A detailed microscopic view of paper fibers, showing a dense network of thin, dark, fibrous strands against a light background. The fibers are oriented in various directions, creating a complex, textured pattern.

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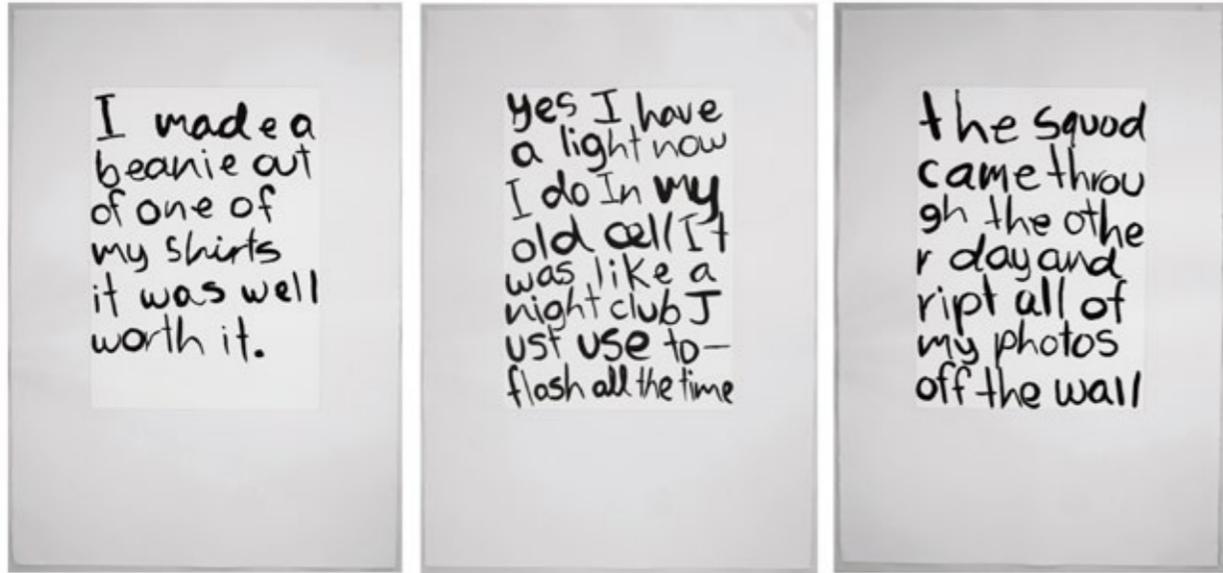
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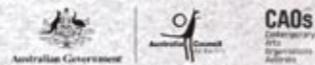
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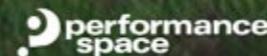
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5pm; ECNU Shanghai;  
solidrain - building up  
to S.E; 15 hours to 8 am  
rain at 4, (detail) (2010)  
63.5 x 86.5 cm (framed),  
Ink on canson paper

**BACK**

Cameron Robbins  
05:05:2010; 9:56am;  
heavy rain, strong  
winds - light rain,  
easterly; 24 hours;  
ECNU Shanghai  
rain at 4, (detail) (2010)  
63.5 x 86.5 cm (framed),  
Ink on canson paper  
Images courtesy the  
Artist and Gallery  
Barry Keldoulis

# 23

**PRODUCER** NICK GARNER**ART DIRECTOR** ELLIOTT BRYCE FOULKES**GRAPHIC DESIGNER** SARA MORAWETZ**EDITORIAL COORDINATOR:** ROBYN STUART**EDITORIAL ADVISORS:** NOVA MILNE**SUB EDITORS:** KATE BRITTON & GRACE WINZAR**PRINTING** SPOTPRESS**dasSUPERPAPER** ISSUE 23

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THANK ALL CONTRIBUTING WRITERS,  
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## SUMMING HISTORIES / ASSEMBLING PRESENTS

In 1965, American physicist Richard Feynman introduced a new formulation of quantum mechanics. According to this theory, particles were no longer considered to have a unique path through space and time, but rather were considered to traverse an infinitely many possible trajectories. An infinite sum of histories.

With an infinity of histories must come an infinity of possible “truths”, and a more rigorous definition of truth is required if the word is to retain any real meaning. Wittgenstein wrote that a logical truth is one which is true in all possible worlds, but he also claimed that logical truths do not “say” anything. Once upon a time, people could refer to past events as the axioms that made sense of the present. With an infinity of histories, it was no longer clear what axioms were permissible, what logic we could use.

It's not surprising that within this issue, nova Milne “entertain the idea that theoretical physicists... could be amongst the good conceptual artists of the century.” At around the same time that Feynman was summing histories, Yves Klein said he felt like “the worm in the Swiss cheese of the history of science, which eats its way forward, making holes”. And Stephen Hawking's description of the spatially infinite multiverse could well be the prescience of the altermodernist manifesto.

This issue presents a collection of spacetime travellers from the contemporary art world. From Doppelgängers to déjà vu, from the timeless to the time-obsessed, from portals opened to prophecies fulfilled, these practitioners dispense with the linearity of time and the immutability of place in favour of a new system of logic: a logic that acknowledges the infinite sum of histories, the infinite truths, the infinite settings, and creates new pathways between them.

This magazine is one part of our exploration into Time and Space. We have also produced a somewhat abstract video response that navigates the concepts developed across these pages (available online). The pages before you are the musical score-sheet; the video is the performance. The sum of these two – whilst not quite the infinite sum of quantum particle theory – is the sum of many different perspectives, many different writers and many different artists. We hope you enjoy the show.

**ROBYN STUART & NICK GARNER**

## THE JOY OF SPACE-TIME AND OTHER FANTASIES 1988/2012

NOVA MILNE

IT'S JANUARY 6, 1988, IN THE BASEMENT OF A SUBURBAN HOME ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TORONTO. RICHARD ADDRESSES THE CAMERA DIRECTLY, SIMULTANEOUSLY UNDERSTANDING IT TO BE HIS RECIPIENT IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE. AT AGE 10, HE'S NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE TERM GLOBAL VILLAGE, NOR IS HE AWARE THAT HE EMBODIES THE SEAMLESS FLOW BETWEEN ELECTRONIC MEDIA AND CONSCIOUSNESS THAT MCLUHAN PREDICTED. SPACE AND TIME ARE COLLAPSED BECAUSE HIS VIDEO MESSAGE CAN LINK FARAWAY PLACES. RICHARD STARES DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA AND HE OPENS WITH THE OPTIMISTIC ICEBREAKER: "THE MIRACLE OF TECHNOLOGY HAS BOUGHT ME INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM."

The 4th dimension has a dry wit. On paper, it's the simple relationship between a horizontal axis of space and a vertical axis of time. But its conjunction as space-time has a paranormal psychology, as well as a way of mocking, always at the moment when we think we're sharing its joke. Our origami models of the universe quickly turn to embarrassments of pulp, and the prospect of Time Travel causes us mild brain damage.

