Five Years: Fragments
Fragments
Fragments

Introduction

Our Research: A Fragment on Fragments
Francis Sumner and Edward Dorrian

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

Image credits and notes

Biographies
Introduction

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 agreed 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 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 dimensional 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 JEP09, 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.
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.

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.

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. [Frieze]. Then forming the basis of a response to the invitation from Autonomous Organization.

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?

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 communities. The salon we find here is of those (perhaps) refused to the inclusive-exclusive bordered space of Zoo and Frauce. 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 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 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 identity Five Years has been to identify a string of fragments arranged around an empty center 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.

A dialogue is a chain of fragments, [...] 7

Listen! Another Romantic, Novalis: the literary seed of the fragment is that it points to both completion and incompletion, undermining both paragon and antithesis. If one is brave enough.

Philippe Lacoué-Labarthe and Jean-Luc Nancy, in their analysis of the Romantic fragment, point to this— their understanding of the fragment is that it points to both completion and incompletion, 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 enables a logic of identity, that logic which in part underwrites an organisation, principally a named participation in an Art Fair. Academic Research. In a mode 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 undeniably 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 — these works of beautiful coherence— Schlegel sings the praises of the piece in pieces, the motley heap of sudden ideas, 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 disorder. Lacoué-Labarthe and Nancy point to the inherent idea 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.

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.

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 disorder.

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 equality: 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 collection of 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 strong, Five Years, encircles an ‘empty place’ as the site of incompletion, of the refusal of completion through synthesis. Here the possible activity of dispersiveness rather than consensus can take place, if one is brave enough.
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—how of 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?

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 fons-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 futility 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 inextricably 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.

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

1. So I just found myself trying to sort of... to read... I wondered where these gestures came from. And the other thing that I was interested in was... 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 onwards. 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.

2. There’s an interaction going on between the making of the drawing in the space and the dance...

3. Agamben’s ‘Notes on Gesture’...

4. ‘echopraxia’.

5. which is the automatic repetition of movement 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...

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 these sites... how that movement is embodied through the lines and the... the how the kinesiologic 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...

9. 14.02.13

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... or if I’m working in a 3-dimensional space; I’m flattening it into a 2-dimensional plane...

11. 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.

12. 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?

13. and that animation might be depicting stretching and then unpicking...

14. 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 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 then’s a trace of this movement in the drawing and then seeing how it might respond to that 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 then they might start to suggest completely different things these could be very kind of improvised as well...

15. 18.03.13

16. 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 got them to... think about how we could copy each other in the space and be... how that accumulated and developed into movement... copying little idiosyncratic movements movement got bigger and bigger... and broader and broader.

17. That was one exercise we did and we were working in the performance, so I had a very loose, what we call a ‘score’, an improvisation-al score for the performance. Copying was the one rule... um, and then in rehearsal we also worked with dynamics, because I thought, actually this is going to be a set of lines that have shape and form and dynamics... and we need to think about how we interpret that in our bodies. So the next exercise that I thought of doing in rehearsal was um copying each other’s dynamics, thinking about lines, thinking about everything being very linear but also curves and what the dynamics were, so quite abstract really and then another rule for that was also how we made contact with each other, because I thought of some lovely moments of contact work.

18. So we moved away from what we were getting from the drawing and just did a little choreographed movement together and then moved away... maybe what I should do is think about this drawing and what we call a ‘score’, an improvisation-cise we did and we, we carried that into broader and broader. That was one exercise we did and we were working in the performance, so I had a very loose, what we call a ‘score’, an improvisation-al score for the performance. Copying was the one rule... um, and then in rehearsal we also worked with dynamics, because I thought, actually this is going to be a set of lines that have shape and form and dynamics... and we need to think about how we interpret that in our bodies. So the next exercise that I thought of doing in rehearsal was um copying each other’s dynamics, thinking about lines, thinking about everything being very linear but also curves and what the dynamics were, so quite abstract really and then another rule for that was also how we made contact with each other, because I thought of some lovely moments of contact work.

19. it did make them think about interacting more with the, the drawing, which seemed to work... better... so the more 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 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... especially when the lines are very short... 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 got them to... think about how we could copy each other in the space and be... how that accumulated and developed into movement... copying little idiosyncratic movements...
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 if 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

27. 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 into a short phrase of movement where I repeat them, accumulating other movements into the phrase each time I repeat it.

28. 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.

29. 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.

30. 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.

