

The World Over

Under Capricorn

Art in the Age of Globalisation

**City Gallery Wellington
Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam**

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The exhibition is sponsored by

Creative New Zealand Arts Council
of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa

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The continuation of the world, that which is yet unknown to us, lies on the other side of the horizon and extends to all points of the compass. The other side is mysterious and inviting. During the Renaissance, the invention of perspective made it possible for our vast world to be divided into sections that were intelligible to the eye. That was also the age of great, systematic exploratory voyages (which often deteriorated into ghastly raids).

The cartographic survey of the world, which was the aim of those journeys and which was recorded in fairy-tale atlases (with the clarity of a perspective drawing), has long since been refuted. Now that satellites in space can observe the earth from afar, throughout its rotations and in all its positions, our outlook on the size of the earth and the nature of space has changed radically. Vermeer's 'View of Delft', even the most incredible landscapes, from Leonardo da Vinci to Turner, are now touchingly poetic, old-fashioned and intimate when compared with today's digital images.

The 'View of Delft' is unforgettable. Its form of observation has held up for quite a long time – but now artists are ready for a different means of depiction and other explorations that deal with the new, fluid and dynamic world picture. Those contemporary expeditions, speculative and chaotic, are the subject of this exhibition which Dorine Mignot and Wystan Curnow have put together with great enthusiasm. For their efforts I thank them, as well as all the others who have contributed to the project, particularly the artists.

An exhibition is also being held in New Zealand at more or less the same time as the one in Amsterdam. That distant connection is, in itself, a symbol of the spherical world: if one were to descend into the earth and travel through its molten core, then one would come out on the other side at New Zealand.

Rudi Fuchs
Director Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam

Over the last century, the visual arts have moved as fast as their technologies allowed to encompass the globe within their frames of reference. Tristan Tzara's performance of traditional Maori poems at the Cabaret Voltaire in 1917 provides an apt example. So, too, does Colin McCahon's turning to Europe in his painting, 'Here I Give Thanks to Mondrian', half a century later. What has changed significantly over the last few decades is the scope of possibilities available to artists and the speed with which they can be realised.

In the face of the present upsurge in the global traffic in words and images, public art institutions – in a sense the immovable fixtures of the art world – have had to reconsider their *modus operandi*. The World Over-Under Capricorn proposes a number of ways for an art institution to remain not only viable but pivotal in a world that is close to becoming what André Malraux called a 'museum without walls'.

One way lies in the use of information technology to expand the context and accessibility of art works. The World Over's website and the internet works commissioned for it, along with the interactive documentaries by means of which each venue accesses the absent half of the exhibition demonstrate some of the possibilities now available.

Collaborations between galleries offer another way. As new alliances are forged, it becomes possible for young institutions like the City Gallery, Wellington, to join forces with galleries as long established as the Stedelijk, to the benefit of both. The Stedelijk's substantial collection and its international standing have made it possible for the City Gallery to mount a significant international exhibition of contemporary art in New Zealand, while the City Gallery has been able to provide the Stedelijk with the opportunity to introduce to Europe the work of the remarkable New Zealand painter, Colin McCahon.

This has been a most exciting and stimulating project to work on for the City Gallery and would not have been possible without the commitment of the two exhibition curators Dorine Mignot and Wystan Curnow.

We are deeply grateful to the participating artists, lenders, sponsors and other interested individuals who have been so generous in supporting us in this venture.

Paula Savage,
Director City Gallery Wellington

The exhibition project Under Capricorn – The World Over has been in development for three years and has benefited from the generosity and goodwill of many people both in The Netherlands and New Zealand.

A project such as this first requires the commitment of the participating artists, a number of whom have made new works specifically for it. We thank them for their support and particularly for their enthusiasm for the concept. Their work gives it its substance, and our discussions with them greatly helped us clarify our concerns.

We also acknowledge the fundamental support and generosity of the lenders of the exhibition. For the works of Colin McCahon they are; National Gallery of Australia, Canberra; Mr & Mrs Congreve, Auckland; Mr & Mrs T Farmer, Auckland; Tim & Sheera Francis, Wellington; Dowse Art Museum, Wellington; Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth; Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch; Auckland Art Gallery, Auckland; Waikato Museum of Art & History, Hamilton; Hocken Library, University of Otago, Dunedin; Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington; Ministry of Foreign Affairs & Trade, Wellington; and other private lenders.

For the loan of other works at both venues we wish to thank Michael Werner Gallery, New York and Cologne; Ebes Collection, Melbourne; National Gallery of Australia, Canberra; Galerie Ghislaine Hussenot, Paris; Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie, Karlsruhe; The Kelton Foundation; Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York; Brooke Alexander, New York; Metro Pictures, New York; Art & Project, Slootdorp; Jonathan Smart Gallery, Christchurch; Auckland City Art Gallery, Auckland; and other private lenders.

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We also acknowledge the very generous support of the major sponsors; Air New

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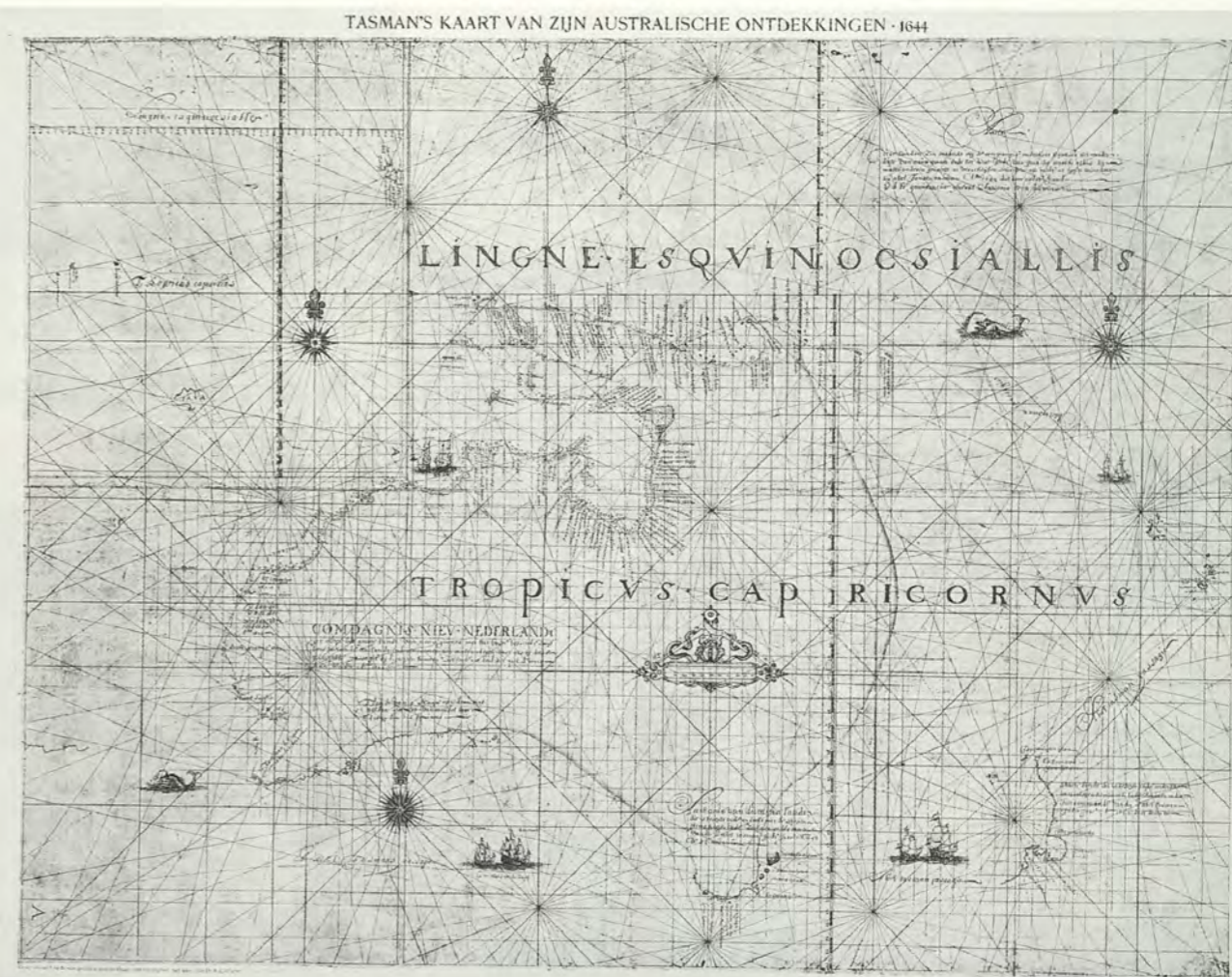
We thank the Dunedin Public Art Gallery, The British Council, Wellington and Goethe Institut, Wellington for their support, the English Department and the Research Committee of the University of Auckland, as well as Saatchi & Saatchi, Wellington for their continuing marketing expertise and support.

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A special thanks go to the generous sponsorship of Silicon Graphics b.v., The Netherlands and the Netherlands Design Institute, without which the two most advanced technological projects in Amsterdam could not have been realized. For the loan of video projectors we thank Sharp Benelux and World Wide Video.

And last but not least we are very grateful for the support and assistance for the Information Technology component of the exhibition from David Garcia, Menno Grootveld, Walter van der Cruysen (Desk.nl) and Marleen Stikker (Digital City Amsterdam) as a crucial 'start-up' discussion partner; from Richard Naylor, IT Consultant, Wellington City Council; John Nicol, Virtual Reality NZ Ltd, Wellington, New Zealand; Barry Fenn, Aotea Interactive Media Ltd, Auckland, New Zealand; Willem Velthoven, Mediamatic, Amsterdam; and Josephine Grieve, Amsterdam; for setting up the Website we thank Hylke Sprangers in particular.

Wystan Curnow, Dorine Mignot



Under Capricorn aims to bring New Zealand art and ideas about visual into play with the international art world and with other cultures, by staging a variety of innovative and high profile events in New Zealand and elsewhere in partnerships with institutions, sponsors and patrons committed to similar goals.

The World Over – Under Capricorn is 'Under Capricorn II', the second in a bi-annual series of international art events. Both have been collaborative ventures with Under Capricorn and Creative New Zealand, Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa as project partners bringing in additional partners in order to realise each event.

The first, the conference, Is Art a European Idea?, was undertaken with the New Zealand International Festival of the Arts, in 1994. The current project has enjoyed the support of the Chartwell Trust and the Dunedin Public Art Gallery. We are very grateful to the Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam and the City Gallery, Wellington for their partnership in the realisation of the project and for the sponsorship their support has brought to it.

Wystan Curnow, John McCormack
Co-directors, Under Capricorn

Content		10	Content		11
Laurie Anderson 92	Jan Dibbets 50	Richard Killeen 100	Netband 106	Gerry Schum 74	Imants Tillers 142
Art + Com 26	Ger van Elk 52	Suchan Kinoshita 55	Nam June Paik 72	Janet Shanks 112	Clifford Possum Tjapaltjarri 146
Lothar Baumgarten 126	Johan Grimonprez 134	Jouke Kleerebezem 102	Michael Parekowhai 136	Jeffrey Shaw 76	David Tremlett 152
James Lee Byars 28	John Hurrell 94	Colin McCahon 58	Rob Scholte 108	Gary Simmons 78	Bill Viola 82
Philip Dadson 32	Giovanni Intra 96	Merel Mirage 104	Rob Scholte 140	Robert Smithson 80	Ruth Watson 40
Wim Delvoye 130	Gerald Van Der Kaap 98	Matt Mullican 36	Han Schuil 110	Peter Struycken 114	for captions see catalogue 164

Dorine Mignot

The exhibitions in Wellington and Amsterdam, which may also be regarded as one exhibition in two cities, have been conceived, despite the vast distance between the locations, under the same stars. Not literally the same, for above the Southern Hemisphere is the constellation Capricorn, and Wellington is located in the tropics of that constellation. But by way of the stars in the sense of destiny; their conjunction seems preordained, the result of a common impulse.

Wystan Curnow, Director of the Centre for Projects in the Arts at the University of Auckland and Professor of English, was working on the idea of an exhibition that would map the 'wholeness' of the world or take 'the planet' as its theme: artists who dealt with this comprehensive notion of the globe, either in a concrete way or in terms of investigations of the flows and accumulations of information and power. Curnow is fascinated by the process through which his own country, New Zealand, was put on the map and gradually took shape in the imagination of the Western world. In 1642, it was 'discovered' by Abel Tasman who, sent by the Dutch East India Company to map out the Great Southern Continent did not realise that New Zealand is an island but nonetheless named it after our island province of Zeeland. Not until more than a century later did the explorer James Cook set foot ashore. The findings of Tasman and his cartographer Franzcoys Jacobsz Visscher are recorded as Nova Zelandia in Blaeu's world map of 1648.

In spite of that registration and others to follow, it was to take centuries for the country to emerge from the sketchy outlines of these inscriptions. Only in these years of globalization has it become possible to have a detailed image; physically reaching the country has become so much

easier; and advanced media allow for direct communication. Aware of the isolated situation of his country and the isolating effect that this has had with respect to the cultural centers of the Western world, Curnow is fascinated by the reversal that has taken place in recent years. In political-economical terms, New Zealand is focusing increasingly on Asia. When the recent French nuclear tests on Moruroa shocked the world, it also became evident that one could no longer speak of that atoll as an insignificant territory in the Pacific Ocean. New Zealand was one of the countries in the region most directly involved in demonstrating its concern for the ocean environment and in promoting global awareness of the issue.

In 1994 I myself had the idea for an exhibition called 'Place, no Place', which would follow opposing movements on the contemporary cultural scene. These movements have their counterparts in the political and economic sectors: on the one hand, the desire or need to integrate and coordinate economic and financial policies on a intercontinental level, and on the other, the strange revival of nationalism and racism which led, for instance, to a bloody territorial war in former Yugoslavia. I was able to witness this in Slovenia, where although the peace was kept, the Slovenians had become 'obsessed' with their own cultural history and wanted independence. In the business world, mergers and take-overs have increased but there have also been attempts to break up international cartels. In the world of soccer, national teams are made up of individual players who normally play for foreign clubs. Referenda point to the urban resident's resistance to rationally determined forms of regional government, such as sprawling conglomerations of urban areas which threaten a sense of local identity.

The cultural sector is no different: we find the same oppositions: mergings or,

contrary to this, quests for identity. The successful artist Kabakov manages to capture the attention of an international audience with installations of meticulously portrayed living situations in the former Soviet Union, his home country. Post-war Germany saw artists who were largely inspired by French abstract art and by American formalist abstraction. But then a younger generation – that of Baselitz, Kiefer, Immendorf – reverted to the history of their own country, seeking to reassert the continuity of European traditions in general and of paintings in particular. In my plans, however, the new media also played a significant role. Malevich's and Mondrian's proposals for transcending the local and the earthly and occupying a cosmic and spiritual realm have in a sense been realised but only in the most literal and mundane of terms. Through the use of new media, the world has become smaller; but through the intensification of world-wide contacts, an electronic firmament wired for and pulsing with infinity of ideas and images, old and new, has also come into being. Nam June Paik spoke about 'global grooves', the grooves of an immense information disc from which one can draw endless data.