It's fortunate then that it was the dulcet-toned Carl Sagan who narrated interplanetary travel and special relativity to us through the retina of our TV screens, in the 13-part series COSMOS: A Personal Voyage. And it was Sagan's idea for a plot device in his novel *Contact* that inspired his friend, physicist Kip Thorne, to attempt the theoretical plausibility of harnessing a wormhole for travel, detailed in his book *Black Holes and Time Warps*.

Occasionally, we entertain the idea that theoretical physicists and their thought experiments could be amongst the good conceptual art of the century. They direct us to matter outside common visibility, measure or material value. And there's a sort of high minimalism to quantum physics, which gives us the likes of quarks, and names them long before their existence is fully known. But it's the mere hint of a theory's plausibility, like a rogue meme, that quickly segues into speculative fictions and potentially distorted realities.

One of the most evocative aspects of the space-time continuum is its propensity for warping. The subsequent thought of eschewing linearity is so attractive because of its almost occult potential to damage the regulatory structures or patterns wired to the historically determined present. Sagan's fictional *Contact* forecasts a scientific development in order to necessitate itself. However, non-normative temporalities are self-evident as literary and cinematic devices, and are certainly not particular to science fiction. If there's a character that handsomely embodies this, then it might be Virginia Woolf's titular Orlando. Woolf displays a remarkably contemporary handle of temporal slippage, delightfully devoid of any sci-fi necessity to suggest technological possibility. The character exists essentially outside of time, and although Orlando's interrelationships through the novel are embedded within the normative flow of a 300+ year history, Orlando's ageless continuum acts as both metaphor and facilitator of his/her seamless shifts in gender, identification, perspective and spatiality. Orlando poeticises the experience and observation of time and geography as both transformative and ultimately subjective.

Nevertheless, the thought of us all relatively free-forming in the universe does carry a melancholy sting. Felix Gonzalez-Torres' double portrait *Perfect Lovers* (1991) tempers this in devastatingly straightforward terms, by transposing a pair of synchronized wall clocks for the bodies of himself and his lover, Ross. Hung side by side, the piece acknowledges the mortality of the clocks'

batteries. Despite their initial harmony, they inevitably expire separately, and their hands fall out-of-sync. But to further imagine *Perfect Lovers*, as we do, in spaceflight, we're reminded of Einstein's predictions of Time Dilation. These suggest that if you sent one of them travelling on a spacecraft, time for that traveller would be slowed relative to their observant other. And to paraphrase Woody Allen, the only advantage of being the lagging traveller is that even though all your friends would be dead on your return, at least you wouldn't need Botox to resist the forces of gravity.

We've frequently returned to Thorne's book, for its descriptions, but often also for its accompanying illustrations. The drawings depict two figures (the physicist and his partner) in various positions, involving a range of rudimentary black holes, represented as graphically hazy circles. Stylistically these drawings are reminiscent of *The Joy of Sex* illustrations from the '70s; although the figures are clothed, the included holes give them an awkward erotic undertone. These are, in fact, intended as theoretical tableaux for relationships conducted through the 'mouths of wormholes'. And surely their suitability is for some multi-temporally evolved future species, because Thorne's analogy, with partner, living room, spaceship and wormholes, describes the potential for loops in space-time, and short-circuits for meeting younger selves. The science is explained, but the deranged possibilities are never fully entertained. It's these polite gaps that we are thankful for.

If these technological processes were practically resolved and implemented by some corporate research facility, they would surely lose the transgressing imagination valued in good fiction and art. It's like J.G. Ballard's lament of the moon landings, and his complaint that NASA actually shrank space-time with the 'child-like fumbblings' of the Apollo walks. Celebrating the end of the actualised space age, he suggests that the freedom to explore space correctly is really the reserve of our personal fictions. Suddenly, the mouths of wormholes seem neither less banal nor more wondrous than the family video camera of 1988.

Diagrams in physics books alone don't seem to be able to realise what Nicolas Bourriaud describes as the 'heterochronic' tendencies already in contemporary practice. It's his futuristic-sounding descriptor for the way artists can operate in a space-time characterised by the composition of anachronistic elements. But it's also an observation that reaches to the way many artists practice, often either travelling themselves, or more frequently, having their works travel. And it is the elements of the work itself that can move fluidly between geographic locations, in a kind of globalised space that extends to both time and history. As Woolf reflects, 'it is a difficult business – this time-keeping; nothing more quickly disorders it than contact with any of the arts'.

*Meanwhile in 1988... "I collect comic books. I like Science, Math and Art."*



.....  
• |  
Cameron Robbins  
*interstellar vision*  
digital photograph  
Courtesy the artist and  
Gallery Barry Keldoulis

.....  
• |  
Cameron Robbins  
*baroque antimatter*  
digital photograph  
Courtesy the artist and  
Gallery Barry Keldoulis  
Cinematography: David Franjic  
.....

## BACKWARDS INTO THE FUTURE: THE VIDEO ART OF LARS BUCHARDT

ROBYN STUART

I FIRST ENCOUNTERED LARS BUCHARDT'S VIDEO WORKS WHEN RESEARCHING THE LAYERS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TIME-TRAVEL INVOLVED IN SEEMINGLY INNOCUOUS SENTENCES LIKE: "TRY TO SEE THINGS AS YOU WILL ONE DAY WISH TO REMEMBER EXPERIENCING THEM." IN ORDER TO MAKE SENSE OF ANY GIVEN MOMENT, YOU MUST FIRST PROJECT YOURSELF INTO THE FUTURE, AND THEN RE-PROJECT THIS PROJECTED FUTURE-SELF BACK INTO THE PAST. WHILST THE MENTAL TIME-GYMNASTICS INVOLVED IN THIS INITIALLY SOUNDS LIKE A COMPLICATED PROCESS, IT'S SOMETHING WE DO ALL THE TIME.

BUT IF MENTAL TIME-TRAVEL IS SO COMMON, IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT SOMETIMES THE TIME-MACHINE BREAKS DOWN. DÉJÀ VU FEELS LIKE A BYPRODUCT OF THIS, WITH THE PAST AND THE PRESENT EERILY OVERLAYED. DANISH ARTIST LARS BUCHARDT EXPLORES THE MENTAL REVERSAL OF FUTURE AND PAST IN TWO RECENT VIDEO WORKS, NOBODY IS INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE AND THE FUTURE DOES NOT NEED US, BY CONSIDERING THE PHENOMENA OF DÉJÀ VU, JAMAIS VU AND PRESQUE VU.

