU Cheshire.Sophie Brown, Sally Morfill, Joy Morris and Bridget Schilizzi	44	Paul Curran
		45	Marc Hulson
			Rochelle Fry with Squares and Triangles
19	<i>Wiping, Wringing, Swinging, Pulling Sleeves and Elbow</i>	46-47	Rochelle Fry with Squares and Triangles at 43 Inverness Street, London
	Composite drawing of movement trails made by Karen’s left hand during a choreographed sequence. Each drawn element relates to a particular observed gesture. Sally Morfill	48-49	<i>Conversation of the Eye I</i> , Rochelle Fry
		50-61	<i>Conversation of the Eye I and II</i> repeated, Rochelle Fry, all other images copyright Squares and Triangles
20-21	<i>The artist trapped in virtual space</i>		Esther Planas with Tuesday-029
	Digital photograph of monitor screen, May 2013	62-63	Performance with Tuesday 029 at Five Years for Fragments 3 May 2013, Esther Planas
22-23	<i>Echo</i>		Edward Dorrian and Amy Todman
	improvisatory dance performance at Axis Arts Centre, 9 March 2013		
	l to r: Karen Wood, Jessica Gibson, Gervase Gregory, Frances Reekie and Jordan Williams. Photograph overlaid with Karen’s left hand... (see information below)	79	<i>Doing Fine What Can I Do? (History)</i> video still taken from a two-hour conversation filmed at Glasgow University-College of Arts 02.12.12 between Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian.
22-25	<i>Karen Wood’s left hand on February 14th 2013 between 15:45:28 and 15:50:47 (front and top views)</i>		Installation view (detail). Five Years.
	Illustrator line drawing translated from movement data, Sally Morfill	83	ibid
25	Karen writing her reflections	84	<i>Doing Fine What Can I Do? (History)</i> video still
26-27	<i>100 metre line drawing reconfigured for the page</i>	85	Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian.
	Illustrator drawing, Sally Morfill	86-87	Installation view (detail). Five Years.
28-29	Detail from <i>100 metre line drawing</i> (vinyl). Performed by Karen Wood at Five Years, 26 May 2013		Untitled Photograph, IMG_1698.jpg (created 22.08.2011 15:16)
		88	Amy Todman
	Marc Hulson and Paul Curran	89	Photograph of Amy Todman, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Edward Dorrian
30-31	Paul Curran & Marc Hulson		Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman
	‘Do I have interest in the publication history of this novel?’ 2013 (detail)	90	Photograph of Amy Todman, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Edward Dorrian
35	Marc Hulson		Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman
36-38	Paul Curran	91	Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman
39	Marc Hulson		Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman
40	Paul Curran		Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman
41	Marc Hulson	92-93	<i>Doing Fine What Can I Do? (History)</i>
42-43	Nick Hudson / Jonny Liron – production		Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian



1



2



3



4



5



6

Exhibitions, online projects, performances and participatory events

Five Years: *Fragments* has also been made manifest beyond this publication in forms including exhibitions, online projects, performances and participatory events:

¹ Rochelle Fry with Squares and Triangles staged an exhibition of sculpture and music at 43 Inverness Street including a live performance by the band at the opening in May 2013.
www.43inverness-street.com/exhibitions/rochelle-fry-with-squares-and-triangles/

² Marc Hulson produced a cover painting for Paul Curran's novel 'Left Hand', published by Civil Coping Mechanisms in April 2014. Paul Curran wrote a text for Marc Hulson's solo show 'The Yellow Sleep' at Kunstverein Heppenheim, which was performed as a reading at the exhibition opening in March 2014.
<http://copingmechanisms.net/lefthand>
<http://kvhp.wordpress.com/>

³ Sally Morfill and Karen Wood: *Echo* was installed/performed over a two-day period in Open Space at the Axis Arts Centre, MMU Cheshire 8-9 March 2013. The project was further disseminated through a presentation at Creative Arts and Creative Industries: Collaboration in Practice. This was a two-day symposium held on 21-22 June 2013 at Manchester School of Art and hosted by: Practice Research Unit (Kingston University) MIRIAD (Manchester Metropolitan University), in association with PARCNorthWest, Institute for Performance Research (MMU Cheshire), Centre for Music Performance Research, Royal Northern College of Music.