I was particularly fascinated by the possibilities presented by the newly accessible Internet, a communications system which had been developed by the American military in the 1950s. Within the last few years it has become a household word. Ten years ago, it was not to be found in the Van Dale dictionary of the Dutch language, and even today, in the 1995 edition, it's unable to win a place in Van Dale's vocabulary. Meanwhile, everyone knows about it everyone wants to get on it, join it, or hate it.

As it is both an electronic depot with a limitless capacity and an easy to use electronic means of communication which will respond immediately to whatever is

fed into it, lends itself to disclosure, to response and criticism, to exchange. It is, at least at this point, an open network where no doormen, customs officers, publishers, producers, censors, politicians or moral guardians obstruct access. Thus it can also make the creative ideas and achievements of scientists and artists instantly available, for reception and response. As distinct from other mass media, the Internet is a site for a innumerable one-to-one contacts. Because of that it by-passes the power structures that generalise and control those media, and has use value to all who are marginalised by them.

In the early part of 1994, I submitted the concept to my director, who asked me to develop the idea further. With another theme in mind, Wystan Curnow presented his plan to Rudi Fuchs in May of that same year. He, on the other hand, saw the 'discovery' of New Zealand by the Dutch seafarer Abel Tasman as the premise for interesting a Dutch museum in an exhibition about the world as an entity. The idea of 'wholeness' did not seem to be antithetical to 'no place'. In fact, it was sooner a paradox than an antithesis. The very growth of contacts brought about by an awareness of the world as 'one place' leads to shifts, influences, borrowings and mergings. In other words, various forms of nexus or hybrid. The idea of landscape as place was also common to both proposals. As well it seemed possible that those oppositions between the local and the universal, national and the international were as much a part of the history of Curnow's thinking as they were of mine.

These considerations provided sufficient reason to find out whether the art works would warrant a cooperative exhibition in which the existing ideas could assume an interesting form. Although there was much for both of us to learn about the contemporary art of our two countries, there were already artists common to our lists. From

the start it was established that many were concerned with the measurement and coding of distance, with the tension between reality and abstracted documentation, with the receptive capacity of the eye and the camera, and with the manipulation of these in a work of art. And with the transplantation of very remote locations or artefacts to the realm of the imagination.

In August of 1995, I went to New Zealand for an orientational visit and an investigation of the conditions under which a collaboration could be reached. In January Wystan Curnow came to the Netherlands, partly in order to make studio visits to artists. In February I did this in New Zealand.

When we had come to an agreement on the choice of artists and art works, there was still a long road to travel, but it was a joy to work together.

Wystan Curnow

Thus we must return to the question of the actual form of recent and contemporary moves in the direction of global interdependence and global consciousness. In posing the basis question in this way we immediately confront the critical issue of the period during which the move towards the world as a singular system became more or less inexorable.

Roland Robertson, *Globalisation: Social Theory and Global Culture*, New York, 1992, p. 55.

The time was when the ends of the earth were worlds away. Only acts of imagination could leap the barriers of geography, time and ignorance, which separated them. In the late twentieth century, however, we have the ends of the earth at our finger tips – at work, on the street and in the home. Ours is the age of globalisation. Space exploration, developments in satellite and computer technology, global environmental problems, accelerated migration and tourism, the fall of communism and the triumph of turbo-charged international capitalism, have all brought the global home and with a speed and finality that few have predicted. Regional and national identities are giving way to a global multiculturalism and altering irrevocably our sense of place and its relation to the world as a whole.

'The World Over' is an exhibition aimed at showing how contemporary art sheds light on living on a shrinking planet. Recently exhibitions and conferences around the world have dealt with issues of cultural difference, multiplicity, 'otherness', also with borders, frontiers and margins. They have been prompted in good part by the accelerating processes of globalisation, and highlight differences in a world becoming more of the same. 'The World Over' approaches these issues from another direction. What the world as a singular system is, or might be, is posed in terms of how we picture the planet to ourselves.

'The World Over' puts its questions by means of the works which comprise it but also in the way in which the works are placed by it in the world. Thirty-seven artists from a range of different countries and cultures are included in what is perhaps the first international exhibition to literally span the Southern and Northern hemispheres. Turn the world over and you will come to its other half; most of the artists exhibiting in Wellington and Amsterdam have works in both venues and you can compare them by visiting the other exhibition via interactive documentaries. Works by James Lee Byars, Matt Mullican, Gary Simmons and Ruth Watson are among those specifically conceived or chosen with this double location of the show in mind. But 'The World Over' also measures its span in cyberspace; so log on and wherever you happen to be on the Internet you can locate the works commissioned for this, its third site.

'The World Over' links two cities, Amsterdam and Wellington, and two countries, the Netherlands and New Zealand. Ten of the twenty-four exhibiting artists and most of the artists appearing on the website are from these two countries. The global theme derives a certain authority and shape from the history this link brings to the exhibition. As Lothar Baumgarten writes, 'names / mark landscape, / they guard / and possess acquired terrain./ Once established as place, they mould history.' If the names New Amsterdam (New York), and New Holland (Australia) failed to establish themselves as place, New Zealand certainly did not. The discourse of naming and marking land is called cartography, and the history of Holland's accomplishment in commerce and exploration is uniquely linked to its innovation in cartography and leadership in map production. New Zealand came by its name as a result of its European discovery by the Dutchman, Abel Tasman, on the 13th of december, 1942.

Issac Gilseman's coastal profiles sketched on that voyage were New Zealand's first landscapes, and Franzcoys Jacobsz Visscher's were its first maps. Tasman had been sent by the Dutch East India Company to the southeast of Australia to search for Terra Australis Incognita, the Great Southern Continent. 'Simply by sailing in a new direction/ You could enlarge the world.' as Allen Curnow wrote in his poem 'Landfall in Unknown Seas'. So, when Tasman sighted the West Coast of New Zealand, he concluded he had established the western extremity of that continent ('Statenland'). More than a century was to go by before the great British explorer James Cook discovered for himself and the West what the Polynesian inhabitants (and its original discoverers) could have told him at the time that New Zealand was in point of fact a group of islands and there was no landmass in the southern hemisphere to balance that of the northern. Unbeknownst to Cook, the ancestors of the tangata whenua, the people of the land, had devoted centuries to the purposeful exploration and settlement of the vast waters of the Pacific. To this day, as Colin McCahon's painting, 'The Canoe Tainui', shows, their tribes bear the names of, and trace their ancestry back the canoes which brought them to these islands. Indeed recognition that the 1642 meeting between Maori and European brought together two great cultures of world exploration and discovery is one that has only recently gained acceptance and is still not widely credited. And so the meetings have continued and the circumstances have changed; each of Michael Parekowhai's Maori mannikins wears a name tag which reads: 'Hello, my name is Hori'.

The cartographic results of Tasman's voyage reached Amsterdam in 1644-5, and although coastlines were incorporated in an edition of Blaeu's 1619 world map, the name 'Nova Zelandia' was not used until 1648,

when it appeared for the first time on the new Blaeu map of the world. Western cartography had as a central objective the construction of the world as a singular topographic system. By disposing the myth of the Southern Continent, and so rounding out western knowledge of the world, Tasman and Cook made a crucial contribution at a time when this objective became achievable for the first time. For it was not until the end of the 17th century, with the precise measurement of the length of a degree along a meridian, and of the shape of the Earth, and the further development of triangulation, that accurate large-scale topographic mapping became possible. You may think distant traces of this shared history of maritime globe-making are to be detected in the international marker buoys, and the Cape Reinga lighthouse (at New Zealand's northernmost tip) which spin across the curved blackboard surfaces of Gary Simmons' wall drawings. Also in the panoramic beachscapes of Jan Dibbets and Colin McCahon, in the measurement and map-oriented works of Stanley Brouwn and John Hurrell, and in the global projections of Ruth Watson.

'The World Over' betrays a preoccupation with geography and its relation to embodied vision, whatever the technological mediations and prosthetic extensions to eyesight the works incorporate. The artists' interests are not so much in the 'god-tricks' these devices can perform as in how, as Donna Haraway puts it, they "shatter any idea of passive vision... (showing us)... that all eyes, including our own organic ones, are active perceptual systems, building in translations and specific ways of seeing, that is, ways of life". ('Simians, Cyborgs, and Women', Routledge, New York, 1991, p.190) The art in the show relates to three main forms in which the world can be seen as a whole - the panorama or extended horizon, the globe or sphere, and the nexus

or internet of global information. As forms of the global they generate images having to do with landscape traditions, with travel and tourism, cartography and discovery, cultural difference and colonialism, information exchange and distribution. Of course, other forms, equally relevant to works in this show, may be envisaged. Nor does this threesome claim special privileges; it is a convenient grouping, suggestive of a mix of 'scopic regimes', media and practices, which nevertheless recognises and renews art's age-old devotion to the making and the unmaking of figures for the whole.

The global claims of 'The World Over' are, we would say, fairly modest. What else could they be? Philip Dadson, in his videos, shows us stones, - 'chips of the world' Mel Bochner called them - strikes together stones found as far apart as Japan and New Zealand, gives them voice. Mostly, its artists live and work in those cities and nations where globalisation is head quartered; their critical engagement with its processes begins and returns there, but frequently crosses hemispheres and shoots meridians between times. In their perceptions, their constructions and reconstructions of place and planet, the panoramas are partial, the sum totals proposed are less than complete and the spheres passingly perfect.

Panorama

... the Painter, fashioning a work
To Nature's circumambient scenery,
And with his greedy pencil taking in
A whole horizon on all sides, with power
Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
Plants us upon some lofty pinnacle, ...

William Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, 1805

As a first step towards implementing this new concept... (Zorved, or See Know) ...Matyushin had devised a series of eye exercises which were intended to extend man's field of vision to a full 360 degrees,

enabling him eventually to see through the back of his head into that space which was at present utterly closed to him.

Christina Lodder, *Russian Constructivism*, 1983

If art opens 'a window onto the world', one the most commanding of its offerings has to have been the nineteenth century panorama, that continuous canvas which surrounded viewers with life-size, all-encompassing vistas. Housed in purpose-built buildings, panoramas swept their visitors away to other worlds, to places and times distant and exotic. It has been said they were the movies of the nineteenth century; today we must count them among the precursors of 'virtual reality'. Certainly they were a form of virtual tourism. Charles Dickens' 'Household Words' for April 20, 1850, began with an account of the extraordinary travels of a certain Mr. Booley, a corpulent Londoner who is purported to have visited the American South, New Zealand, Australia, Egypt, and the Arctic, all within the space of a few days. Near the end of the story, this Mr. Booley points out that "such travelling would have been impossible (when he was a boy) as the gigantic-moving panorama or diorama mode of conveyance, which I have principally adopted (all my modes of conveyance have been pictorial) had not then been attempted." Despite their immense popularity in the middle and again at the end of the century, remarkably few of these buildings or the paintings they featured survive. One is the 1881 'Panorama Mesdag' in The Hague, which happens to be notable for its local subject, the fishing village of Scheveningen.

Of course, the history of the panoramic view is as long as that of landscape painting itself, and it often reveals significant links between cartography and landscape. Svetlana Alpers, in her account of seventeenth century Dutch painting, 'The Art of Describing', sees an intimate relation between the panoramic view and

cartography. The Dutch artist's canvas was not a window on the Italian model of art, but rather, like a map, a surface on which is laid out an assemblage of the world.'

Albert Boime's book, 'The Magisterial Gaze', links the nineteenth century American landscape panorama of the Hudson River School, to surveying and the push westward of settlement and capital across the North American continent. What separates the panoramic in this exhibition from this imperial gaze of the nineteenth century panoramicists, is the scopic modernism of Impressionism whose single ineluctable instance must be Monet's great double panorama, the 'Water Lilies'. Denys Zacharopoulos in his DOCUMENTA IX essay 'The Origin of the World. A real allegory of the work of art and its taking place in the world today', writes that, "Like a dream of flight or diving... (they) take up their place above depth, not as the simple act of looking, but as the play of the world in the fullness of its glimmering." Monet's panoramas achieve their original and originating presence through their unique framing. They permit this play of the world by cropping the horizon. Although encompassing the viewer, they are discontinuous in time and space, as edge and horizon are displaced into the literal space of the panorama. Horizon and edge are not inside the work but take place with the work in the world.

'The World Over' contains some quite spectacular works. Often impressive for what they encompass, they shun the grandiose pretensions of their predecessors while often emulating their sublimities. If Imants Tillers' mural-size paintings, Simmons chalk wall drawings, Dibbets' shoreline and Ger van Elk's riverline photographs, McCahon's Landscape Series, and Robert Smithson's film of the making of his 'Spiral Jetty' in the Great Salt Lake in Utah, are all relations of the panorama, requiring or incorporating viewers who

scan their expanses and are continually repositioning their points of view, Jeffrey Shaw's interactive virtual space panorama, 'Place - A User's Manual' is its direct descendant and modern day equivalent. A cylindrical screen surrounds the viewer who may pan around and zoom into and out of eleven different varieties of projected panoramas, gathered from as far afield as Spain, Bali, Japan and Australia.

McCahon's painting 'Walk' is 12 metres long, and hangs around three sides of its gallery; with it McCahon most completely realised his aim of making paintings to 'walk by'. His panoramas take place in the world. Despite the extent of the work and of the vista it samples, it remains a peculiarly intimate painting. The gaze it offers is lyrical, and meditative, an elegy for the poet James K. Baxter. Its structure is intermittent, and like 'The Song of the Shining Cuckoo' its extent is measured narratively by the numbers representing the Stations of the Cross. Both are beach walk paintings, and while the light differs, both speak of overcast days when the sight of the world's watery edge is poignant with the failure of the gods. As with the diagram of the Sefirotic tree of the Jewish mystical tradition which supplies the graticule onto which Shaw's panoramas are mapped and the tripartite altarpiece structure of Viola's 'The City of Man', the Stations break up the panorama and serve to redirect (and so sublimate) its compulsive lateral push.

Jan Dibbets' photographic installation 'Comet' sea 3°-60° resembles the McCahon paintings in so far as it is built of cross-sections of land, sea and sky; these, diminishing in size, arch silently and not without wit, away from the viewer trailing behind them a blue line which registers the world's edge. Contemplating such works may leave the viewer exposed, utterly unprepared for a distant rumble – this is Suchan Kinoshita's audio panorama, 'Passant' – to reach excruciating and unholy

proportions of subway roar and hurtle off into the soundscape it has so unexpectedly summoned.

Globe

Enzio Danti's giant globe dominates the map room of Cosimo I's sixteenth century Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. This was a room, wrote Vasari, which brought together 'all things relating to heaven and earth in one place, without error, so that one could see and measure them together and by themselves'. Globes, you see, cut the world down to size; they allow you to fix it in your sights. The original magic of the globe, as with that of the 'bird's eye view', had much to do with the fact that it made visible what otherwise simply could not be seen. The one allaying a fear, melodramatized in Rob Scholte's series, 'Point of No Return' of what lay over the horizon, the other of what might come out of the sky, summoned up in Johan Grimonprez's videotape, 'Kobarweng or Where is Your Helicopter?' But just as the jet aircraft that have flown Gary Simmons and David Tremlett to Wellington and then on to Amsterdam to make their wall drawings for this exhibition have rendered the bird's eye view a commonplace experience, so the spacecraft Apollo 17 made the view of the terrestrial globe from space one which can and has been seen. This view which in photographic reproduction at least has become one of the most available sights of our times, this figure for the whole, seems the most transparent god-trick of them all. Will Art + Com's 'T_Vision', a 'virtual space' version of it follow the same path?