**Can you tell me about your interest in the concepts of déjà vu, jamais vu and presque vu, and describe how your recent video works explore these?**

My recent video works are concerned with concepts and imaginings about the past, present, and future. The two videos do not exactly mirror each other. *The Future Does Not Need Us* is, apart from the title which is displayed at the end, wordless and suggestive, working with 'border perceptions', whereas *Nobody Is Interested In The Future* is much more direct. (A friend and colleague of mine said after having seen it: "This is a propaganda movie!"). The videos reflect upon each other, but the predictions, prophecies and so on in *Nobody Is Interested In The Future* are not necessarily applicable to the flow of images in *The Future Does Not Need Us*.

The ideas of déjà vu, jamais vu and presque vu are concepts that I connect with a kind of mental reversal of the future and the present. I think the videos deal with this mental reversal via a kind of time-shift and displacement. Maybe I can describe it as if the future, the present, and the past are superimposed and hard to distinguish from each other, like

double-exposure upon double-exposure, creating an uncanny feeling, and hopefully leading to reflection, as opposed to being immersed in the flow of images and sound, passively accepting whatever is presented. I think the works (in particular *The Future Does Not Need Us*) are mostly concerned with 'states', not actions.

The source material for the collages is pretty mundane, banal even. The images it forms have something 'dated' or uncannily 'too-well-known' about them, as if we are at the same time in the future and the past. In some cases the images use clichés and tropes from science fiction. It is as if when we imagine the future, we stand among ruins and memories that decide what we can imagine. And, to quote J.G. Ballard, the future has been annexed into the present.

Maybe it is just that trying successfully to portray the future invariably is doomed to failure, what we portray is the past, probably not even the present. And I think it is true what McLuhan wrote: "The past went that-a-way. When faced with a totally new situation, we tend always to attach ourselves to the objects, to the flavour of the most recent past. We look at the present through a rear-view mirror. We march backwards into the future."





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 \•  
 Lars Buchardt  
 Still from *Nobody Is Interested  
 In The Future* (2011)  
 Courtesy of the artist

•|  
 Lars Buchardt  
 Still from *Nobody Is Interested  
 In The Future* (2011)  
 Courtesy of the artist  
 .....

**You've mentioned the Brechtian concept of Verfremdung in relation to these works (the 'distancing effect' that prevents audiences from entirely sympathising with characters, by constantly reminding them that they are critical observers). When considering the way that artists make use of time-travel as a device, one thing that came to mind was the technique of re-inventing histories, or making the consensus version of the past a fictitious one, in order to enable a kind of catharsis effect. But the Brechtian Verfremdung idea argues against this kind of catharsis. Can you expand a little on the Verfremdung, and why and how you use it?**

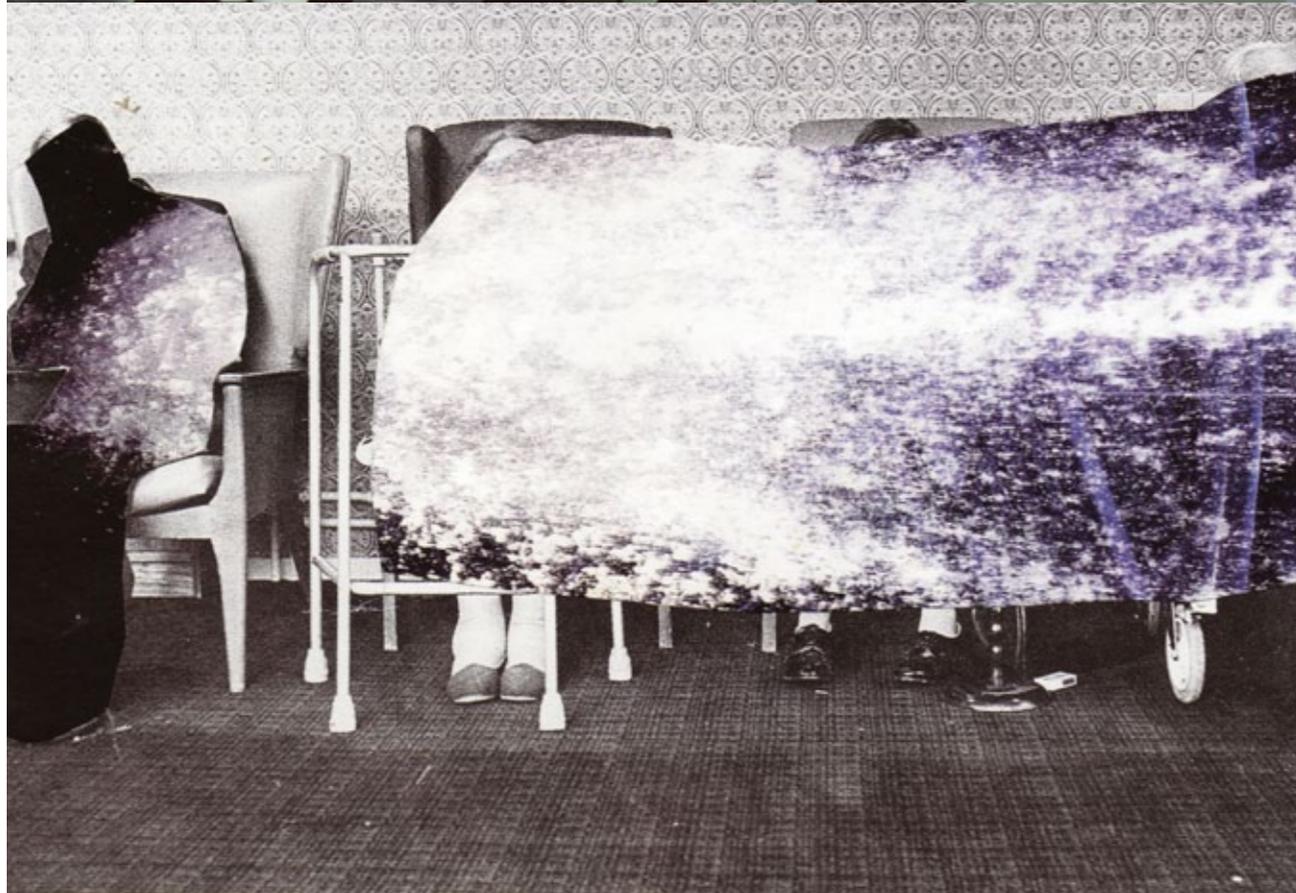
I think that both works try to undermine or circumvent learned ways of seeing, ways that are culturally determined and carry loads of ideologies with them, like conventional narratives in movies and television. I think the videos do this by using breaks and gaps in continuity, a seeming lack of coherence – no obvious narrative – no assurance of placement in time or in space – rather the opposite. It's not always possible to distinguish between inner and outer space. Also, the videos do not bring forth any kind of wholeness, or any feeling of wholeness. I also think that the feeling of 'set-up', flatness and artificiality is crucial.