31. 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 ongoing and depthless fictional space where reality and identity are continually questioned and reabsorbed.
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 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 true to the way we 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 thing 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: Yeah, and this is a bit tangential, but I was thinking about that and how that seemed to, you know, kind of be present 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 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.
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.
1

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 canvas 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 heaps of flesh and that high-pitched music, relentlessly constant, 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 nice scent of heat. The clock of +35% beeps. It’s difficult to read when there are yellow stripes all over. It’s as if I’ve systematically injured every part of my body.

I let him stare at my feet. 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 scoring nothing. I should correct the wrong impression that I’ve made in the past. You may think I did out of fear of wasted posters throughout London, and I can personally report that I’ve seen them at a dozen locations. My only regret is that the actual way I’m thinking about it now is... If you think you can finish some thing without getting there is no point in conversation. A hand moves away from my face and my arm is free. With military precision I become like a vengeful ghost, 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 'Hoc' (Marc Hundson, 2009 oil on paper 225x200cm) as representing a stalled conversation between an authority figure or analyst and an artist whose work is dictated off the frame, to the monstrous critical gaze of his own unconstrained 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 convincingly counters Lotringer's self-portrait-based reading by positively paraphrasing or plagiarizing Gunkel (5) and asserting 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) 'Hoc' represents perfectly well how the notion of indeterminate reality, whereby disparate objects often take on symbolic and metaphorical resonance, can be deft. In her influential essay (8) on Maya Deren's Meshes of the Afternoon (1943), Martinez quotes Telephone from Captain Beecroft's Doc at the Radar Station (1980): 'It must have been late, cause it sure was a drone.' These are not segments of correspondence but anchoring geospatial points, the button 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, in 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
<table>
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<tr>
<td>Oscillatory Symmetry</td>
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**Agent:** Pseudophoria

**Reconstruction:** Overlapping

**DECAY**

- 22:15
- 22:30

→ 2:30ish
As for these colliding spherical systems, immediate 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 or something of interpretation between others, the obscurity that is found because of actual abstraction contains a balance between things that withdraw and things that operate mutually. There is no subject 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 curse 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-thirsty 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.
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 Erickson (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 tied 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 11.

(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 came 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 middle of the hole, inside the muddy hole with ebony... there's gonna be...
R: clay its clay
D: Renelle is open to the idea that there's some kinetic speaker in the bottom, is that the lorry?
Same kind of speaker that can be turning out tables or turning on radios or whatever we decide on 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 We're talking about
J: Dustin is talking about what gonna happen in the show
D: No I'm just saying
J: Yeah
R: This relationship... but it could be anything more interesting, I'm just saying if we can do whatever we want, but we do have some remit and they're trying for this money from the arts council so you have to kind of fit 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...
R: It doesn't have to... within a certain...
D: It's also/the reality is they don't actually go through it with a fine tooth comb and
R: yeh it would take forever
D: Sometimes they do
J: Sometimes they do but
M: I'll do what
J: if we're doing this thing that...
D: Simon Martin has a problem with it
J: This text transcribed and everyone else is doing what I don't think that's realistic...
R: No no, this is open, this is open to any how, this is just a group discussion
A: and what happens in 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: yeah
A: looking cute, you know
D: find a factory
M: a derelict space banana
A: it's 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 Maple shell.
D: Oh yeah!
D: Is there spray paint?
A: Yeah, oh yeah.
M: Spray paint, roof, and derelict...
D: As a 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'.

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

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

D: And what did you tell her?

J: Gatai...

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 A$AP.

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.

J: 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, let's 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 Mixx. Great Mixx, what's it called?

M: The Good Mixx.

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.

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

A: What are we going to do? If there is sound in the speakers?

F: So maybe it doesn’t work, yeah.

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

J: Sorry 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 hit 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.

F: 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: Yeah, 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.

F: That would be fun, I think.

J: It’s like Osolin 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.

K: 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.

K: Yeah.

J: And maybe not as 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 fake Modern merchandise stuff.

D: Is it Picasso drawing Matisses?

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 add a part of it.

D: Isn't there a transcription program, like my phone for example? It's not that; it transcribes every word.

R: I'll 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 we're sitting around bullshitting and 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 sparse way, like in Zouch. That thread is something we could explore with the shows we're doing.

D: I agree. What a... 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 sing the blank wall.

M: It's the same one.

D: I forget how it goes.

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

M: I don't have it in 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 space... I'm not afraid of a blank wall."