Under globalisation the fate of the ultimate spectacle seems absolute banality, and it has given rise to a new subject for contemporary art: the abject globe. Yves Klein's offer, with his 'Blue Globe', 1957, of a generous coating of Klein blue as protection against abjection, has proved inadequate if subsequent artists' impressions are to be

trusted. Globes became a favoured prop of Boyd Webb's melancholy photographic satires; in 'Codicil' 1986, an inflated globe appears squashed, as by a solar wind or squeezed, like a haemorrhoid from God's blue bum. The spotlight lower body in Laurie Simmons' photograph 'Bending Globe', 1991, is tensed and expecting the worst. In 'The World Over', it's Wim Delvoye's scatological sculpture, 'Rose des Vents', which belongs with such works. Four bronze youths form a group, each leaning towards a different point of the compass, and seeming to look eagerly upward. This is a group of novelty telescopes, since just such an instrument penetrates each of them from orifice to orifice, from anus to mouth and invites the viewer to lower themselves into a similar position, put eye to arsehole and gawp up the stars. Talk about embodied vision! What a comedown for those globes of old, for Danti's globe, for those proud emblems of human knowledge and power that appear in Hans Holbein's 'The Ambassadors', in Hendrick ter Brugghen's 'Heraclitus' and 'Democritus', both, and in Jan Vermeer's 'The Astronomer'. And what a kick in the pants for all those god-tricksters!

Planets are spherical in shape, they spin, and move in circles. The sun, we say, rises in the East, and sets down in the West. Are there not twelve hours of daylight? writes McCahon, in white, on black. We need the old sun to see the world. Day breaks anew in Bill Viola's 'City of Man'. Smithson's helicopter swings over the salt lake to manoeuvring the sun's reflection into the centre of 'The Spiral Jetty'. In Gerald van der Kaap's photowork, 'Panorama in Hovertime' it is dawn on one side of the view and dusk on the other. The sun is both rising and setting at the same time? We wonder how that can be, and where that leaves us, or the world. This golden light the sun sheds at 'hovertime', fills Eugene von Guerard's Tasmanian landscape, Tillers' major source for 'There Is

Still That Which Cleaves Within the Cleft', and parts of McCahon's Landscape Series. James Lee Byars' golden sphere, *Is, is we would claim, for the moment anyway, the sun itself.*

Our planet is not quite symmetrical, not in fact a perfect sphere; and this is all to the good, for its imperfections are the source of its tectonic life. Its orbit around the sun is likewise less than ideal; there's a wobble in it, which has been responsible for the major climatic shifts of the last 10,000 years. Nevertheless, the sphere as a figure for the centre, and for the whole, has always dominated our thinking about planet Earth and its place in space. The lengthy history of that thought is one of the attempts to sustain our identity with the centre in the face of new evidence to the contrary. Indeed, the history of cartography is characterized by a "succession of untenable centrism. The terracentric world of Aristotle and the ancients, which erroneously presumed that the knowable world stopped at the shoreline of the encircling sea, gave way to Ptolemy's geocentric view, which erroneously placed the earth at the center of the solar system; the heliocentric view of the solar system, first proposed by Copernicus in 1543, overturned the earth-centred notions of the solar system but erroneously made the sun the center of the universe; the galactocentric view of the universe, which placed the Milky Way ('our galaxy') at the centre of the astrophysical world, turned out to be an erroneous centrism that gave way only in the 1920's, when Edwin Hubble proved that the Milky Way is not the only galaxy in the universe. Each one of these centrism died hard, and each demise was aided and celebrated by maps." (Stephen S. Hall, 'Mapping the Next Millenium', Vintage, 1993, p.21). Currently our galaxy is hurtling through space at roughly 370 miles per second, caught with a million other galaxies, in the pull of a huge concentration of matter which astronomers in their wisdom have

decided to call The Great Attractor.

Not only in terrestrial terms are the sphere and the panorama interconnected for us, but also as figures for the whole. As the latter surrounds the viewer, so the former is gazed on from all sides. In Amsterdam and in Wellington, sight and soundscapes are drawn into the orbit of those great attractors, Byars' spheres. 'Glimpse is enough' he says. As with McCahon, so with Viola, even Tillers, the memory of the great god-tricks of the past live on. Thomas McEvelley writes that Byars "made the circle, the sphere, gold, black and the idea of perfection his own. His work is a constant evocation of an Other World, which, for Byars, is not a religious concept or a metaphysical postulate; instead it arises from a belief in the power of imaginative presence in this one. Thus, as Sappho saw, the absolutism of gold insinuates itself into the passing moment and hides within the relative." ('The Philosophical Palace', ed. Jurgen Harten, Kunsthalle Dusseldorf, 45-46, 1986) In Amsterdam, 'The Rose Table of Perfect', a sphere of 3333 red baccarat roses in a red gallery, assumes a complex interrogative relation to 'Is', the gilded marble sphere which floats above its dark reflection at the centre of a 5 x 5 metre black lacquered platform in Wellington. The sphere is a closed form, we think, yet just as long as the beauty these works possess draws us back to them, they are far from that, and are radiant with possibility. Byars' desire for the perfect world, the angel's eye view, is for us exemplary, a limit instance of Harraway's active vision.

Ruth Watson's two 'Lingua Geographica' photoworks were drawn on the 16th century Werner world projection. The one in Wellington has the Northern hemisphere at the top, which is the usual hegemonic orientation, whereas the one in Amsterdam, has the Southern on top. With his text work for Wellington, 'From

North to South', Lothar Baumgarten has added a list of names of New Zealand rivers and streams, to a series of works, begun in the 1970s, dealing with the rivers of Europe and South America. The list of names does indeed run from North to South, but the work is also a gift to the exhibition from a Northern artist. Recently, in an installation called 'America Invention', Baumgarten inscribed a globe on the interior of the rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum by the ordering and the orientation of the lists of names of indigenous tribes of the Americas he painted on it. All the paintings by Clifford Possum Tjapaltjarri are maps of areas of the Western Desert of Australia, whose Dreamtime stories the artist is empowered to relate. In his appropriation of Western painting Tjapaltjarri's originality lies in part in his combining a number of stories on a single canvas which in ground paintings are normally separate; the outcome in terms of orientation is curiously complex. While in 'Mt. Denison Country' he consistently follows European convention, in 'Warlugulong' and even more in 'Yuutjutuyungu', narrative and aesthetic requirements result a complex mix, so that one edge can be both North and East, for example. Although its shape may fool us at first, 'Lingua Geographica' is a jigsaw of pinned pieces of colour photo enlargements of the surface of a human tongue, not of the heart. The title is the medical name for what is commonly called 'cracked tongue', presumably because of its landscape appearance. These apparently fortuitous coincidences give meaning to the work, they not only thrust back into the body one of the most ancient projects in disembodied vision but also expose to view its investment in the cartographic code.

Nexus

The ease and speed of electronic communication and of air travel, the removal of barriers to the flows of capital, labour, and goods, has shaken the stability,

separateness and integrity of national and cultural entities. Although these changes are unevenly spread and are driven from the centres of capital, East and West, no part of the globe now seems immune from their effects. Accelerating cultural encounter and collision are giving rise to new antagonisms and new identities in a global mix that is as vital and generative as it is challenging and dangerous.

As contemporary art – still very much dominated by Western Europe and the United States – itself moves towards becoming a single global system; less reliant on one or two major centres, artists travel and exhibit more widely than before and increasingly this mobility shapes their practice. David Tremlett's work, '15 Panels from 15 Years', comprises fifteen three-letter English words extracted from the names of the places in which he has worked over the period; a kind of no nonsense desiderata, drawn from experience, whose recitation helps keep the nomad-artist on the straight and narrow: AIR, DIE, ARC, SIN, ERR, EGO, LAW, TIN, LAY, GUN, RAW, OLD, BAN, CUT, ASK. EGO is from Oregon, GUN from Burgundy; besides the arbitrary linguistic connection, the link between language and place is general not specific.

Some of the artists in 'The World Over' have been or are presently immigrants, some have spent years at a time working in countries, cultures and hemispheres other than their own. Robert Scholte's paintings reflect, in different ways in the different venues, his four years in Nagasaki working on one of the largest paintings of the century. 'Apres nous le deluge', is an 18 metre high octagonal work in the central hall of a actual-size replica of the Royal Dutch Queen's Palace, Paleis Huis Ten Bosch, in the replicated 17th century Dutch village recently built in Japan to celebrate Japanese-Dutch trading relationships. Some artists live and work in more than one country and culture at the same time, like

Baumgarten, and Delvoye. Some live in two cultures in the same country, like Clifford Possum Tjapaltjarri. Or, Michael Parekowhai; the kind of cultural and political contests and intrigues that necessitates, certainly if you are Maori, is suggested in his sculpture with the double-edged title, 'They Comfort Me Too'.

Some, with assistants at their disposal, can exhibit new work in two places at once. Others are increasingly nomadic, their work becoming, like Tremlett's and Baumgarten's an on-going series of transpositions of image and place.

The Stedelijk's is the fourth installation of Baumgarten's 'Watershed', made up of the Pemon names of rivers in La Grand Sabana region bordering on Venezuela, Surinam, and Brazil. Transpositions and translations across large geographic and cultural spaces characterize many of the works in the exhibition.

'The World Over' contains many works which mix image and text. Some, like Tillers' 'Testament', or Dadson's 'Archeology of Stones', contain several languages; besides Dutch and English, Maori, Greek, Japanese, Latvian, French, Latin and Pemon are to be found. Some if not all of these languages will be foreign to some viewers. Languages remain a bulkwark against cultural homogenization.

Baumgarten's interest in river names stems from his recognition that the vestiges of languages and cultures lost or in retreat from dominant cultures are most likely to survive in placenames. In the 'foreignness' of their languages his word installations give voice to difference.

In Wellington, 'The World Over' juxtaposes Paik and Byars. The one Korean born, the other American, but both in their different ways bringing together East and West. So different are their ways, in fact, that they appear worlds apart. The hybrid is a nexus by definition, it identifies a place where sameness and difference are in flux,

where power struggles and cross fertilizations come vividly to life. As against the uncanny stillness, the intense centredness of Byars' work we can place the mixed media energy fields of Paik's video installations. Committed to complexity and overload, to the effects of juxtaposed extremes, happy accidents, calculated incongruities, open as much to the natural, and the given, as to the synthesized, and the processed, the embodied and the disembodied, Paik's 'TV-Garden' represents another of the exhibition's limit cases. One of its three programmes features an apparently limitless morphing of the figure of the sphere. Paik's sense of the whole dismisses all forms of closure and moves to the beat of a hybrid heart. Hybridity reflects the progress of globalisation – the 'cleaving' together, to use a term Tillers has borrowed from Arakawa, of distinctly different elements – but it is a form which stands for heterogeneity and therefore suggests figures for the whole different from that associated with the panorama and the globe: the figure of the encyclopedia, the collection. 'There is Still That Which Cleaves Within the Cleft' is a Tillers title which declares his faith in difference. The burgeoning variety and complexity of his multi-panel paintings offer a clear example of this figure. Since 1981 when he first started using amateur artist's canvasboards he has been numbering them; each painting belongs thus to a larger project he calls 'The Book of Power'. It's 50.000 pages aspire to an impossible totality. His mammoth 'Diaspora', in Amsterdam, was painted in the wake of the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe and draws on an extreme diversity of sources to dramatise the tragic history of his parents' Baltic homeland. Tillers' work, like Rob Scholte's, has its origins in appropriation, and 'Diaspora', which is literally an exhibition in one painting, graphically reveals how his mixing of the work of well known and lesser known

artists is intended to offer alternative canons of contemporary taste and to set in motion other patterns of circulation in the art world. Its own circulation through different art contexts – this is its third trip to the northern hemisphere after showings in Riga, Latvia and in Pori, Finland, after which it returns to its home in the Museum of New Zealand – is important to the politics of difference it advocates.

Matt Mullican's 'encyclopedia' project is paired in 'The World Over' with a group of banners and sculptures representing a personal cosmology. Mullican's gratuitous hybridization of the semiotics of international public signage and of modernist pure form, seems to quietly mock the purposes behind such attempts to construct the world as a singular system at the same time as it indulges freely in the activity of making such worlds. Similarly, his stunning installation of the 449 magnesium plates sampling the illustrations of a 16-volume 19th century Scottish encyclopedia evokes mixed emotions. Reflections from its silver surfaces fill this obsolete, incomplete, twice-mediated, cabinet of curiosities with a quite untoward beauty; Mullican's project is rich in the sentiment of postmodern nostalgia.

David Tremlett collects and transposes places, more specifically signs of places of habitation, shelters, he draws on the walls of other shelters, commonly art galleries. His medium is pastel and the works are normally temporary. A notable part of the tribute Tremlett pays to the particulars of places is the respect he has for their anonymity; apart from architecture, there is little to the abstract shapes he uses to betray their origins. On the other hand, his collection of shapes is no formalist vocabulary, indifferent to context; it claims no authority apart from the accumulation of its situations of use. Although an almost full-time itinerant, Tremlett is no tourist. He has never been a trafficker in exotica. For him

there is something all-encompassing in that which is common. For 'The World Over' he covered the walls of the video room in the City Gallery with shapes derived from the floor plans of abandoned buildings in Holland, India, New Zealand and Tanzania.

Around the globe a complex web of cables, and a host of satellites serve rapidly growing networks of international communications, creating a world wide nexus of information, and infinity of 'global grooves' to use a title from Paik's 'TV-Garden'. "Glimpse of video landscape of tomorrow: The Nam June Paik tv guide, and video guides will be as fat as the Manhattan telephone book." Well, that was 1974, before the advent of the PC, Power book, modem or internet. Soon enough the Internet guides will be as fat as the Manhattan phone book and better, because interactive, than any TV Guide.

The emergence of thousands of 'communities of strangers' exchanging ideas and information, products and services, images and sounds, across the world has opened up a field of global experience of unprecedented size, immediacy and potential. The speed with which it continues to grow, and the ungoverned and seemingly ungovernable mass of information that floods across it provides us with a new figure for the whole, a new image of the world as a single system.

The internet links The World Over's two venues to a third, the exhibition website situated in a cybernetic reconfiguration of Cosimo I's map room.