**In a text you wrote to accompany these video works, you said that we can't connect the many points that make up the present because "an objective place from which everything can be seen does not exist". This is like saying that you can't analyse a system when you are within the system: logically it's impossible. Sometimes people say that the passing of time lets you have a certain distance, from which you can eventually analyse things objectively. Do you**

**think that this kind of objectivity is ever possible? And what are the consequences of looking for it?**

The full text that you're quoting from says "an objective place from which everything can be seen does not exist, and it would take time, and even the time passed will cause the points always and already to be blown far back and away from each other, and in a number that means check mate to all powers of imagination and computation." Reading this again a while after I wrote it, I realised that I to some extent had subconsciously reproduced something from the writings of Walter Benjamin. He wrote about a Klee painting named 'Angelus Novus', which "shows an angel looking as though he is about to move away from something he is fixedly contemplating. His eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread. This is how one pictures the angel of history. His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing in from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such a violence that the angel can no longer close them. The storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. This storm is what we call progress."

In a way the videos are about finding well-known fragments from 'scenes', desolate landscapes, spaces, objects, and then rearranging them, and thereby defamiliarising them. And the editing of the videos continues the principle of collage. In answer to your question whether I think that distance and the passing of time makes it possible to analyse things objectively, no I don't really think so, I think that we are always in concrete, specific situations and contexts, where we must think and act – in art and in life – ethically and practically, as best as we can, and never according to some grand design that we imagine, or someone else imagines for us.



.....  
 •|  
 Lars Bucharth  
 Stills from *The Future Does  
 Not Need Us* (2011)  
 Courtesy of the artist  
 .....

## AN INCOMPLETE LIST OF OPTICAL PARAMNESIA

.....  
**Déjà vu:** to experience a moment accompanied by a strong yet false sense of having experienced the exact same moment in the past. Undoubtedly the best-known of the optical-cognitive dissonances, with the most common explanation for its occurrence being a temporary overlap between the short-term and long-term memory.

**Jamais vu:** those moments when some very well-known object, concept or person inexplicably takes on an unfamiliar aspect which make them seem foreign or irregular. The sensation of experiencing *jamais vu* may invoke feelings of disappointment, frustration, horror, triumph, joy, compassion, confusion, dismay or euphoria, among others. For example, repeating a word or a phrase so many times that it loses all meaning is a form of *jamais vu* (also called *semantic saturation*). A more intense form of the phenomena may cause you to wake up looking at your lover and fleetingly feel they are a stranger. It is speculated that schizophrenia may be a very severe form of *jamais vu*, manifesting as a prolonged and repeated sense of unfamiliarity with the world.

**Presque vu:** The sensation of being right on the brink of an epiphany; the maddening experience of feeling you are very close to remembering or realising something. May lead to anguish, frustration, obsessiveness, anger or despondency, among other emotions. In its mildest form, *presque vu* is called tip-of-the tongue syndrome.

**Toujours vu:** moments repeated so often that they have lost almost all of their potency. Saturation of images, words, phrases, concepts or places. Unlike the previous three phenomena, which all heighten the awareness of the way in which the brain engages with its surrounds, *toujours vu* is just the opposite: the prevalence and repetition of stimuli stifles the awareness of the engagement between the self and its surrounds.

**Chaplain vu:** The phenomenon where one unsuccessfully tries to classify an astounding visual experience into one of the above categories. Named after the Chaplain in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, who describes the experience of seeing a naked man in a tree:

“It was not *déjà vu*, for at the time he had experienced no sensation of ever having seen a naked man in a tree before. It was not *jamais vu*, since the apparition was not of someone, or something, familiar appearing to him in an unfamiliar guise. And it was certainly not *presque vu*, for the chaplain did see him...”

*Chaplain vu* may arise when a visual experience is accompanied by such a strong sense of the uncanny that one assumes it must be the result of some fleeting brain anomaly, rather than something actually seen. Heller's Chaplain speculates that there may be “other vus of which he had never heard and that one of these other vus would explain succinctly the baffling phenomenon”. The very surrealness of the experience creates an overwhelming desire to classify it in some way: this desire is another feature of *chaplain vu*. In this manner, one may dismiss an actual, real-world experience as the result of a hallucination, an apparition, a revelation, a false memory, a seizure, or any number of other religious, psychological or physiological phenomena. As Heller notes, “the possibility that there really had been a naked man in the tree... never crossed the chaplain's mind.”



.....  
•||•  
Gianni Motti  
*HIGGS A la recherche de l'anti-motti*  
2005, CERN, Geneva  
Performance, Walk in the  
underground LHC tunnel  
(particle accelerator),  
27km video, 5 hours 50  
Photo: Ilmari Kalkkinen  
.....

## WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS

ALYS MOODY

When New York artist Paul Chan staged a production of Samuel Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot* in Katrina-devastated New Orleans in 2007, he advertised it by hanging a series of signs around the city. In stark black-on-white capitals, the signs proclaimed "A COUNTRY ROAD. A TREE. EVENING": the opening stage directions of Beckett's play. They were hung in various locations throughout the city with the stated goal of demonstrating that "despite the fact that the play will be presented in only two locations, the ideal setting for *Godot* is actually any and every street corner of the city."

By reproducing the play's opening stage directions, this gesture inaugurates a kind of performance of *Godot* on every corner, at every location. It emphasises that Chan's *Godot* is a local production, an offering destined for the whole of the stricken city. It is, in this sense, an exercise in specificity, a performance produced by and responding to a specific city at a specific time in its history. Chan describes the project's inception as a moment of recognition of Beckett's play in the devastation of the city. *Waiting for Godot in New Orleans*, in this sense, stages the play script's resonance with and reinvestment in history, and gives it place in the way that we might speak of the actors giving the characters body. We shouldn't be surprised, then, to find Chan adding "The City of New Orleans" to the character list, along with Didi, Gogo, Pozzo, Lucky and the Boy of Beckett's original script.

If these signs perform the play's ubiquity in the city and mark the bounds of its localism, though, they also pull in the opposite direction. The photographs that document them reveal a striking disjunction between the words on the sign and the streets on which they're hung: the devastated streets of New Orleans, in their damaged urbanism, are a far cry from Beckett's "country road." Staging *Godot* in the streets of New Orleans is not just a matter of localising or locating the play; it also requires a certain undoing of these very streets' status as places, or as the places they appear to be.





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 |•  
 Paul Chan  
*Waiting for Godot in New Orleans* (2007)  
 Courtesy of the artist  
 and CreativeTime

.....  
 |•  
 Paul Chan  
*Waiting for Godot in New Orleans*  
 (detail with Robert Green) (2012)  
 Courtesy of the artist and Greene  
 Naftali Gallery, New York

.....