M: (speaking) "An empty space, that doesn't scare me."

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

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

D: (singing) "But 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 to Crescendo recap. Maria, what’s there to be upset about?
M: It’s too late.
J: Is that too late? 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: “Kick up next in ANTHONY FABIO!!!” Reiner Macmillan. Did you hear the one about George? Occurrence? What a piece of shit. I wish that piece of shit were floating down the canals.
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: Reiner’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 Clapman 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 radical.
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 now.
A: So everything we did was shit?
J: No.
A: We can’t play more is 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.
M: Too bad. I mean, there 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 it takes, like attacking someone?
M: Tak.
D: Like no?
D: Like 'attack'?
M: No, like shock.
D: Shock? Tak. What's a 'shock'?
M: Shank.
D: Shank? So I should say 'tak'? 
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 my alley? You're not hanging the picture that you look 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 Sash'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 'Planets', and it's works by me and Cecile Gravesen. Ruth Floch, Leger, and Sara Krowend. And I wanted us to do a gig in front of the college, 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 the idea of politics.
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 deconstruction: 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.
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 bybl.. 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 unsaid.
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: aba
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… Oh 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… hahahahaaa!! flow… by fickle I mean does he change his mind a lot?
E: Haaaa!!! No with Roger all had been fine so far and this is why I had reach out him… and 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 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: aba..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! hahahaha! 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! ahaha… should read him ! keep always missing poor Hegel!
D: Alexandr Kojeve 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 Kojeve… he highlights the master slave struggle
E: uh…
D: I thought if 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.

E: WHYYYYYYYYY!!! 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?!

D: we could see this from the point of view of an artist who wants a world in which everyone MUST recognise his work.

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 last solidarity... and him boasting about Community is the only thing that matters!!!

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.

E: precise: teaching me about... on his latest text... wow that is enlightening! really ???

D: in short he cannot actually collaborate

E: exact

D: because that dissolves the possibility of personal recognition... which ironically isn't possible anyway

E: so all his text from the beginning to the end are a pseu?

D: in a way. It's a form of vanity... but multilayered

E: aha ??

D: and ultimately tragic and self-defeating

E: how do you trace that?

D: what?

E: the attitude of R... the multilayered vanity etc

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

E: wow awesomeeee! absolute!

D: the existentialists like Sartre thought we are ALL trapped in it to various degrees. Like his play HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE... or Hegel it is the foundation of all politics and all political struggle

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 much and I escaped school at 14!

D: why not? it's good stuff. Sartre became unpopular but he's still very valuable in my view

E: like him! I feel the Nausea!

D: well that may have saved you from some suffering! you 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

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!

D: but that is too boring

E: suicide! heehs!

D: yes... why do that?

E: how as you know that was their basic problem. Sartre, Camus, etc. Why NOT suicide? All philosophy flows from this question

D: mmmmmmmm... yes... instead I want to study Philosophy and left ART !! exact !! this is also what Hannah A said !!

D: a mistake! haha philosophy leads literally nowhere

E: yeaah love it there!!

D: but that is also its strength... it's not always productive for artists or activists

E: loved the country side philo and nowhere... only LOVE!! I can't be an artist

D: Hegel said that the Owl of Minerva only spreads her wings at DUSK.

E: to be an artist you have to be rich!

D: ONLY at dusk! or is that when you stop being an artist?

E: aha... and she is spreading what?

D: her wings... WINGS... hahaa

E: aha...

D: don't make me think perverse thoughts about owls please

E: but... you do not realise that ART is fucked up big time??

D: of course it is because everything is

E: hahaa... perverse!

D: what is NOT fucked up?

E: exact!! what is not ???

D: like you said in an age of cognitive capitalism everything is colonised, including all creative effort.

E: yes it is claustrophobic!! asphyxiating

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.

E: yes!! this is why to keep sane I have gone underground... okay!! two images

E: AND THAT'S THE PRIMARY REASON WHY ART IS F*CKED UP BIG TIME??

D: 1) Nietzsche said he admired the composer Handel because he represented 'freedom under the law'

E: aha... for his structure athe composing no?

D: 2) the small mammalian type creature running around underneath the feet of the dinosaurs. And they were the ones left.

E: hahaaaa!!(f) dangeroust theory!

D: Survive. Scatter. Multiply. We're in 'survive' phase now. Soon will be scatter, but the timelines are very uncertain

E: wow!! yes!! for me is underground... it always was... but now more than ever...