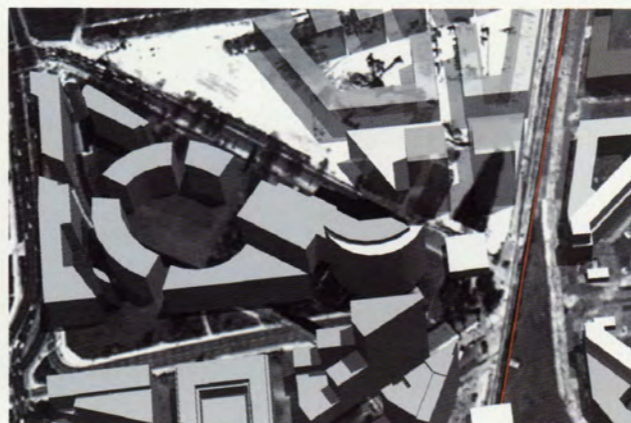
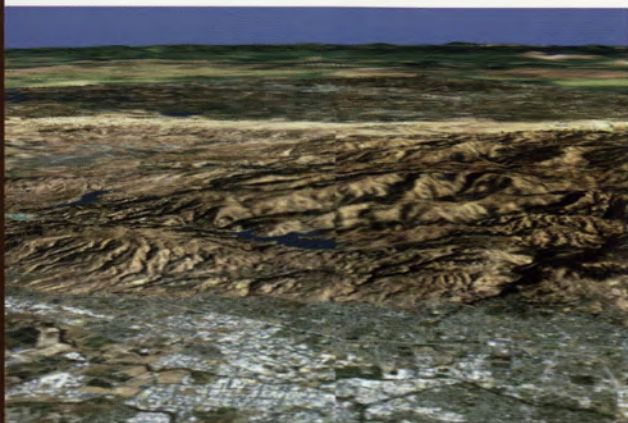
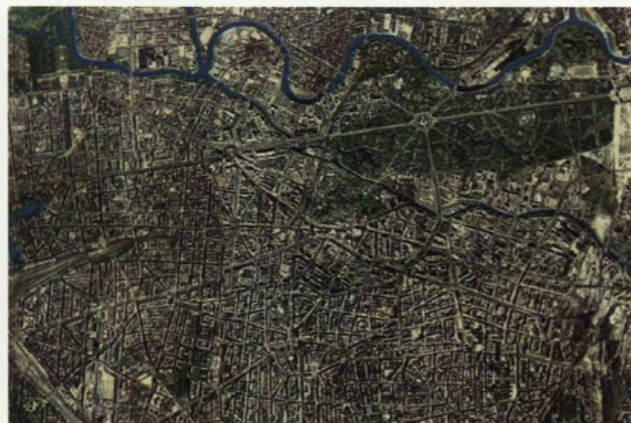
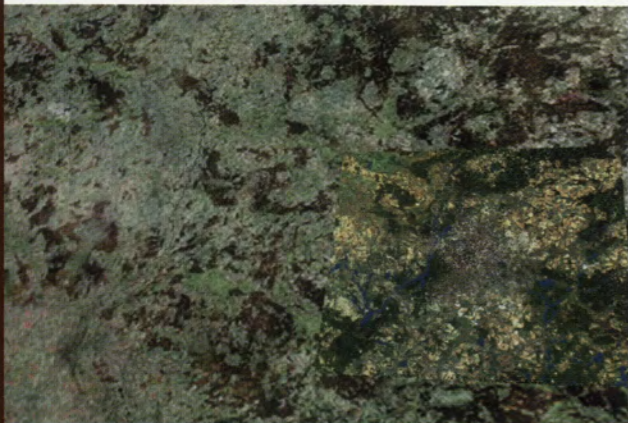
Art + Com
26

**James Lee
Byars**
28

Philip Dadson
32

Matt Mullican
36

Ruth Watson
40



T_Vision is a broadbandapplication research project. It provides a distributed virtual globe as a multimedia interface to visualize any kind of data related to a geographic region. The virtual globe is modelled from high resolution spatial data and textured with high resolution satellite images. A T_Vision database and realtime rendering system has been developed to handle this huge amount of data. Terravision specific concept of seamless links between different levels of detail allows the continuous zooming from a global view down to recognizable features of only a few centimetres in size. On the virtual globe any kind of geographically related data can be visually incorporated (e.g. biological, sociological, economical...)

The T_Vision project is based on the concept of a transparent and world-wide broadband networked topography and surface data bank. Because of the impossibility of locally storing and constantly updating all the high resolution data necessary for such visualisation application, system automatically establishes an ATM connection to the Server which provides the most up to date and highest resolution data required for the current field of view (and the visualisation topic). This data is integrated unobtrusively in the users system on the fly.

For the navigation on the virtual globe a special t_vision user interface in form of a large real globe was developed (Earthtracker). Thereby the user has full control over which information to view, at what time and at which location.

An ATM Y_Vision Testnetwork between Kyoto and Berlin was successfully established in Oct. 94 and will be extended for a third knot in Sunnyvale this year.



James Lee Byars once refused an exhibition at the Whitney Museum in New York because it described itself as a museum 'of American art'. "I am not an American artist", he remarked somewhat haughtily – despite having been born in Daylight, Tennessee, and having grown up in Detroit, that is, Motown. Indeed, Byars' work has often made overarching appeals to totality, and his conception of totality has often involved the sphere. Once he made a weeks-long bus trip through the United States looking for a perfectly spherical man. Finding one, or as close as he could come, Byars became his silent servant for a week, attempting to anticipate the round man's every wish without speech. His notion was that the round man represented human perfection, because the sphere is the symbol of totality.

In Plato's 'Symposium' a similar conception is found, in the speech of Aristophanes, who says that originally human beings were spherical but then, in a version of the myth of the Fall, they fell in two, male and female halves seeking each other forever to reunite the Whole. Reconstituting the sphere would be a form of redemption. Before Plato, Pythagoras had posited the sphere as totality, for example, in his concept of the Music of the Spheres, which is simply the chord that different levels of the universe produce while revolving harmoniously around their centre.

In 1978 Byars proposed to Harold Szeemann, who was then directing Documenta, that the show be called the Five Continent Documenta (it was not done). That proposal in fact was his piece for the exhibition. This may have been the first instance of a proposal for a global art exhibition – the proposal that was so famously attempted in 1989 in Les Magiciens de la Terre at the Centre Pompidou in Paris.

In 1982, at the museum in Eindhoven, the Netherlands, Byars presented the Planet Flag, a large circle of gold lame tilted on a base to point it towards the outer reaches of the galaxy as a greeting from earth to space. Disdaining national and ethnic differences as too petty for notice, he saw himself simply as a citizen of the universe – of the whole round totality of it all. In a similar spirit, the ancient biographer tells us, the philosopher Diogenes, when asked where his hometown was, replied, 'The cosmos.' In ancient Greek the word 'cosmos' doesn't mean simply the universe; it means specifically the ordered universe, the arrangement of concentric spheres revolving in perfect collaboration to create the music of eternity.

Of the various themes of Byars it is this one – the sphere as totality and perfection – that the works in the present show feature. The Table of Perfect is a sphere made up of 3,333 roses bound together at the bases of their stems. At once spherical, that is eternal and perfect, it is almost organic and biodegradable. Perfection is portrayed as a feature of passing life, the totality of the fleeting moment in the decaying flesh. 'Is' presents another view. A perfect sphere of gilded white marble, it represents the wholeness of being as a perfection that is hard and unbreakable, a kind of inner soul within the entanglement of roses. Between the two pieces mortality is simultaneously affirmed and denied. Beauty – the rose – is implicated as a fatal flaw that yet is the point of it all. As Lucretius wrote in DE RERUM NATURA: "Nequiquam, quoniam medio de fonte leporum/Surgit amara aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat", 'In vain, for from the midst of the very fountain of enchantments/There arises a bitter thing which gives anguish among all the flowers'.

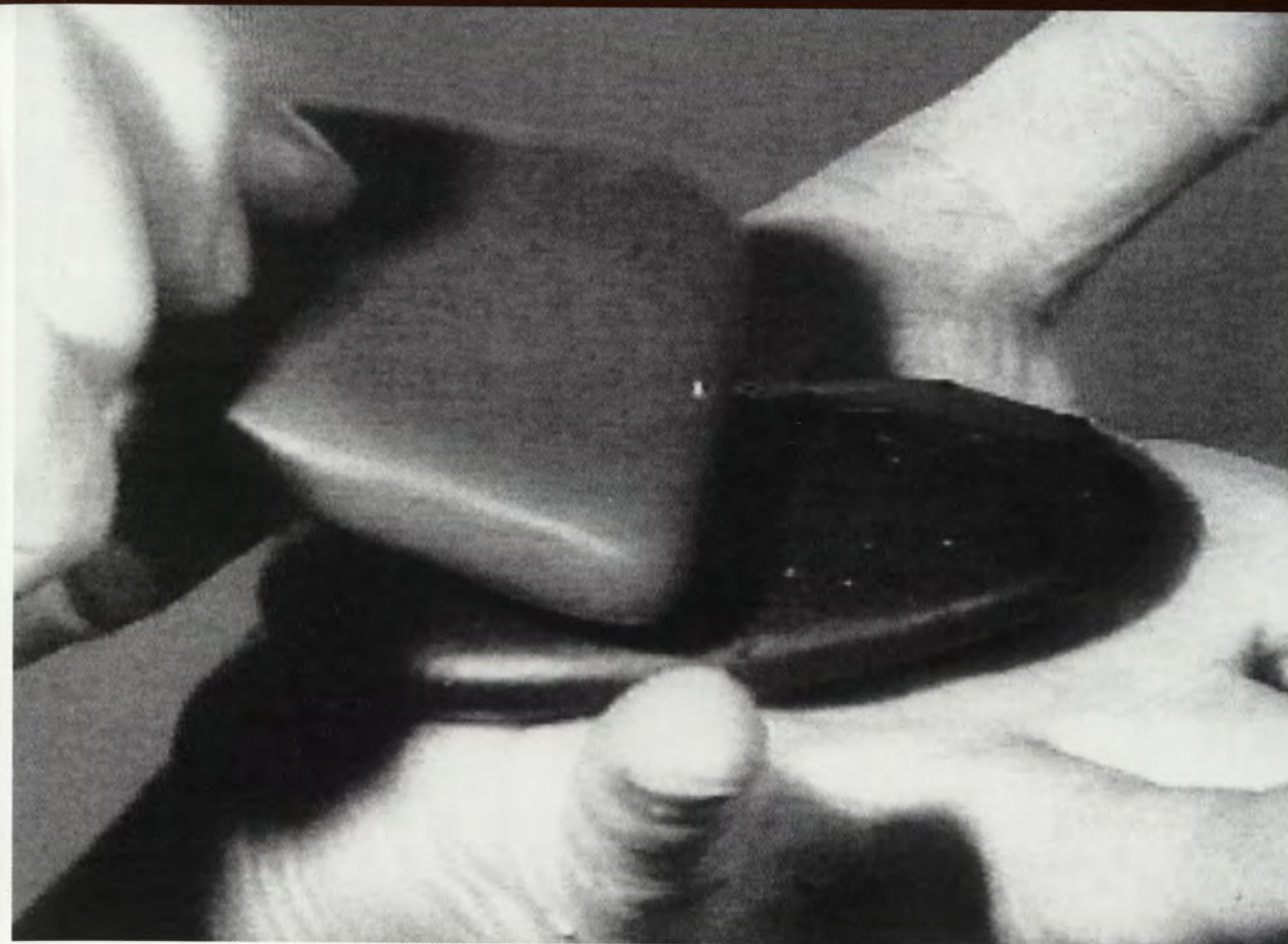


Over the last 20 years Philip Dadson has collected 'song-stones' and accompanying stories from river, beach, lake and cave locations around the world.

Sound-stories for RESONANCE 2

DOOR In Tokyo once, Kelko took me to a Western-style coffee bar below the level of the street, and when the door closed, a draught blew through a gap at the bottom of the door and a haunting chord of sound came through into the room. Later I dreamt of a large door that was slightly ajar and when the wind blew through it, a divinely haunting chord of sound came through into the room. And recently I was in the theatrette of the City Gallery, Wellington watching silent films but the films were not silent, they were accompanied by a continuing and divinely haunting chord of sound, which my ears gradually traced to the theatrette door. The door was a large one, slightly ajar, balanced by the pressure of a draught outside and the air-conditioning within, and as the wind blew through it, a haunting chord of sound came through into the room.

KAIKOURA About ten years ago I made a journey to the Opihi river valley in South Canterbury, to see Maori rock art at first hand... and on the way there and back, I was drawn like a magnet to the Kaikoura coast. On the return, the sea was running hard and the shingle sang as it surged up and down the beach. It reminded me of my childhood in Napier, where the sounds of sea on shingle were always within earshot. On a beach of the Kaikoura, within yards of each other, I found two song stones, one black and one white, and for years I tried to pair them together... but it never worked... Like opposites they repelled each other. The black stone, my favourite, I later found the mate to while travelling high in the mountains on the shore of a lake in Japan, Tazawako. These stones have voices of heat and ice, the first warbles of evolution.



CRYSTAL SETS AND RADIOS Like many boys of my generation, I made crystal sets. I grew up in the era of Radio, the days when families tuned in to listen to weekly episodes of the funnies, like the Goonshow. But I knew there must be more to Radio than this and so I constructed a crystal set, and discovered the private, secret world of headphones under the bedclothes late at night. The midnight hours of Randy Stone and the Night Beat! Later I developed a fascination for short-wave listening and spent bedtime hours till I fell asleep, dialling through the frequencies of an old valve radio, eavesdropping on the air waves of the world, in search of alien voices and foreign music. There was one station I always received loud and clear, the Voice of the Andes... and what could be more remote and rarified than the Andes Mountains... and the idea of these mountains having a voice caught my imagination. Later I realised that the Voice of the Andes was an American gospel station, and the idea to me as a boy of God transmitting from the Andes made Radio an awesome medium.



TE MATAKITE TE AOTEAROA I was working on a documentary film, Te Matakite, the Maori Land March, about a protest for the return of traditional lands to the Maori which involved a month long trek from Te Hapua in the Far North, down to Parliament in Wellington. Every night the group was invited onto a different marae with the full sequence of traditional protocol: the Karanga and welcome, speechmaking, songs, the hongī, feasting, and communal discussion and sleeping in the carved house of the ancestors, everyone on mattresses on the floor. I was awakened one morning, early, around 4.30 am, to the sound of an old man's voice in the darkness, reciting a karakia, a sacred Ringatu chant in Maori, accompanied by an orchestra of around one hundred people snoring. The old man's voice was a vocal solo over a dense tide of harmonic breathing,... as if ancestor spirits were communing on the breath of the living.

An Archeology of Stones

An Archeology of Stones focuses on the evocative and unique sound character of the song-stones as well as the mythologies surrounding them. Sounding of the stones is combined with a story specific to each pair, related in voices and languages that connect the stones to specific atmospheres, times and places, ..Maori, Japanese, Canadian/Irish, English and French.