This sense of placelessness is hardly foreign to Beckett's text. On the contrary, dislocation and disorientation are key to his aesthetic. When Didi tries to remind Gogo of a shared past in the Macon country, Gogo replies furiously "no I was never in the Macon country! I've puked my puke of a life away here, I tell you! Here! In the Cackon country!" Gogo's adurance disguises the ambiguity of his claim. The "here" that he insists on so vehemently is in fact nowhere. There is no Cackon country; it exists only as an obscene echo of Didi's memory. The lewd pun in fact takes priority over the real place, and it's telling that in his translation from the original French, Beckett changes the original Vacluse to Macon country, so as to preserve the obscenity: in the French, Gogo insists that he has always been "here, in the Merdecluse." If Beckett's country road violates the "placed-ness" of New Orleans' city streets, it doesn't do so in order to replace them with another locale, but to fracture the whole concept of locale, of place, of location.

This is the sense in which every street corner of New Orleans is "the ideal setting for *Godot*." The trauma of Hurricane Katrina lies in part in the catastrophic damage it did to New Orleans as a familiar, inhabited place, and Chan's production dramatises precisely this trauma. In the gap between Beckett's country road and the New Orleans streets lies the agony of a city returning to the rural, a quite literal experience in parts of the city where flood waters swept away buildings and homes and where time is replacing them with weeds and grass. And while place is dissolved, time is suspended in the interminable process of waiting for forms of government relief that are at times as elusive as Godot. Beckett's characters, whiling away their time in anticipation of the ever-absent Godot, seem to lose their place in history to an act of a waiting that never goes anywhere. The sentiment is hardly unknown to a population in which, as resident Robert Green observes, "everybody knows about waiting" – and about its capacity to suspend the ordinary passage of time and put on hold the development of a life. The experience of inhabiting New Orleans after Katrina starts to feel a lot like the experience of puking one's puke of a life away in Cackon country.

In this context, the dislocated temporality of performance art's documentation takes on a special significance. The photographs, videos and written accounts that document the performance are always indices of its lost presence and its ephemerality. In recording what has happened, they stage the tension between a desire to transcend the limitations of time and space and an insistence on the primacy of the local, the historical, the lost moment. Chan's *Waiting for Godot in New Orleans* is preserved in photographs, sketches, written statements, videos and artefacts, disseminated in academic journals, the popular press, art installations and a web archive. In each, it strains to bring the city with it, to insist on the centrality of New Orleans to *Waiting for Godot in New Orleans*. But in each, the city remains off-stage, the performance lost. The documentation that preserves the project therefore also restages the tension central to it: the distance between the specificity of place and time, and its dissolution in the aftermath of the disaster. The play goes on being endlessly re-performed as the bad joke that fractures time and place, the bad joke of the Merdecluse.

## THE CLOCK KATE BRITTON

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When all's said and done, what is so extraordinary about Christian Marclay's 24-hour time-centric video work *The Clock* is its uncanny timelessness; the fact that you can, while attending to nothing but the passing of time, lose track of time. The film, a feat of data management, is composed entirely of edited footage, taken from hundreds of films and cut together in such a way that the audience is confronted with a vision of time passing – in real time.

The composition is staggering – each minute ticks over in the film, and in life, to the rhythm of so many micro-narratives – a man walks out a door at 8.47 in *Laura* and another through a door at 8.48 in *The X-Files* or *King Kong*. And so time passes, not slowly or quickly, but *exactly as it is*. In animation they'd call it Uncanny Valley – that point where fiction becomes so closely aligned with reality it becomes unnerving, as in Borges' fable of the map and the territory.

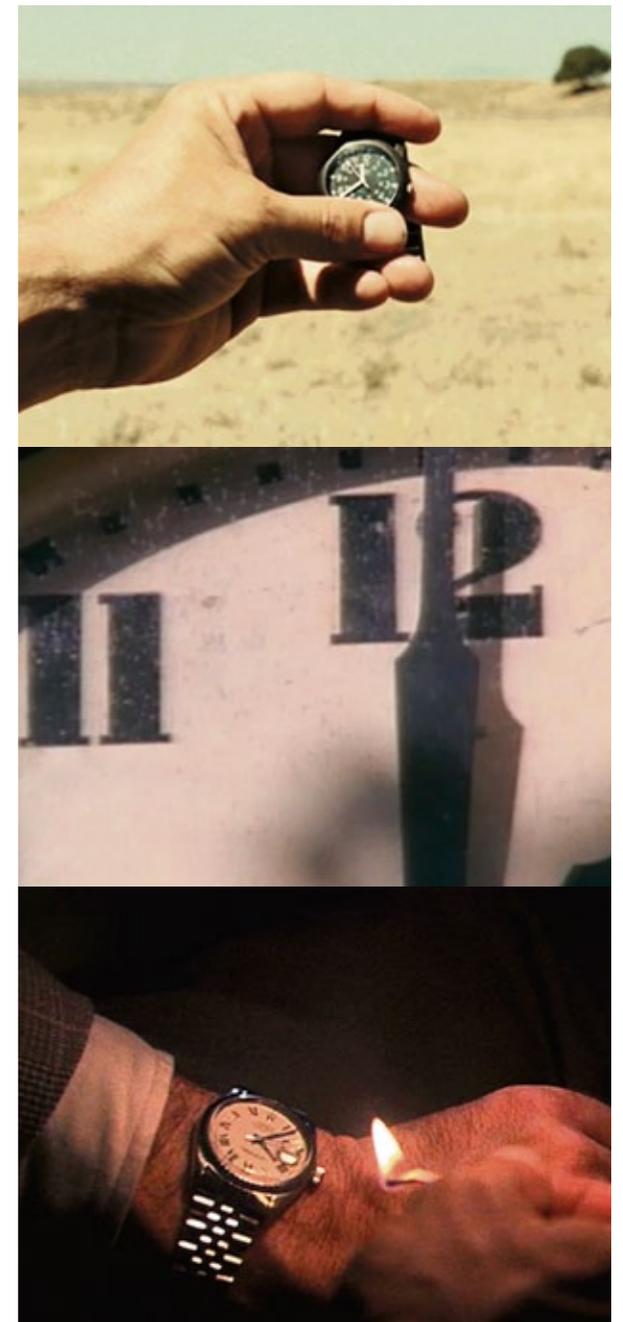
Time is a notoriously slippery thing – whether metric time, Island time, donkey's years or the New York minute, our experience of its passing seems somehow always to elude us. Henri Bergson wrote that the 'duration lived by our consciousness is a duration with its own determined rhythm, a duration very different from the time of the physicist, which can store up, in a given interval, as great a number of phenomena as we please'.

He gives the example of red light, of which one second in our vision is composed of some 400 billion successive vibrations. For us to perceive each of these vibrations, Bergson says (assuming as Exner does that the smallest interval of empty time we can detect is 0.002 seconds), would take us over 250 centuries. That is why, he asserts, we 'must distinguish [...] between our own duration and time in general'.

It is perhaps these discontinuities between 'time in general' and our experience of it that provide *The Clock* with its texture, its compelling rhythm. It is simultaneously narrative and non-narrative, linear and supra-linear, a simple idea yet endlessly meta-. There are thousands of narratives bound up in Marclay's day, which becomes at once the map and the territory. Duration is indeed, as Gilles Deleuze argued, 'defined less by succession than by coexistence'.