D: I think you, Esther, are a little redundant 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: hehehe! absurd!

D: partially because you are too insignificant for them to care about not a good meal!! not even a good snack!

E: exact!

D: what is a mouse to a Tyrannosaurus Rex!

E: and this is my aim to be invisible! hahah!

D: but being beneath notice is a survival strategy a good one!

E: for Handel he could have been extinguished by simply copying existing formal structures

D: aha

E: and the little mammals could obviously be crushed by being physically eliminated

D: too

D: But... if we agree with Nietzsche, Handel found a way to create a niche of freedom amidst the oppressive structure

E: ahaaa...

D: And the little mammals survived until - SURPRISE! - a giant asteroid destroyed the dinosaurs. And they were the ones left.

E: hahaaaah!!(f) dangerous theory!

D: Survive. Scatter. Multiply. We're in 'survive' phase now. Soon will be scatter, but the timelines are very uncertain

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D: but being beneath notice is a survival strategy a good one!

E: for Handel he could have been extinguished by simply copying existing formal structures

D: aha

E: and the little mammals could obviously be crushed by being physically eliminated

D: too
Drama and Identity:

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

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 deconstruction: 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 left 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, reacts 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 reading the emails between them, the meaning, the archetypes at play, the politics and the ethos of a relation that we can say failed as a consequence of having been called to produce an offering for Fragments and Five Years as context. And how by accusing such a context and by acting as 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 spectator, it is Fed 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. In those times, in which 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-indulgence. Who am I? Said Nadja, so do I.

Act 1
Scene 1
Enters Esther Planes 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 timespace based public interactions

The text about The Director, The Performance Art and The Actor was given to anyone 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 Winter, 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 fragmentedromantics

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 where 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 led 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 hypnosed, 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, the discordance of discourse among equals.”

P.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 collective that had fallen 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 rituals, hypnosis, sensory bombing 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 its aesthetic value: it is not 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 persons 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 crisis.

E.P and M.H, Berlin 2009

Tuesday 029

Scene 3

Enters Esther Planas as Tuesday 029

At the present time, and 7 years later, it is an even more eternal, 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 materialized 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:

fragment (fragmnt)

n.

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

v. (fragment ed, fragment ing, fragments) v.t.

To break or separate (something) into fragments.

v.i.

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

[Fragment from Latin fragmentum, from fragere, frag-, to break; see bricks- in Indo-European roots.]

fragment

n [frag‘ment] 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 [frag‘ment] also US fragmentize [frag‘mentız] to break or cause to break into fragments [from Latin fragmentum, from fragere 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 Svestrup

Other

Fragments, a play by Edward Albee

Fragments: Memories of a Wartime Childhood 1935–1945, a fictional memoir of Holocaust survival by Benjamin Wilkomirski
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 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?

Scene 1

The Collective of Fragments by The Lost Writer Francis Summers
Enters the voice of absence present as echo:

Act 2

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 materialized 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 the Parc Lescar, talking and talking and
talking. Me, is the other the other is me, so Other is never here. The
project is about all that is Fragmented. Are my ‘Fragments’ mere
decoration exercises? I don’t think so, Fragments here are real, real
pieces of Othersness, 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 accomplies.

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 lacan, so
influential and seminal, of the philosopher Eugenio Trias Stignier, 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
lines, 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 Maria too.

Scene 2

Enters Esther Planas and talks with Ana Maria 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 Unresolved 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 to 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 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 Maria Millán

AMM: All comes from a problem about understanding or misunderstanding collective practice or collaborative processes. Obviously as Martha Rosler says if there is not a group there is no individual, but at the same time collectivity must 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 commodification of collective poverty is also commodified. 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 not 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 hibernated 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 Latin America. 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 “access”) and the problematic 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 Maria Millán and Esther Planas in conversation around the email exchange and text. Ana Maria Millán titles the conversational analysis: The NO email.

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

Your video from Rome, it’s been a week in one of the labs on firebox, waiting for you to play with red aurora, but I thought that white aura was black, which really is the red aura! But between the new production and preparing my marital 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 their answers. You should write something (about what a pain in the ass it has been trying to do something with me?). The process was cool if we could find each other on the stage. In our emails we succeeded. And it has not even been a misunderstanding (thanked), 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 at 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 a week in one of the labs on firebox, waiting for me to play with you in that red-aurored scenario. It's clear that while it may seem that your colour is black, which really is the red aura around you.