⁴ Esther Planas with Tuesday029 held a series of participatory events titled 'The Secret Garden' at Donlon Books during July / August 2013, with guests Marc Hulson, Alasdair Duncan, Brer Ruthven, Laura Monso, Alba Colomo, Nathaniel Robin Mann, Marco Godoy, Jonathan Trayner, CMC, Dave Beech, Ben Fittons & Paul McGee. The Tuesday029 website for archive and research with Ana María Millán (Colombia / Berlin) was produced during 2013/2014 and is at <http://www.tuesday029.com>

⁵ Edward Dorrian and Amy Todman: *The Place of Study*: Friday 10 May 2013, 11am - 12am Buchanan Galleries, Glasgow, 1st Floor (next to Accessorize) 3pm - 4pm Botanical Gardens, Glasgow (next to the herb garden) Free and public conversation prompted from the Fragments Project. All welcome. The event occurred freely. The venues are recognised areas where the public should be able to meet openly. (eg foyer spaces of public institutions, parks, etc)

⁶ *Fragments*, a group presentation of work by all participants was held at Five Years in May 2013.
www.fiveyears.org.uk/archive2/pages/169/169_00.html

Biographies

Five Years consists of a membership of twelve contributors, each of whom may present two exhibition projects in the gallery every 18 months. Each contributor can choose to include their own work in one of these slots if they wish, but the other show must be purely invitational. Aside from these basic rules, each member acts autonomously of the others in deciding the nature and content of their contributions to Five Years' exhibition programme. The creative freedom that this structure allows operates like an engine, generating a continuous, rapid succession of new projects and continuously branching out into unpredictable territory, beyond the control of any individual directorship.

Rochelle Fry lives and works in London. She studied at Royal Academy Schools. Solo exhibitions include: The Idiot, James Hockey Gallery, UCA, Farnham (2012); Bronzed, Five Years, London (2009); ZNZNZ, Five Years, London (2007) Group Exhibitions: Young London 2012; V22, London (2012); What's in a Band? Eyes Ears Mouth & Nose, Corner College, Zurich (2012); Desk Space (Two person show with Jason Dungan), Five Years, London (2011); Hex Colony Manual (Rehearsal), Chisenhale Gallery (2010); Hex Colony, Residency in Sweden (2010); Cash Gas or Ass Nobody Rides for Free, Bender Space (2010); Interrupted Correspondence: Five Years Fragments, JTP Gallery, London (2010); Free Association, Area 53, Vienna (2010); Sons & Lovers, 52 Meters, London (2010); A4 Editions, Five Years, London (2008); Paper, Five Years, Dustin Ericksen, Giles Round and Vanessa Billy, concept by Rochelle Fry (2008); Final Exhibition, Flaca, London, Group show with Rochelle Fry, Michail Hakimi, Sophie Von Hellermann, Alex Heim, Kalin Lindena, Nora Schultz. (2007); ArtFutures 2007, Bloomberg Space, London (2007); Goo Goo Muck, Five Years, London (2007); Every Debris, St Paul's Gallery, Bow, London (2006); Frenzy-L' Art Decoratif D'Aujourd'hui, Metropole Gallery, Folkstone (2006); Baroque rocks, Brocage Express, Paris (2005); Black Bile, 3 Colts Gallery, London (2005); Premiums, Sackler Gallery, Royal Academy of Art, London (2005); Tinker Tailor Soldier Sailor, 17, London (2005)

Squares and Triangles has recorded music since 2007, formed by Jason Dungan, Dustin Ericksen, Anthony Faroux, Sam Porritt, and Maria Zahle. Other contributors have included Rochelle Frye, Peter Busk, Polly de Blank, Vanessa Billy, Seo Reuss, and Nora Sdun. The group works through a process of song-focused improvisation, with members trading instruments and lead vocals. They have recorded in London, rural Sweden, and Zurich, Switzerland. They have recently performed at Corner College, Zurich; V22, London; and Farnham College of Art, UK.

Amy Todman is an artist and researcher who completed her PhD in Art History at the University of Glasgow in 2013. Her academic interests address aspects of drawing in Britain over the early modern period with a particular focus on records of place. Complementary research interests explore approaches to drawing and fieldwork in contemporary artistic practice and include writing, film, performance and sculpture. She is currently working on several collaborative projects including an artists book titled [cover] with the small press imprint Brae Editions. See [http:// amytodman.blogspot.co.uk](http://amytodman.blogspot.co.uk)

Edward Dorrian is an artist and member of Five Years. He has (co)organised at Five Years: Five Years Publications: School Book Projects. (Im) Possible School Book: As Found. Tate Modern. Tanks Project (2012); This Is Not a School. (2011); So Much For Free School. Etc: A Draft Publication (2011); Lecture Hall. Free School. Bethnal Green Library, London (2010); Field Recordings(2010); Interrupted Correspondence, James Taylor Gallery, London (2009); Yes. Yes. I Know. Free School. I Know. (with Ana Cavic, Renée O'Drobinak and Claire Nichols (2009); Free Show (2008); Peer Esteem (2008); Art For Everyone (2007) Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian first met when they answered an invitation to contribute to a practice based speculative symposium (Back to Freeschool: Drawing out the Archive) that took place from the 9th to the 17th of April 2011 at Kilquhanity, one of the original free schools established in Galloway, Scotland by John Aitkenhead in the 1940's.