When Deleuze speaks of Bergson he could almost be describing *The Clock*; there is only one time (monism)/ *each minute passes as it should*, although there is an infinity of actual fluxes (generalised pluralism)/ *within countless films throughout history*, that necessarily participate in the same virtual whole (limited pluralism) / *contained here in one meta-film*. One single day, composed of infinite stories, brought together to belie their ultimate passage.

There is, as the hype suggests, a joy to watching *The Clock*. It's not just a cinephile's wet dream, and Jerry Saltz's (tongue-in-cheek) Academy Award Best Picture pick; it is a strange and preternatural swim in the murky waters of our entropy. And it turns out time's passing is funny, sweet, sad and wonderfully nostalgic. As Deleuze aptly surmises, our duration is 'essentially memory, consciousness and freedom', and it warrants celebrating.



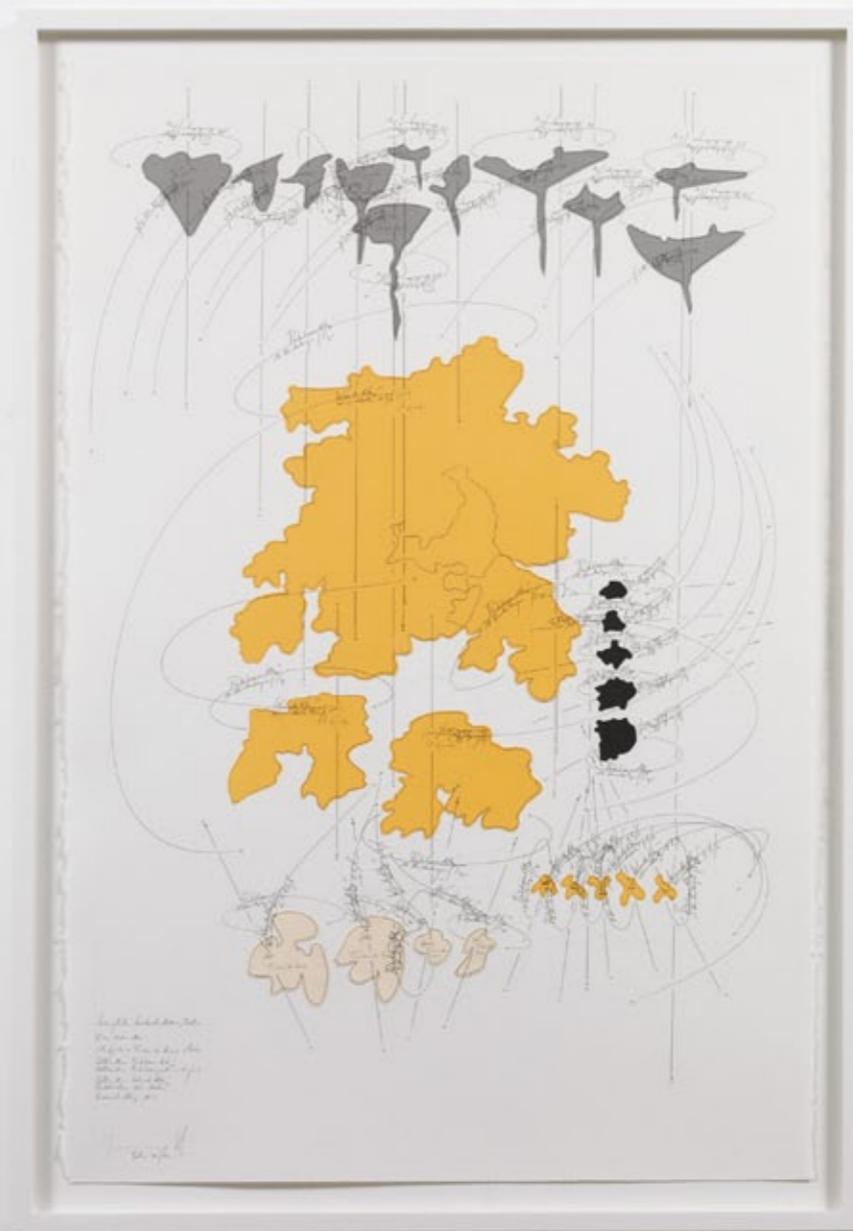
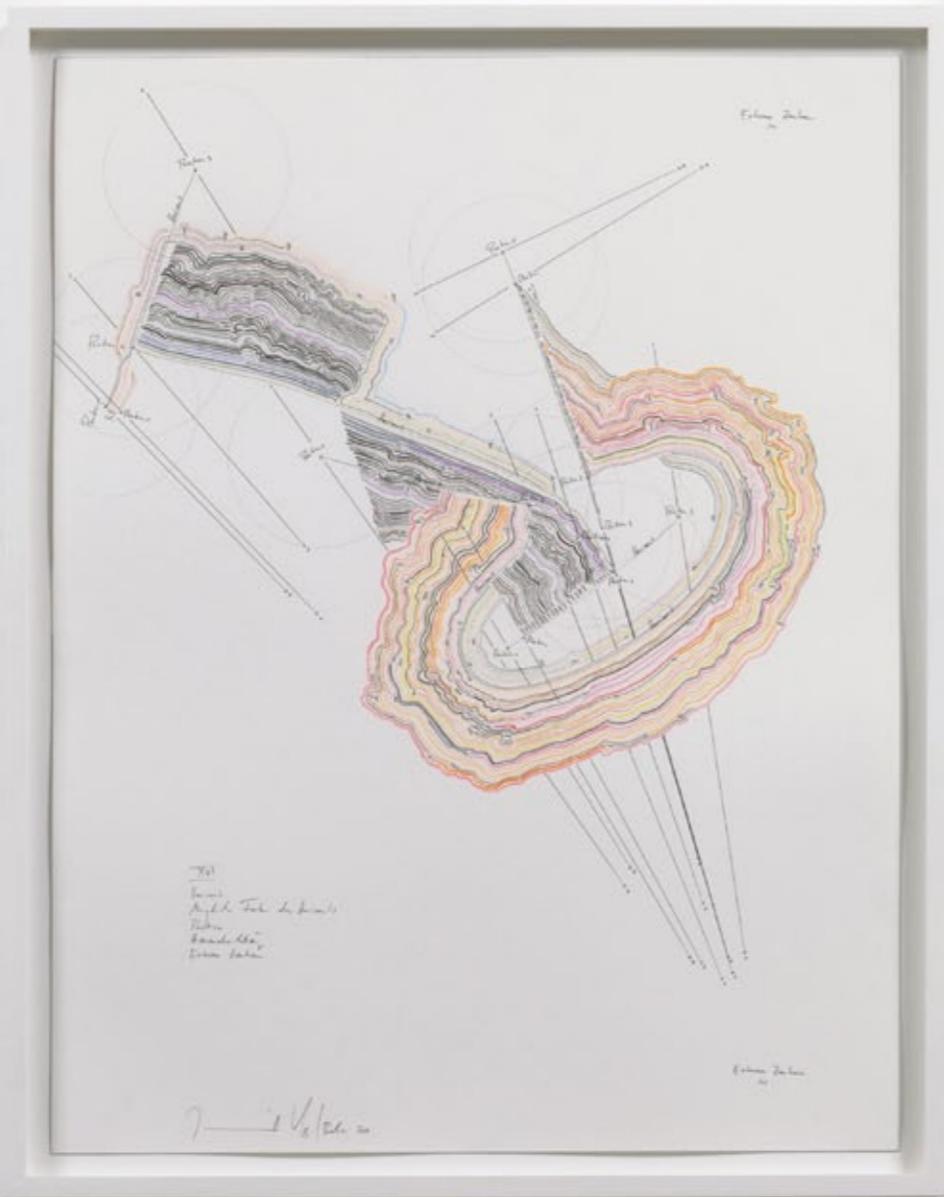
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 Christian Marclay  
*The Clock* (2010)  
 Single channel video  
 Duration: 24 hours  
 © the artist  
 Courtesy White Cube, London and  
 Paula Cooper Gallery, New York