Ana Maria 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 marital 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 Suey Ronick would call a Zombie Capitalist from the Culture Making Apparatus and an artist that, like me, now embodies some kind of dubious hidden meaning in my professional profile but one that is perceived by the Zombie Capitalists as the archetype of
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: by 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 Prophecies, the tragic voices of Cassandra. The last and final email that has been analysed and is commented on in the film online:

http://www.tuesday029.com

With:
Ana Maria Millán / Tuesday 029 / David Backer / Kit Hammons
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 void 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. *

Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian

18 June 2012 15:26

Doing fine…

> What can I do?

>> Help!

>>> Ah, yes. It is all a return

>>> going back in

>>> always aware of what is left out

>>> remembering/the harvesting for a viewer/reader in mind. that is known

>>> Not sure if this helps. Does this help?

>>> I just wonder about the returning… poking around… return… all

>>> that stuff… Caught between the constant agitated return… in

>>> suspension?

>>> I used to hide in cupboards in motels.

>>> that is a continuing ruin.

>>> If you like… not ruined… Perhaps… to look was the ruin… still

>>> there where you hid… as a child… when was that? That time you went

>>> buck… that time to look… was the ruin still there where you hid as

>>> a child?


>>> Reader? Text?

>>> or image?
Between one thing and another. History and what? What is art in relation to history?
Between though.
a document
ar
something about documents?
and the arby bit?
Fragments though. Yes, from last year.
What is captured and what is lost. That compels me a bit.
Being allowed to remember. Being asked to document.
I'm ok

Amy... did you ever have any thoughts about the project? About how we could figure out what we'd do? Just carry on from last year’s conversation into something?
You ok?

Brilliant! Ok, I'll have a think tomorrow if poss and write you my thoughts.

Every so often I come across Memo in iTunes... I love the way you say cake... and Eight-beat route... We need to make plans... I need to be able to begin to say... or talk about what? Between one thing and another.
Is this something becoming history... something becoming art? I'm quite interested in the... I'm... I find myself drawn... compelled?
Lost, obsessed, caught, trapped, captive, locked, unable to escape.
Not to look. Turning things to stone. Is this hopelessly weak?
Documentary. Documental material. Talking, Speaking, Listening. You're an Historian?
7 June 2012 22:50
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.

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 when it is no longer safe to not know an incredible tension in my stomach, anger, undirected.

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.

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.

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.

He asked if I was wasting this 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.

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.
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.

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 where she no longer knows, and where it is no longer safe to not know. An incredible tension in her stomach. Anger, later directed.

3. In Fragmentation.
Her position was no longer as a historian. What then? A whole other person. What was it? Ignomious work. Insight. In part. The whole is the false. Between. This was to do with her own recovery. Reflections. Recovery. Damaged. Recovery-oriented practice. Life. Hope. Life. 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 - but 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 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.

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

3. An Introduction if desired. Index of practices.

709. To something... to something...
710. That's... then... that... yes that... that... and... that... and... that... and... that... that... and... that... to something... to something... that... that... that... to something... to something... that... that... that... and... that... and... that... and... that... and... that... to something... to something...

713. I feel that there should be a very simple way of doing all...
Image credits and notes

cover  Rochelle Fry  Conversation of the Eye, 2013
  Sally Morfill and Karen Wood
15  Page from notebook: 8/9 March 2013
  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 Cheshir. Sophie Browes, Sally Morfill, Joy Morris and Bridget Schilizzi
19  Wiping, Wringing, Swinging, Pulling Sleeves and Elbow
  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
20-21  The artist trapped in virtual space
  Digital photograph of monitor screen, May 2013
22-23  Echo
  Improvisatory dance performance at Axis Arts Centre, 9 March 2013
  Left: Karen Wood, Jessica Gibson, Gervase Gregory, Frances Reekie and Jordan Williams. Photograph overlaid with Karen’s left hand… (see information below)
22-25  Karen Wood’s left hand on February 14th 2013 between 15:45:28 and 15:50:47 (front and top views)
  Illustrator line drawing translated from movement data, Sally Morfill
25  Karen writing her reflections
26-27  100 metre line drawing reconfigured for the page
  Illustrator drawing, Sally Morfill
28-29  Detail from 100 metre line drawing (vinyl), Performed by Karen Wood at Five Years, 26 May 2013