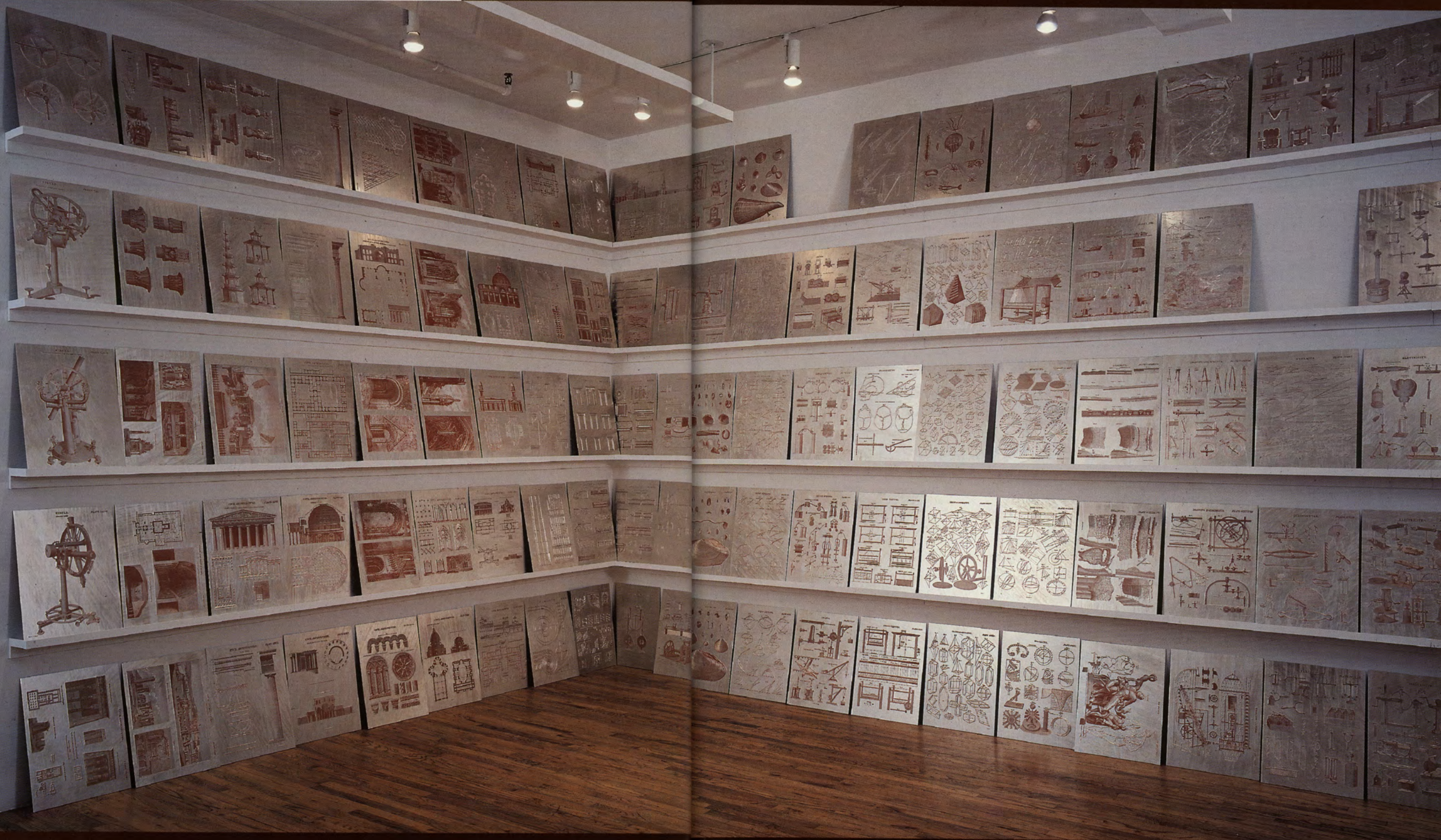
'U – HEI' In December '93 after Sound Culture in Tokyo, I visited old friends – Japanese sound artist Akio Suzuki and his wife Junko Wada – in Tango-cho, a coastal village far out on the west coast of Japan's main island.

Our mutual fondness for stones goes back a long way and had not diminished, so we trekked along a beach to where a river meets the sea.

I found a pair of song-stones there, one in the river – perfectly round – and the other, a flat stone, on the beach.

Later I discovered that the name of the river – where I found the round stone – is 'U' meaning COSMOS, and the name of the beach where I found it's pair is 'HEI' meaning FLAT. 'U HEI' flat cosmos, a kind of koan, maybe illuminated by the song of the stones.







We have come to look upon the art of Matt Mullican as an occasion for metaphysical musings and as a stage for a traveler's wanderings and drifts. It has always been difficult to view his complex hierarchy of emblematic signs and images without being reminded of man's transience and of our own culture's place in time. His work bears the mark of the bricoleur, of one who delights in compiling and classifying information, dividing and subdividing it into categories and denominations as though each element had a place within some vast pantheistic scheme.

It is a sensibility which flourished during the Enlightenment, when philosophers such as Bacon, Diderot, D'Alembert, designed compendiums that surveyed all knowledge, outlined all history. But unlike Diderot and his peers who celebrated the notion of knowledge based solely upon rationalist principles, Mullican constructs a universal language that seeks to mediate between the raw and often aggressive presence of the natural world and the unconscious mind. In this and other respects, Mullican's work recalls that of Max Ernst, and Joseph Cornell, who fashioned cryptic, evocative works from the fragments of daily life to create a historic present which sees through the cultural past.

Similar concerns are evident in Mullican's recent 'encyclopedia project', Untitled, 1991, in which he mines the illustrations contained in a sixteen-volume nineteenth century Scottish encyclopedia, for their metaphysical potential. Each of the 449 illustrations have been converted into raised magnesium plates from which oil-stick rubbings are made, with each rubbed impression displayed in taxonomic arrangement on the wall. Collectively, the feelings they evoke are reminiscent of the orderliness of a Victorian curio-cabinet or the museological devices of a natural historian... Like much of Mullican's work, it proceeds by a carefully modulated process of evocation and cancellation – a process that suggestively parallels the 'life-history' of objects, ideas, categories as well as the incessant and disquieting flux of thought itself. Like other forms of art, its function is not the restoration of context of origin but rather the creation of a new context, a context standing in a metaphorical, rather than a contiguous relation to the assumptions that are imbedded in man's discourse about the world and the nature of things. For modern minds there is something quixotic about Mullican's efforts to order and codify human knowledge. The very fragmentedness of the subjects and categories he presents – Anatomy, Botany, Civil Engineering, Heraldry etc. – take on a plaintive aura as each object, each image, evokes a sense of obsolescence, an echo of lost time. [...]

Everything in Mullican's world is hermetically related; built into it are all manner of hierarchical orders that signify the relationships between various levels of subjective experience, and how the mind constructs them into a cohesive whole. It is a concept explored in Untitled, 1990, a five-part lacquer on aluminium sculpture in which a repertoire of primary archetypes based upon the cube and the sphere, are color-coded and used in variation and repetition to reflect aspects of Mullican's personal cosmology. Each of the five objects and their bases has been assigned a function corresponding to the five divisions of the artist's universe in which red stands for the subjective, black for language, green for nature, yellow for 'the world framed' and blue for 'the world unframed.' For Mullican, color and form are not arbitrary personal choices, but are pre-arranged along precise coordinates. Self-contained and emblematic, these forms and the colors that flow into them, suggest the power of the mind to exert control over matter, and contain the first seeds of its ability to construct pattern and meaning out of chaos.

The essence of Mullican's art lies not so much in the novel materials and techniques he employs; rather, it lies in his unique ability to translate the particulars of public and private worlds into a metaphor for the doubting, endlessly searching world we inhabit.

Trevor Richardson, Matt Mullican: Recent Projects. Weatherspoon Art Gallery, University of North Carolina, Greensboro NC 1991-1992.



There were absolutely no relatives in Cranamockett willing to take in the cousins. At the end of three days, Grandfather rode the train back to Illinois, the cousins still in him, like peach stones.

And there they stayed, each in a different territory of Grandpa's sun- or moonlit attic keep.

Tom took residence in a remembrance of 1840 in Vienna with a crazed actress. William lived in Lake County with a flaxen-haired Swede of some indefinite years while John shuttled from fleshpot to fleshpot, 'Frisco, Berlin, Paris, appearing on occasion, as a wicked glitter in Grandpa's eyes. Philip, on the other hand, locked himself deep in a potato-bin cellar, where he read all the books Grandpa ever read. But on some nights Grandpa edges over under the covers towards Grandma.

"You!" she cries. "At your age! Git!" she screams.

And she beats and beats and beats him until, laughing in five voices, Grandpa gives up, falls back and pretends to sleep, alert with five kinds of alertness, for another try.

From Ray Bradbury, *West of October*. In *The Toynbee Convector* (Grafton Books) 1988.



Robert Leonard

They say everything is interconnected – it's never been so true. Everyone knows the world is getting smaller. Technology has been cutting it down to size for ages. The wheel and the road; writing and the printing press; photography and the wireless; the telegraph and the telephone; planes, trains and automobiles; movies and TV; wire pictures and syndicated news; satellites and the internet – these things take us to the world and bring the world to us.

Of course as the world gets smaller it also gets bigger. We have access to more, from more corners of our world. We have access to more than we can ever know. But that access is framed up by a logic, the logic of capital – this is the essence of what we call 'globalisation'. The world is becoming one big market place, a shopping mall, a place to hang out.

The cinema participates in the commodification of local colour, transporting us to far-off lands, real and imagined. It shrinks the world by opening our eyes. In her book *Window shopping*, Anne Friedberg traces the emergence of the cinema to big changes in the experience of space and time which informed modernity.¹ Her archaeology links the cinema with proto-cinematic 'screen' technologies of the nineteenth century, particularly the diorama and the panorama. These spectacular popular entertainments presented illusionistic views of far-off places and were offered as a substitute for travel. They were all-encompassing environments, worlds into which the viewer was absorbed. Celebrated both for their realism and their artifice, they were forerunners to today's virtual reality technologies. For Friedberg they epitomise the virtual gaze.

The nineteenth century also saw the rise of the Baudelairean flaneur, the leisured urban stroller – explorer of the spaces and textures of the city. The flaneur followed no set route or programme but constructed an experience through movement and chance encounters, experiencing the city as something rich and strange. While the panorama and diorama offered the viewer an apparent centrality, a mastery of space, the flaneur pursued a more fugitive experience. The flaneur embraced a new kind of subjectivity, which Friedberg calls the mobilised gaze. This gaze was exemplified in the development of arcades (window shopping) and tourism – commodity forms of flanerie.

Friedberg argues that these two gazes were the necessary precondition for the development of the cinema as the mobile virtual gaze. The cinema transports viewers to elsewhere and elsewhere; it provides a virtual gaze. Through camera movements and cutting, it also affords a mobile gaze. The cinema is a form of virtual tourism: a means for a viewer to travel through times and spaces, without moving.

While virtual tourism remains the implicit basis of cinema, American filmmaker Ron Fricke has been perfecting a new film genre which takes travel culture as its explicit subject.² His 1992 feature *'Baraka'* is virtual tourism on a global scale. Shot in 24 countries on six continents in 14 months, *'Baraka'* attempts to encompass the world in 96 minutes. While presenting itself as something new, this film recalls the cinema's prehistory in those spectacular entertainments that once domesticated distance and made the world seem smaller.

'Baraka' is an ancient Sufi term. It means a blessing, the breath or essence of life, that from which the evolutionary process unfolds. True, the filmmaker had

grand ambitions. 'Fricke embarked on a world-wide odyssey to capture the images that would tell the story of the earth's evolution, of man's diversity and interconnectedness, and his impact on the world he inhabits... 'Baraka' is a journey of rediscovery that plunges into nature, into history, into the human spirit and finally into the realm of the infinite,' explains the press release.

'Baraka' is a compendium, photo album, scrapbook. There are shots of sublime unpeopled landscapes, evoking perhaps the dawn of time. There are images of 'primitive' others being themselves.

There are scenes of rituals, particularly religious rituals. There are shots of people meditating, praying or working themselves into a frenzy: bouncing Maasai, whirling dervishes, Muslims milling at Mecca. There's religious architecture, presented on a grand scale. We see squalor and sweatshops in developing countries and alienation in the modernised west. There's Saint Peter's, a landfill in Calcutta, Butoh dancers, an eclipse, slum housing, Utah's Mesa Arch, burning oil wells in Kuwait, mountain tops, shrines, capsule hotels, Zen pebble gardens, prostitutes and Varanasi funeral pyres. 'Baraka' is a collage of the sacred and the profane, culture and nature, epiphany and squalor – with nothing in between – all set to music, 'world music.' 'Baraka' is a trip – it's National Geographic on acid.

'Baraka' is compellingly crafted with high production values and spectacular cinematography. Shot in 70mm, the images are grand, rich, grainless. The film features long takes with slow, simple camera movements: mostly pans and tracking shots. There's extensive use of accelerated and slow motion. It's technically innovative: Fricke's specially designed rigs allow time-lapse photography

to be combined with camera movement. The eye isn't directed by fast cutting. It can relax and take time to roam around the scene, as it might roam across a still photograph, or reality itself.³ 'Baraka' often seems like a sequence of dioramas.

'Baraka' is promoted as 'a world beyond words.' While it appears documentary, 'Baraka' is not really interested in explaining things. It provides no voice-over, no intertitles, no dialogue, no contextualisation. It never tells us where we are. It neglects what is known about its subjects, preferring to offer them as mysterious yet self-evident. A shot of a young androgynous Kayapo Indian staring, inquisitive but silent, from a leafy retreat restages, for us, the thrill of the unnamed – the ecstasy of first contact.⁴ 'Baraka' offers all its scenes as moments of discovery.

Baraka's ambition is seamlessness. It would put us in a meditative relation to the world, offering a virtual sacred, a generalised sense of metaphysical awe not linked to any particular religious or philosophical value system.⁵ While providing a global grand tour, it breaks from the fragmented experience of the flaneur to promote a holistic reading of what it shows. It presents its odd scenes in a way that argues their interconnection, downplays their diversity. It is structured as a loose, cyclic narrative, beginning and ending with awesome scenes of nature. On the way the film reiterates and privileges the eternal, the repetitive, things that haven't changed and won't: the sun and moon as primal forces, rocks, big landscapes, life and death, ancient religious rituals. Everything included participates in a sense of profoundness or epic tragedy. All else has been excluded.

Fricke cuts between different locations, different cultures, within a sequence as if they were part of the same action. His 'family of man' approach

cross-references subjects, at the expense of their distinguishing features. Sometimes the cutting is plain bizarre. From men shovelling stuff into some furnace, their faces seared by the fire, we cut to the cold ovens of Auschwitz. While the sequencing of shots is important, the overriding logic of the film is accumulative. It follows rhyme more than reason. The viewer is prompted to make analogies between shots right across the body of the film, through links of subject matter and treatment. The images demand to be read through one another, as echoes or commentaries – Japanese snow monkeys bathing in hot pools are recalled by yakuza in a bath house. The film is like a crystal. Its images are offered as different facets of the same thing.

'Baraka' has been celebrated. The reviews gush with enthusiasm over its humanity, its beauty, its sensitivity. Its feel-good save-the-planet politics are politically correct – in one way. But 'Baraka' has also been criticised, for the insidious way it aestheticises and administers the excess of the world. It is true, 'Baraka' is cliché-ridden and naive. It is incurably romantic, nostalgic for a return to the innocence of primitive origins.⁶ It traffics in the exotic. It idealises but silences its predominantly third world subjects. It spectacularises and aestheticises the planet's problems, making them seem inevitable and eternal and profound – less problem than poetry.

'Baraka' demonises the capitalist west, of which it is a product. Fricke scores points against modern life. Shots of squalid high-rise tenements are followed by shots of a high-rise cemetery. (The city is death.) Fluffy chicks on a conveyor belt to the battery are juxtaposed with time-lapse sequences of westerners moving through revolving doors, turnstiles and stairwells. (Our lot may be

the same!) Fast motion regularly characterises westerners as people in a hurry going nowhere. Trickle of yellow cabs in New York recall lines of insects fleeing threatened forests.