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<sup>1</sup> Bergson H (1991) *Matter and Memory*. Zone Books. New York. p205.

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.* p206.

<sup>3</sup> Deleuze G (1991) *Bergsonism*. Zone Books. New York. p60.

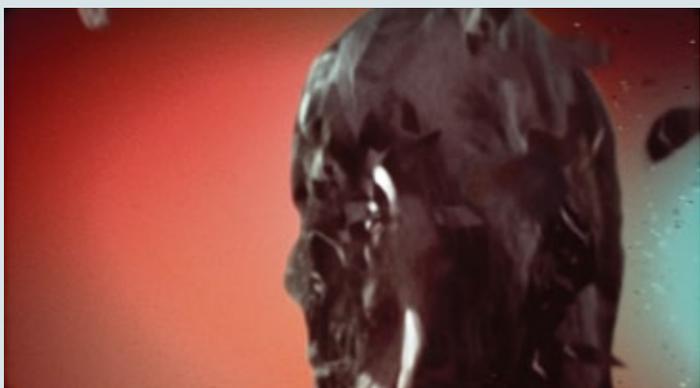
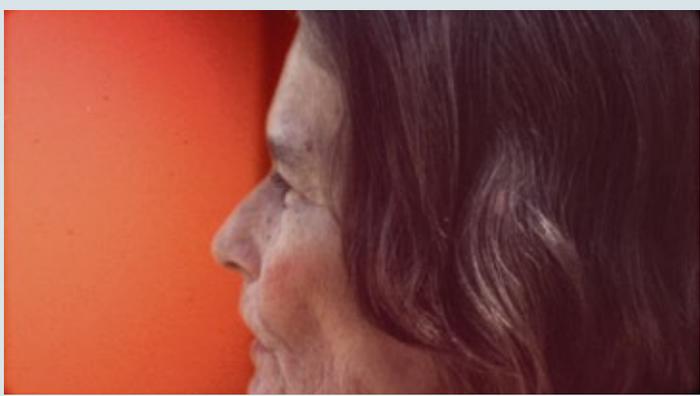


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 Jorinde Voight  
*Horizont XVI. Horizont XVI*, (2010)  
 Ink, oil crayon, pencil on paper,  
 Courtesy the artist and Lisson Gallery

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 Jorinde Voight  
*Königliche Gartenakademie Berlin, View 131-160. Schafgarbe* (2011-12)  
 Coloured vellum & Ingres paper,  
 pencil, ink on watercolour paper,  
 Courtesy the artist and Lisson Gallery



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1977/2011 XEROX MISSIVE (Tessa's Belt)  
*A trans-temporal gateway,  
where the dead orbit the living.*  
Performed by  
1977  
The late SF author,  
Philip K. Dick  
(1928-1982)  
2011  
The living Dark-Haired Girl,  
Tessa B. Dick  
(1954- )  
.....



## EXACT SPACE, EXACT TIME: CONVERSATIONS ABOUT CONTEXT WITH DAVID BURNS OF N.

GISELLE STANBOROUGH

N WAS RECENTLY INVITED TO COLLABORATE WITH KALDOR PROJECTS IN THE CREATION OF *PARLOUR NIGHTS*. HELD WEEKLY THROUGHOUT APRIL 2012, *PARLOUR NIGHTS* WERE EVENINGS OF ROUND TABLE DISCUSSIONS, WORKSHOPS AND ARCHITECTURAL INTERVENTIONS TO ACCOMPANY THE EXHIBITION OF THOMAS DEMAND'S *THE DAILIES* IN THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S ASSOCIATION CLUB, LOCATED IN SYDNEY'S MARTIN PLACE.

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Thomas Cole and Felicia Huang of LeeshTagTom  
*Miniature Modernism* (2012)  
Paper, tablecloth, sushi  
2m (width) x 6m (length)  
Image courtesy of N,  
photographer Ben Chadbond

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Robert Beson /AR-MA  
*Conic Intervention* (2012)  
Gold foil, MDF, fluorescent tube  
5m (width) x 2.4m (height)  
Image courtesy of N,  
photographer Ben Chadbond

### What is N?

N is the product of three similar people who realised there was a need for architectural curation in Sydney. N is a loose collective of myself, Sam Spurr and Adrian Lahound. Over the past couple of years we've been doing curatorial projects in which we've gathered like-minded groups of young architects, artists and designers to do large-scale exhibitions.

### How was N born and what is the significance of the name?

It was born because I was asked to curate a show in Prague for the Prague Quadrennial, which is a kind of bizarre exhibition that conflates architecture, performance and design. I was asked to do to the Australian Architecture exhibition. I think the assumption was that I would do it either about my own work or about one or two practices, and that didn't sound interesting to me. So instead, I brought in Adrian and Sam and we created a project that was called "How to be a Good Witness". We commissioned 18 teams of architects and ask them to make an urban architectural performance that we would then photograph and document.

We didn't want to credit that exhibition to just one person, so in the lead up, none of the materials created for the exhibition talked about us at all: our names never even came into it. At some point we realised we should have a website to put up all of the research, and we thought, 'what's the most generic website we can come up with?'. So we just took the variable N, which is kind of like 'the unknown' and made it "website-n". It wasn't even the name of the group, it was just a website waiting for a name. Then we got asked to do another show in Gwangju, and then the projects with Kaldor and then it just kept growing. We needed something to put on things so we just kept the N moniker.