Marc Hulson and Paul Curran
30-31  Paul Curran & Marc Hulson
  “Do I have interest in the publication history of this novel?” 2013 (detail)
35  Marc Hulson
36-38  Paul Curran
39  Marc Hulson
40  Paul Curran
41  Marc Hulson
42-43  Nick Hudson / Jonny Linton – production

stills from a series of short films based on the work of Paul Curran & Marc Hulson; E.W. Deraze – notes / score for soundtrack
Paul Curran
Marc Hulson
Rochelle Fry with Squares and Triangles

46-47  Rochelle Fry with Squares and Triangles at 43 Inverness Street, London
48-49  Conservation of the Eye I, Rochelle Fry
50-61  Conservation of the Eye I and II repeated, Rochelle Fry, all other images
  copyright Squares and Triangles
Esther Planas with Tuesday-029

62-63  Performance with Tuesday #29 at Five Years for Fragments 3 May 2013, Esther Planas
Edward Dorrian and Amy Todman

79  Doing Fine What Can I Do? (History)
  Video still taken from a two-hour conversation filmed at Glasgow University-College of Arts 02.12.12 between Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian.
Installation view (detail). Five Years. Ibid

83  Doing Fine What Can I Do? (History)
  Video still
Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian

85  Installation view (detail). Five Years.

86-87  Untitled Photograph, IMG_1698.jpg (created 22.08.2011 15:16)

Amy Todman

88  Photograph of Amy Todman, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Edward Dorrian

89  Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman

90  Photograph of Amy Todman, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Edward Dorrian

91  Photograph of Edward Dorrian, Buchanan Galleries Shopping Centre, Glasgow 15.05.13 by Amy Todman

92-93  Doing Fine What Can I Do? (History)
 Amy Todman and Edward Dorrian
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 in Heppenheim, which was performed as a reading at the exhibition opening in March 2014. http://copingmechanisms.net/lefthand

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, Bre Ruthven, Laura Moreso, Alba Colomo, Nathaniel Robin Mason, Marco Gecoy, Jonathan Traeyner, CMC, Dave Buch, Ben Fittens & Paul McGee. The Tuesday029 website for archive and research with Ana Maria Millan (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 Accessorizes) 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. (e.g. 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

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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 exhibitions The Yellow Stain at Kunstverein Heppenheim, Germany and Sam coyledon, potteria and the restless stag, a national tour in collaboration with The Bhecose, Liverpool and curated by Angela Kings- ton, which includes 13 works from his ongoing series of drawings 'Caste'.

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.

Squares and Triangles has recorded music since 2007, formed by Jason Dungan, Dustin Ericksen, Anthony Ferrara, Sam Forrester and Maria Zable. Other contributors have included Rochelle Fry, Peter Buck, Polly de Blank, Vanessa Lee, Sec Reas, and Nora Sud.

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 Farmhall 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.

http://www.amytodman.blogspot.co.uk

Edward Dorrain 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: Much For Free School, Else A Draft Publication 2011; Lecture Hall: Free School; Bethnal Green Library, London (2010); Field Recording (2010); Interrompted Correspondence, James Taylor Gallery, London (2009); Yes. Yes. I Know. Free School. I Know, with Ana Caric, Renee O'Driscoll and Claire Nicholas (2009). Free Show (2008); Peer Esteem (2008); Art For Everyone (2007)

Amy Todman and Edward Dorrain first met when they answered an invitation to contribute to a practice-based speculative symposium (Back to Froesschool: 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 1640’s.

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

Sally Mortill lives and works in both London and Manchester.

Exhibitions include: One And One And One Group show organised by Outside Architectures, Cali Gallery (CCP London), London, a depth buffer, 2 person show with Maxine Briottet, Five Kings Society (London 2011); pairings, Naturally touring group show exploring the potential of cross-disciplinary collaboration. Venues included MMU Special Collections, the Ottor Gallery at the University of Chichester and Farfield Mill, Cumbria 2010-12; by day my limbs, by night my mind, 2-person collaboration with Jylwke Van- denbeauco, Five Years, London 2010; STF9 Inter- rupted Correspondence: Vise 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 Cornworth Microcommission, Artistic Director. Working with neuroscientist Tony Stoeffert and dancer Gesine Verbeek, Education Programmer for Moves International Film Festival, Liverpool and on selection panel for Moves.

Professional development and performance work include: Dance Intensive Programmes 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’.

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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 but if 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 exhibitions. 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 Idol, James Hockey Gallery; UCA, Farnham (2012); Bronzai, Five Years, London (2009); ZNNZNZ, Five Years, London (2007)


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