While films like Dziga Vertov's 'Man with a movie camera' (1929) have offered modernity as a joy to behold, something racy, ecstatic, almost spiritual, 'Baraka' insists it is dehumanising, alienating, murderous. Fricke could have easily presented the production line – its organisation, processes and rituals – as analogous to the religious rituals he clearly prefers, even to the technology of camera/projector, with its processing of frames, its gates and sequences, its industry of production and distribution. It is most significant that he didn't. Baraka never shows advanced technology working as a means to spiritual fulfilment, even though that's what it is trying to be. For Fricke the motion-controlled camera is a magic carpet which might reimburse this world with wonder, with awe.

Donna Haraway coined the term 'god trick' to describe the way that new optical technologies offer the appearance of infinite vision – the omniscient eye of god. Her examples include cameras, "cameras for every purpose from filming the mucous membrane lining the gut cavity of a marine worm living in the vent gases on a fault between continental plates to mapping a planetary hemisphere elsewhere in the solar system".⁷ Clearly Baraka is anxious to work such magic. Its cinematography does not attempt to replicate a human point of view so much as offer a disembodied kino-eye perspective. The simple, effortless camera movements and the use of accelerated and decelerated motion suggest not a human p.o.v., a human body's experience of time and space. Rather Baraka's detemporalised and disembodied gaze suggests the

omniscient eye of god or, another old trope, the p.o.v. of some spirit compelled to wander the earth – the spirit which must bear witness but cannot intervene. "The western eye has fundamentally been a wandering eye, a travelling lens", writes Haraway.⁸

While 'Baraka' lingers on pre-modern god tricks, old technologies for evoking the infinite – the whirling, the bowing, the candles; the devotional architecture; the litanies, mantras, chants and hymns evoked in the soundtrack – it exploits the cinematic apparatus as a parallel god trick. It constructs a cinematic trance, whirl, prayer: a technologically assisted utopia. The film summons up the infinite routinely – there is a machine in the ghost. Haraway is critical of god tricks. She is anxious to debunk claims to omniscience, the sense of a gaze being total, located nowhere but always already everywhere. She points out that the gaze is always embodied, is always some-body's gaze. Certainly Baraka's all-knowing kino-eye denies its politics, denies its situation within an economy, industrial relations of production and consumption. It colonises in the name of 'affinity' – in the name of the spiritual.

Technological advance is often promoted as part of Progress: rationality superseding mythology and superstition. But technological advance could be understood in another way, as fashioning instruments to empower and amplify myth-making, allowing us to dream on an ever greater scale. While apparently critical of technological modernity, 'Baraka' typifies a new-age utopianism that would happily harness high technology as a stairway to heaven. In this 'Baraka' perhaps has less in common with other feature films than with music clips. ('Baraka' could be considered one very long music clip.⁹) These days music clips provide a key arena for technically-

assisted dreaming. Unencumbered by the constraints of story-telling, clip-makers regularly exploit magic of special effects to transport us beyond the daily grind.

The recent clip for Janet Jackson's song 'Runaway' could almost be a parody of 'Baraka'. On a lazy, sunny day Jackson hops, skips and jumps out of her New York apartment window. There's a cut and now she's walking down the phone lines. And then we're off through a variety of locations: Great Wall of China, Easter Island, glorious waterfalls, Eiffel Tower, the Leaning Tower, the Sphinx. It's a tour of postcards. Once again continuity editing collapses massive distances.

'Runaway' is childish, naive, joyous. Jackson does risky things without danger. She runs up the Sydney Opera House, trots across the arms of the big Jesus in Rio. She perches on top of a smoking chimney, dives off skyscrapers, waterfalls, flying aeroplanes. Camera trickery and slow motion make her weightless. This is a daydream in which the body is freed of its normal limitations. Jackson's lyrics and looks entreat the male viewer to come along for the ride. "Had so much fun around the world it's true... the one thing missing was you."

The clip is sexy. In the wing-walking scenes, in her ethnic fancy dress and accompanied by splendid girlfriends, Jackson becomes the ultimate Singapore girl: a great way to fly. The clip advertises and eroticises travel while pointedly concealing the risks and costs. 'Runaway' – the movie – is a seductive siren's song. Kids don't try this at home! It speaks of a desire which is at the heart of Baraka.¹⁰

'Runaway' promotes itself as a patent fake – all special effects. The classic backgrounds have been dialled in and we know it. It was all mocked up in the studio using chroma-key and cutting, smoke and mirrors.

Compare 'Baraka' in which there are no 'artificially generated' images. "Look, this is real", it says. While 'Baraka' makes us forget we are sitting in a cinema, 'Runaway' parades its mechanics. Watching Jackson caught within her virtual reality is like watching ourselves in a cinema absorbed into 'Baraka'. Now we are onlookers, bracketed out of the technologically assisted joy ride, jealous perhaps that she "has the technology".

'Baraka' epitomises much of the current moment. High technology provokes a desire to return to something simpler, to 'primitive origins'. It also enables that desire. 'Baraka' is like the holodeck in the new Star Trek, where virtual reality technology exists so Star Fleet personnel can escape the confines of their merely physical environment and enter a fantasy world. On the holodeck they experience nature, play games, visit other places and moments, meet odd people, sail tall ships and ride horses. It's the ultimate theme park. As we reach the close of the 20th century, technology has not freed us from the need to dream, the desire to run away. Rather it helps us incorporate escape-experiences into a lifestyle we can't and don't really want to escape from. But that's nothing new. 'Baraka' proves that the panorama is still with us, while it anticipates the holodecks of the future.

Last night I watched 'Baraka' one more time, this time with a friend, for a second opinion. I asked, "if you won Lotto, where would you go". "Take me to Baraka", she said.

Jan Dibbets
50

Ger van Elk
52

Suchan Kinoshita
54

Colin McCahon
58

Nam June Paik
72

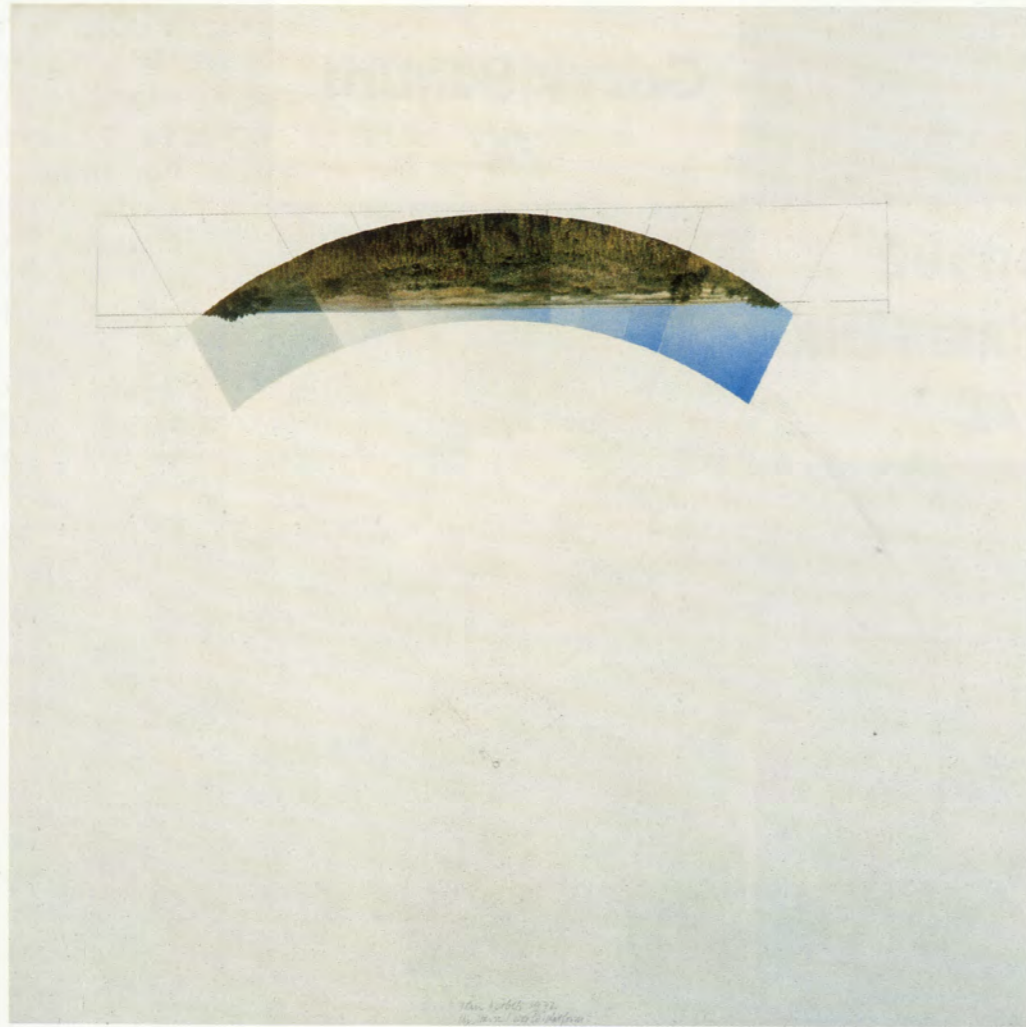
Gerry Schum
74

Jeffrey Shaw
76

Gary Simmons
78

Robert Smithson
80

Bill Viola
82

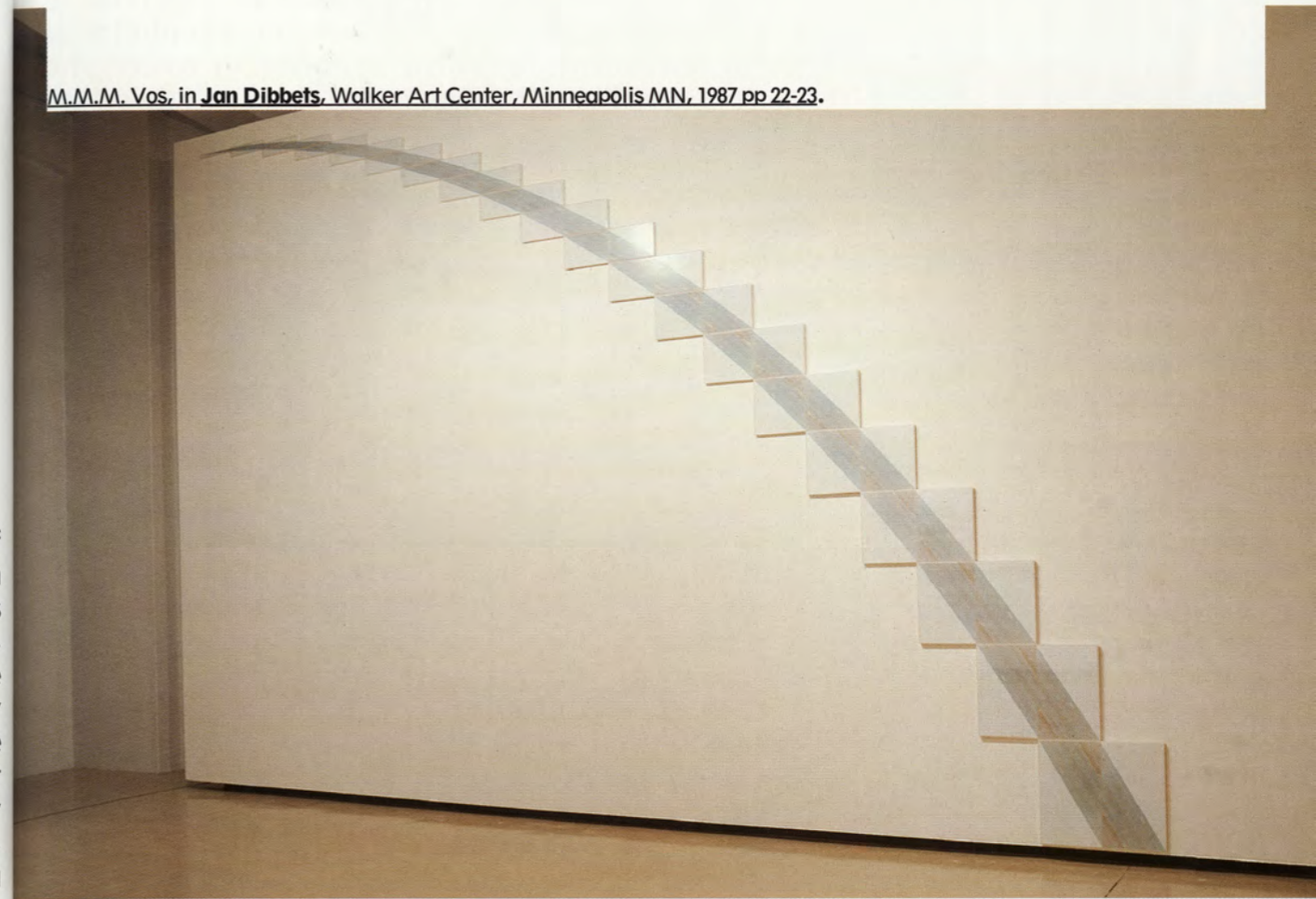


Sequential photography and movement, camera position and ambiguity of space come together in a group of works on the theme of the Dutch horizon. In the Panoramas and Dutch Mountains, Universes and Comets, Dibbets makes the camera swing round on its own axis (sometimes obliquely to the earth, sometimes perpendicularly) with photographs being taken at intervals of the same number of degrees. The structure of the works that originate in this way lies not only in the structure of a sequence, but equally in the behavior of the horizon in the viewfinder. Dibbets's choice of motif for these works is – apart from a subjective affinity for the vastness of the Dutch landscape – easily explained when we realize that sea, air and lowland have a natural tendency, due to the small number of points of reference, to appear in the image in a

decidedly frontal manner. Seen through the viewfinder, sea, air and land appear delimited as more or less abstract two-dimensional forms, however without the infinite space of the landscape being lost. Thus Dibbets is able to make the horizon function as a formal and at the same time poetic element in the structure of his work. He does not feel restricted by the position of the horizon, for the camera, after all, has no preferences. In reality we always see the horizon as horizontal, whichever way we turn and twist our heads. But the camera is unaffected by this constancy of perception. It has its own frame of reference – the viewfinder – which our eye obeys, and within which the horizon does not have a fixed position or direction. The viewfinder detaches the horizon from the earth, thereby allowing Dibbets to make this eminently Dutch motif move in an imaginary, or rather dreamed, space.

One of the last works from this period, 'Comet' sea 3°-60° (1973) seems to provide a provisional summing up of Dibbets's ideas on photography, nature and abstraction; the conflict between visual and conceptual aspects has here been brought to a beautiful solution.

M.M.M. Vos, in Jan Dibbets, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis MN, 1987 pp 22-23.