Marc Hulson is a visual artist working primarily with the media of painting and drawing. He studied Fine Art at North Staffordshire Polytechnic and at Goldsmiths College, London. His work has been exhibited in numerous public, private and independent galleries internationally: recent projects include the solo exhibition *The Yellow Sleep* at Kunstverein Heppenheim, Germany and *3am: wonder, paranoia and the restless night*, a national touring exhibition commissioned by The Bluecoat, Liverpool and curated by Angela Kingston, which included 13 works from his ongoing series of drawings 'Cast'.

He is currently a Visiting Lecturer in Fine Art at Winchester School of Art and is a member of Five Years. He lives and works in London.

Paul Curran is a writer based in Tokyo. Since 2005 his work has been primarily situated within the emerging networks and literary communities associated with the internet publishing scene. His first full length fiction in a physical edition is the novel 'Left Hand' (Civil Coping Mechanisms Press 2014).

Esther Planas, Barcelona, 1960, independent artist, studied at The London Contemporary Dance School (The Place) London and at Area, Spai de Dansa, Barcelona. Published V.O. magazine, 1984/5 Spain. Member of Five Years, London 1998/2014

“My work is based on the production of collective situations and events. It is intensively research based and takes form as performative workshops and the creation of collective actions with small, improvised, ephemeral groups of people and facilitates the channeling of thought through conversation and walks, questioning urban space and its political implications. It has re-taken its solo performance experimentation/investigation on urban spaces that include my physical presence, with sound and field recording and editing of films and photography around each of these actions. Coming from the starting point of Dance studies, my work evolves around notions of the figure, the body and the gesture concerning performance, space, architecture and sculpture. It is informed by social politics, from the personal and the use of my own body with latent feminist questions to more general concerns with social relations and the ritualistic.”

She has received the BCNProducció/10 Grant and been selected by Helena Producciones, Cali, Colombia for the 8 Performance Festival of Cali 2012

Sally Morfill lives and works in both London and Manchester. Exhibitions include: One And One And One Group show organised by Outside Architecture, Café Gallery (CGP London), London z-depth buffer, 2 person show with Maxine Bristow, Five Years, London 2011; Pairings, Nationally touring group show exploring the potential of cross-disciplinary collaboration. Venues included MMU Special Collections, the Otter Gallery at the University of Chichester and Farfield Mill, Cumbria 2010-12; by day my limbs, by night my mind, 2-person collaboration with Sylvie Vandenhoecke, Five Years, London 2010; JTP09 Interrupted Correspondence: Vice Versa/ Five Years Fragments James Taylor Gallery, London 2009

Karen Wood lives and works in Manchester. Projects include: Sound Moves – ACE funded, music and dance improvisation project with Band On The Wall and Contact Theatre as dance artist; Manchester Dance Consortium – ACE funded, project set up to nurture dance ecology in Manchester. Strategy group member; The Stream Project – Received Cornerhouse Microcommision, Artistic Director. Working with neuroscientist Tony Steffert and dancer, Genevieve Say. Education Programmer for Moves International Film Festival, Liverpool and on selection panel for Moves.

Professional development and performance work include: Dance Intensives Programme with Merseyside Dance Initiative for professional artists to receive professional development in the form of workshops with established artists - 2010; Perform in Tap Jams organized by Tap Rhythm Project; Performed at events for Band on the Wall in Manchester with Tap Rhythm Project; Performed at charity events in Manchester with Tap Rhythm Project She is currently undertaking a PhD at University of Manchester entitled 'Kinesthetic Empathy and the Screendance Audience'.

Five Years: Fragments
Francis Summers/ Sally Morfill and Karen Wood/
Marc Hulson and Paul Curran/ Rochelle Fry
with Squares and Triangles/ Esther Planas with
Tuesday-029/ Edward Dorrian and Amy Todman

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