**It seems like there is a manifold-collaborative process - firstly with the three of you as individuals, then with the artists you engage with, and finally with broader events like Biennales and now Thomas Demand's *The Dailies* that you sit in conversation with.**

It's interesting that you use the word 'conversation', because all of these projects were always the result of very intense but unstructured conversation between Sam, Adrian and I. The constellation is a bit strange because the three of us are different people, and now Adrian is in London teaching at Goldsmiths; we'd always been aware that we would be distributed at some point. The idea was that if it is a conversation-based practice, and the curation always stems from these discussions, then it doesn't matter if it's across the table or around the world.

**Can you tell me a bit about the process you employ when choosing artists?**

With the first project that we did, because it was a Quadriennial that was based in performance, the discussions were going to be very much about theories of performance. So, we chose people whom we knew could conceptually get behind a provocation that we gave them and then would want to respond that way. There are certainly people in our circles who would not like that. So for the first one we had to choose people that would buy into the idea of a performance-based architecture, which is a bit strange. Everything else that we have done so far has been almost like curating either discussions or additions to events.

For the Parlour Nights held on the throughout April 2012 [as part of the 25th Kaldor Project, accompanying the exhibition of Thomas Demand's *The Dailies*], we had three or four designers and architects doing interventions. Some of that was performative, like bell-boys dressed up and standing very still,

some of it was overtly architectural, responding to the bar space beneath the Commercial Traveller's Centre with coned gold foil, and the tape on the floor mirroring the floor plans of the rooms above you. Very subtle, most people didn't even notice that one.

We chose those particular different architects and designers because we knew they would respond to a certain space. Because architects are always site-specific, because there is never a non-site-specific architecture, we're always thinking about the context in which people are going to be showing. Thus far, we've never curated a show without knowing where it was going to be, or what it was going to be, or who was going to view it. We knew the people coming to the Parlour Nights would have either an interest in photography or art or architecture because of the building, so I guess for us it was about context in a lot of ways. We chose the participating people because of the context.

**Having worked with performance in the past I wanted you ask you about Nadia Wager's work at the Doppelgänger Parlour because I feel like it touches on some pertinent issues about time and space. It was so strange! The two bellboys swapped places, and I never saw them do it. It was like this weird bilocation thing. As a curator, how much of that performative action were you aware of before the event?**

Well, we knew how Nadia would respond to this by finding an avenue that would be critical to the event. I think a lot of her performance was a means of addressing the spectacle nature of this event. So we knew from the beginning what her plan was; she and the three of us had these discussions about lack of the figure in Thomas Demand's work and the dryness of that. Then there was the site, which we went to immediately with all the designers and they were amazed at this time capsule. I think Nadia saw it [the Commercial Traveller's Association club] as something that had stopped in time. This was something that was built in the 70's and because it's a private club they never felt the need to update so they just didn't. For us, it's fantastic. It's like walking into a David Lynch film or something. Her response was very quick and it came about instantly. The idea was we should get those guys from Circular Quay, put them in bell boy uniforms, and place them all over the place.

Once we got there and Frank (Minnaërt) was installing the tape, and Rob (Benson) was doing his thing, we started to understand the space a lot more. We knew that it was going to be really crowded, we knew it was going to be sold out and I think Nadia changed her placement a little bit, so that it became this very one-to-one binary of those two actors. I think it worked tremendously well, and I think in many ways it was a foil to the spectacle nature of the King Pins (which we did not curate, that was not part of our focus), and I think that those two additions to that space gave the space an even more surreal and disconcerting atmosphere.

**What's in the future for N?**

We feel that if anything, the power that N has had before is just the ability to get people talking in architecture. It's now overlapped into the art world more deliberately with the Kaldor Projects so I think we're stepping back for a second after two years of steady work to try and figure out what the next project should be.

**N WILL BE CONDUCTING A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS FOR 7 KINDS OF HAPPINESS: CONVERSATIONS ON DESIGN AND EMOTION, CURATED BY THE OFFICE OF GOOD DESIGN AND PRESENTED AS PART OF DESIGNEX FROM 14-16 MAY 2012**





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Pierre Bismuth  
*Following the right hand of  
Sophia Loren in "La Ciociara" (2009)*  
permanent marker on anti-UV plexi-  
glas and lambda print onforex  
162 x 254 cm  
unique  
Courtesy Galerie BUGADA  
& CARGNEL, Paris

## HAYDEN FOWLER

RHIANNA WALCOTT

New Zealand born, Sydney-based artist Hayden Fowler is known for his video and photographic works of art. Dealing with themes such as man's troubled relationship with the natural world, his practice examines the intersection between nature, science, industry, and cultural and religious mythologies and rituals. The surreal dioramas that Fowler creates (and then captures in his videos and photographs) conjure notions of futuristic, post-apocalyptic, dystopian worlds, whilst simultaneously alluding to romanticised and utopian ideals such as a reverent appreciation for nature and animals.

Although a multidisciplinary artist, Fowler's practice is founded in sculpture. Constructed in a manner reminiscent of historical paintings and rich in metaphorical symbolism, Fowler's handmade sets and props form the basis for his practice and are the platform from which his video and photographic works develop. The resulting cinematic quality of Fowler's work lends credibility to the otherworldly elements that exist in his practice, encouraging audiences to suspend their disbelief, and lending a vital veracity to the work.

Like a sculptor, Fowler melds and shapes his footage to create videos which progress in a non-linear fashion, cutting and building from one scene to the next. In the same way that negative space is integral to the creation of a sculpture, absence is crucial to the way in which Fowler constructs his video works. While there is an obvious tension between reality and fantasy within his videos, the constructed nature

of the sets forces the viewer to consider the natural environment by acknowledging its absence. The natural landscape itself is rarely depicted in Fowler's work, yet through this absence it is more immediately and strongly evoked.

Similarly, the absence of both sound and clearly defined linear time becomes a crucial element in video works such as *The Long Forgetting* (a work highly commended in the 2011 Blake Prize). Referencing the Venus of Willendorf, cave art and prehistoric artefacts, *The Long Forgetting* is a multi-channel video work exploring humankind's spiritual relationship with the natural world through the symbolism of pagan rituals and relics from the Paleolithic period. Depicting a Venus-like figure, the work examines the biological power of the female form and the mysticism that surrounds the female role of life giver, care giver and matriarch. The temporal and spatial confusion within the work, which results from the collision of historical references with a futuristic environment, leaves the viewer to ponder our past, present and future, and the evolution of human kind's attitude towards nature. The absence of any sound lends an unnatural air of isolation to the work, reminding us of how distanced mankind has become from the environment and from our natural state of being.

By engaging in the creation of video art (in itself a contemporary form of myth making), Fowler draws our attention back to the myths, fables and rites of our collective cultural pasts, an act which indirectly invites reflection on the future of the natural world.

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 Hayden Fowler,  
 Stills from *The Long Forgetting* (2010)  
 3-channel HD video, 20:00 minutes.  
 Courtesy of the artist  
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