Ger van Elk's artistic evolution is one from concept to expression. His early work comprised photographic or film registrations of a given action. The expression was that of the model, not the artist. (That in Van Elk's case the artist is usually the same as the model says something about the complexity of his work.) Then the photographs were retouched, and it didn't take long before they were painted, Van Elk demonstrating a clear preference for the expressionistic touch. His painting over of his photographs was 'painterly' (always said between quotation marks, always ironic), was 'abstract', was indicative of 'modern art'. In his later work, expression took over from concept: his 'commentary' and 'references' change into 'progressions' and 'replacements'. The clearest indication of these developments can be traced in the On the Nature of Genre series, in which Van Elk repeatedly investigates and interprets the conventions of a certain genre. The strategy he selects circumvents the obvious problem: How can you still execute a portrait, landscape or still life at the end of the twentieth century? The terrain inhabited by the academy is both approached and incorporated. In four paintings of the Kinselmeer (a subject in the 'landscape' genre which he had already worked with in 1986-1987), he tries to capture four moods, analogous to the four seasons. [...] Given the simplicity of the representation, most of the attention falls on the manner in which the images have taken their form, in other words, the touch and the surface of the



paint. This is his snake in the grass: because the painting is more or less copied – parodied – the image threatens to make a 'kitschy' impression. Van Elk staves off that misfortune by once again photographing the painting (on the photograph), life size, in Cibachrome, and mounting the result so that it revolves around the horizon line. The 'artistic' paint surface is altered into an image of a paint surface: what was thick and rough becomes as smooth and shiny as plastic.

Ron Kaal, Ger van Elk, Tableau, 18(1996)6 pp 57-60.

De Waver bij Ouderkerk is a trompe-l'œil and is subtitled A Rolling Pastel Sculpture. Here again there are optical and subject layers that are not only carefully attuned to each other but, in an aesthetic sense, also lead to a beautiful piece. A kind of treasure map is theatrically rolled up on a dark canvas. Nostalgia for the dream of yore? The roll of paper contains a watercolour of the Waver, a tiny Dutch river. The roll suggests the current of the water, which linguistically returns in the term water colour. The velvet material and the watercolour give the whole still-life something artificial and artistic. The water colour is painted in the awkward style of lesson One at the Famous Artists School.

Paul Donker Duyvis, Ger van Elk: De la nature des genres. Centre National d'Art Contemporain de Grenoble, 1988.

Passant *

Once I went to a small theatre-café in Cologne. It was around noon. There were no customers except me. All tables were covered with heavy carpets and a stifling smell was in the air.

Suddenly a little boy of about five burst into the café. He jumped on to one of the tables holding a kind of weapon in his hands aiming but at no specific target hissing fiercely:

'...passssssiiiiiiiert!!.....passssssiiiiiiiert!!.....' **

* Passant [pa'sant], passer-by, through-traveller.

** passiert [pa'si:rt], happened, came to pass, took place.





The Death of God is McCahon's great subject. As for some of the American abstract expressionists it precipitated a crisis in art practice that could be identified with abstraction and with the problem of painting in a culture which was then without a support structure for art or an art tradition of its own. New Zealand was still cultural colony of Britain, but World War II had had the effect of changing the relation for a generation of artists and writers. 'Is this the Promised Land?' is a question McCahon put to his country as early as 1948, and one he never left off asking, even if by the late 1960s the terms had come to be paired with those of Maori belief. McCahon was always drawn to the hard aesthetic and cultural questions, probably because he always saw them as, at base metaphysical issues.

"Mondrian", he wrote, "came up in this century as a great barrier – the painting to end all painting. As a painter, how do you get around either a Michelangelo or a Mondrian? It seems that the only way is not more 'masking-tape' but more involvement in the human situation." One of the most impressive of a series of luminous and stark abstractions from 1961 is clearly inscribed: Here I give thanks to Mondrian. The last work he chose to conclude his 1972 retrospective was a watercolour and gouache entitled Mondrian's chrysanthemum of 1908, on which he commented: "This is perhaps a chrysanthemum, perhaps a sunset: quite possibly a bomb dropped on Muriwai – all these things can be beautiful, some most deadly." In retrospect it would seem that McCahon 'got around', Mondrian and abstraction, side-stepped it so to speak, by the use of language in his paintings.

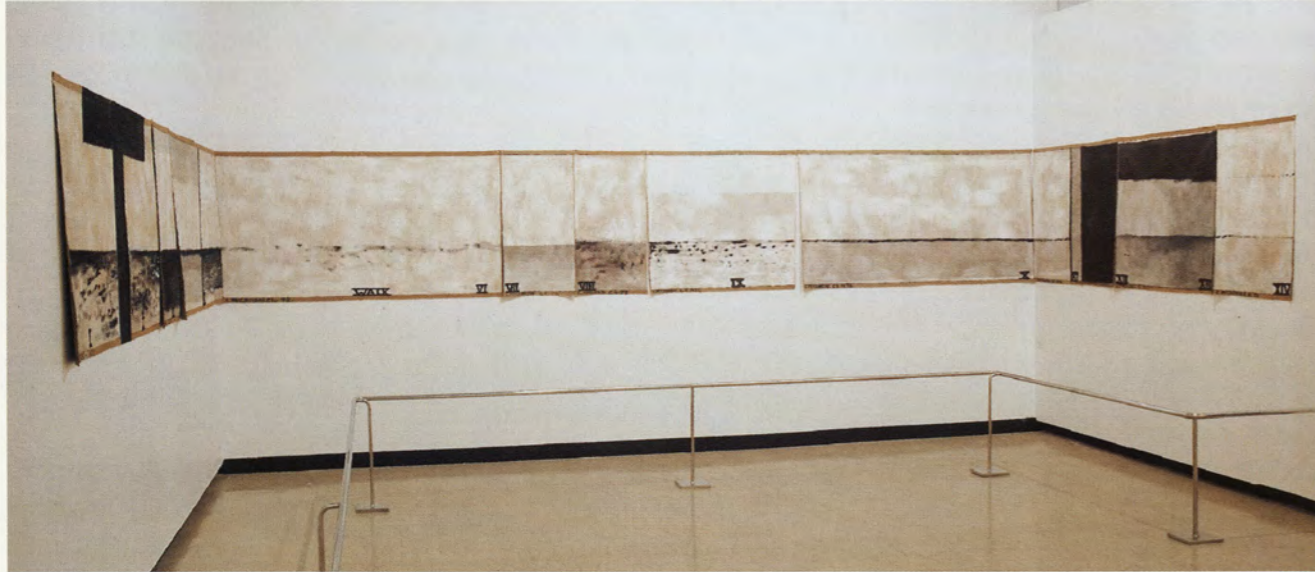
McCahon was present at Allan Kaprow's installation of his first 'environment' at the Hansa Gallery in New York in May of 1958. Before he made this first, and only trip to the United States, McCahon had produced a number of all-word paintings, like Let Us Possess One World, 1955, which was based on John Donne's love poem, The Good-Morrow, with its remarkable cartographic imagery ('Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,/Let Maps to others, worlds on worlds have showne,/Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.') but it was only following his return that he began to make text paintings which were also 'pictures for people to walk past.' The authority of McCahon's mature work comes in part from his re-interpretation of the big American canvas as panoramic, narrative-based text.

And he quite probably read the essay in Art News entitled 'The Legacy of Jackson Pollock' in which Kaprow argued that the environment, and the 'happening' were the answer to the challenge that Pollock's abstractions had left to his successors. Given that McCahon first encountered Pollock's large scale canvases and Kaprow's response at the same time, it is perhaps not surprising that his take on the mural-size American canvas was environmental and that the painting you could walk past, and read as you went, became the natural material support for his written canvases. The 16-panel transcription of the John Caselberg poem The Wake completed shortly after his return from the

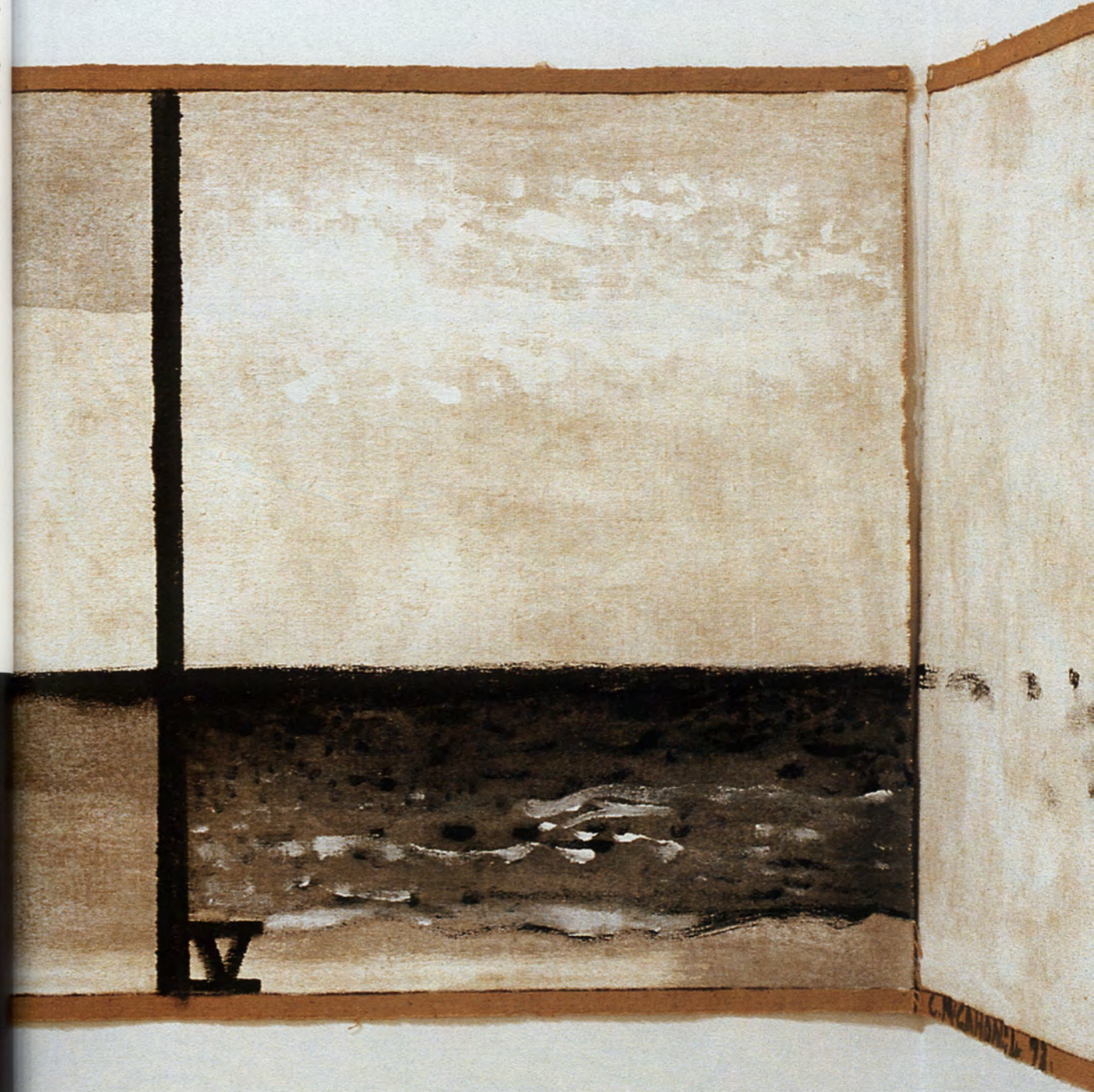


United States was but the first of numerous multi-panel environmentally-oriented works or series that he produced throughout his subsequent career. These include the Northland Panels, 1958, The Second Gate Series, 1961, Landscape Theme and Variations, Series A and B, 1963, Numerals, 1965, the Victory over Death installation, 1970, Walk 1973, and The Flight from Egypt, 1980. Often painted with specific gallery spaces in mind, mostly these works are text paintings with vestigial landscape elements.

Wystan Curnow



Walk, 1973. Like The Song of the Shining Cuckoo this painting is an elegy for McCahon's friend, the poet James K. Baxter. It depicts a variety of tides, weather and light, relating to the walk the artist regularly took along Muriwai beach. In 1968 McCahon had established a studio at Muriwai. Facing the Tasman Sea, this long austere beautiful piece of coast figures in many of McCahon's canvases of the following decade.



Father, glorify your name.
a voice sounded from heaven.
I HAVE GLORIFIED IT AND I WILL GLORIFY IT AGAIN.

Now my soul is in turmoil and what have I to say?
 Father, save me from this hour.

No, it was for this that I came to this hour.

The light is among you still, but not for long. Go on your way while you have the light, so that darkness may not overtake you. He who journeys in the dark does not know where he is going.

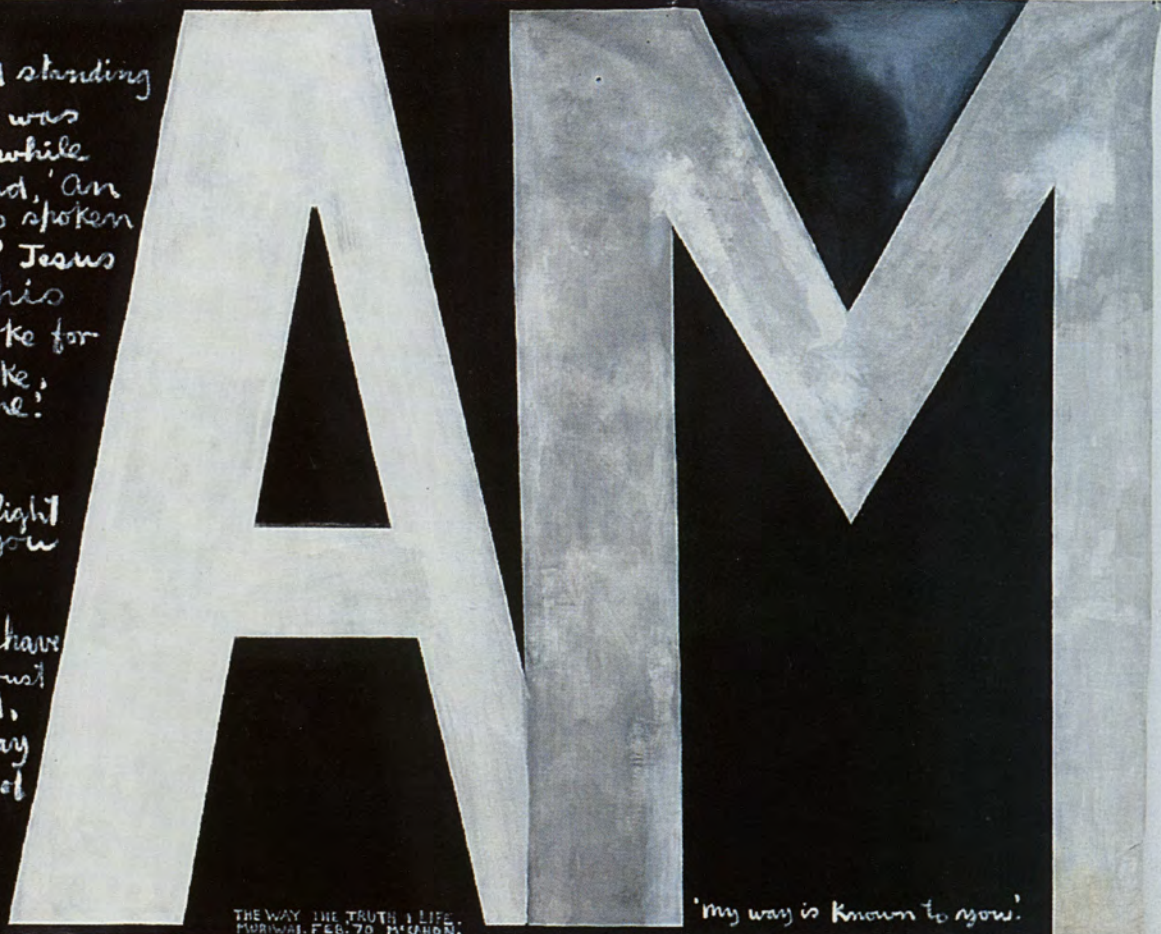
VICTORY OVER DEATH 2.

The crowd standing by said it was thunder, while others said, 'An angel has spoken to him.' Jesus replied, 'This voice spoke for your sake, not mine.'

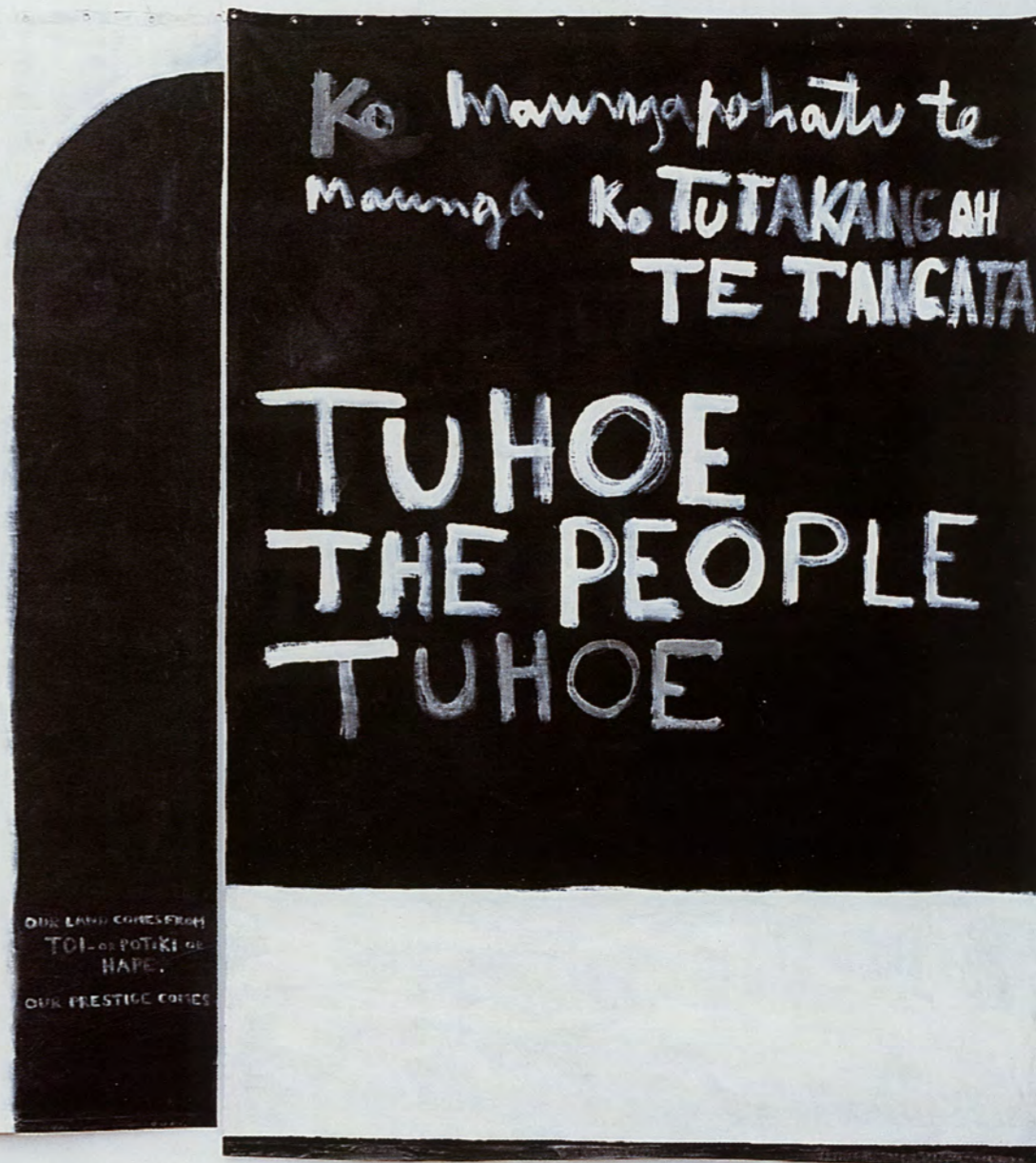
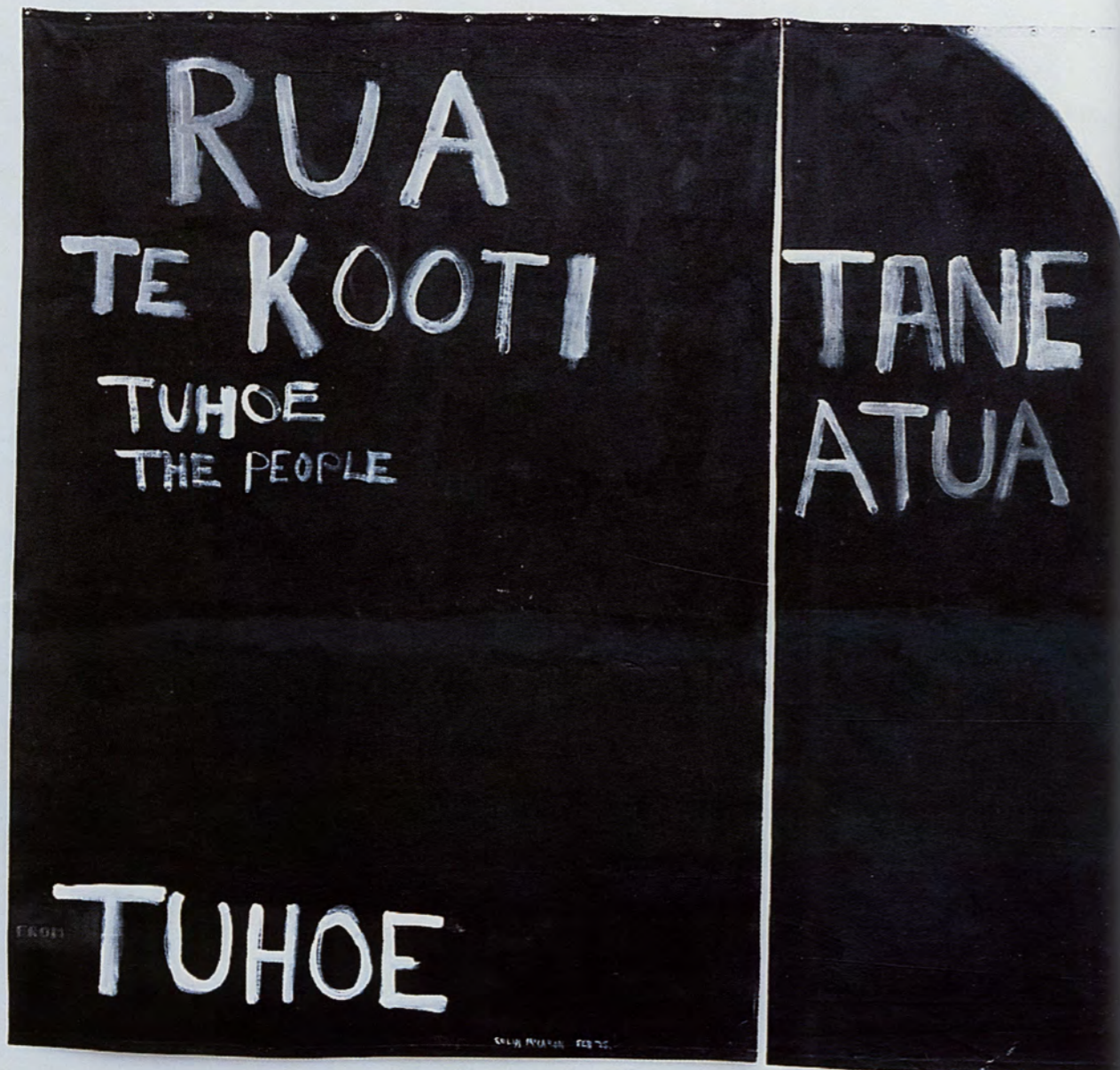
the light is among you

While you have the light, trust to the light, that you may become men of light.

my way is known to you.



THE WAY THE TRUTH & LIFE
 MURIWAI FEB. 70 McCAHON



Landscape Theme and Variations (Series B), 1969. "These two series (A and B) were painted to fill the Ikon Gallery, Symonds Street, Auckland, to make a true New Zealand environment. They were painted to be hung about eight inches from floor level, and also with raw painting. No mounts, no frames, a bit curly at the edges, but with more than the usual New Zealand landscape meaning. You can't see them now in their intended setting. I hope you can understand what I was trying to do at the time – like spitting on the clay to open the blind man's eyes". McCahon in Colin McCahon/ A Survey, 1972, Auckland City Art Gallery

The Days and Nights in the Wilderness..., 1971. Writing of a related set of drawings, entitled Necessary Protection, McCahon said: "They have to do with the days and nights in the wilderness and our constant need for help and protection. The symbols are very simple. The I of the sky, falling light and enlightened land, is also ONE. The T of the sky and light falling into a dark landscape is also the T of the Tau or Old Testament or Egyptian cross." In this painting it is the T symbol that predominates, Through the Wall of Death, it is the I. This semiotic complex of language and landscape is a paradigmatic feature of McCahon's work.

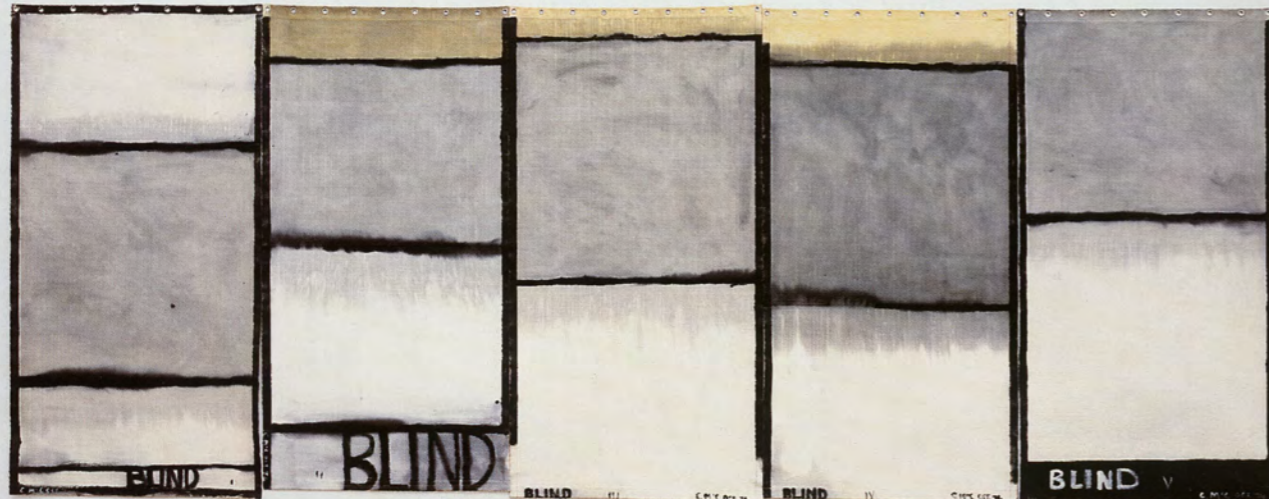
The Urewera Triptych, 1975. McCahon was commissioned to produce a mural for the Visitor Centre of the Urewera National Park. This was a preparatory work, but one which McCahon confessed to preferring to the mural itself. The Ureweras are steeped in Maori history and culture, and in this work McCahon isolates for homage the Maori prophets, and leaders, Te Kooti and Rua Kenna, whose resistance to European racism and appropriation, ranging from guerrilla warfare to the inventive hybridizing of Maori and European cultural and political forms, has been significant for those New Zealanders seeking a more truly bi-cultural society.



The Song of the Shining Cuckoo (Te Tangi o te Pīpiwhararua), 1974. McCahon wrote the following translation in his workbook:

Te Tangi o te
Pīpiwhararua
Tuia Tui
Tahia Tahia
Kotahi Te Manu I Tau
Ki Te Tahuna
Tau Mai
Tau Mai
Tau Mai

The Song of (Grief of)
The Shining Cuckoo
Glow Glow & tell us
Te Tui: pierce us and
Join us together
Bird: alight on
the beach
alight, my friend
alight, my friend
alight and rest



Blind, 1974. This work is a companion piece to The Song of the Shining Cuckoo. It was painted from the same roll of canvas, a kind that sold for making blinds from. Originally exhibited as a unit, it was broken up for sale; this is the first occasion since then that its five parts have been reunited.



Nam June Paik's video sculpture includes works which incorporate broadcast images and the actual television set; there are also pieces which, while employing all possibilities of the technology of video imagery, are distinct from broadcast television. This distinction and the permutations Paik creates are integral to our definition of video sculpture. His video sculpture is emblematic of his entire creative output and central to our understanding of his contribution to contemporary art. Basic to this work are the strategies and forms which he carries into his other creative endeavors in performance, musical composition, videotape, and sculpture. Because of the interrelationship between Paik's work in various media there is no linear, diachronic progression from one set of works to another. Rather, within each period of Paik's career there is a cross-fertilization between media: a feature of a particular work will have begun earlier in another art form and will continue through various modifications into other pieces or subsequent reworkings of that project.

Four major video sculptures, Fish Flies on Sky, 1975, Video Fish, 1975, TV Bed, 1972, and TV Garden, 1974-78, are large-scale multi-monitor works where the monitors form a shape or are placed in a context that has specific connotations, thus disposing the viewer to receive and interpret the works in specific ways. TV Garden places television sets on their backs, inside an enclosure also occupied by plants so arranged that we look down from a raised platform into the garden of green plants, while the television screens look up at us with their colored images like brightly colored flowers. Here the television sets function as organic forms, while the videotapes synthesize diverse images and the way they are customarily perceived.

The Land Art artists are looking for expressive possibilities which go far beyond the traditional limits of painting. It is no longer the painted view of a landscape but the landscape itself, i.e. the landscape marked by the artist himself, that becomes the art object. [...]

We live at a time in which the world, i.e. our environment, can be experienced from new dimensions. Satellites enable us to observe the earth from an extraterrestrial viewpoint directly or indirectly via a photographic reproduction. A highway seen from a height of 3000 metres loses its purely functional character, it becomes a human intervention in the landscape. It is now time that we realize that every grave that is dug, every road that is constructed, every field that is converted into a building-site, represents a formal change in our environment, whose implications transcend by far their purely practical, functional meaning.

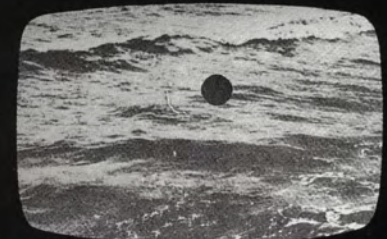
[...]

FERNSEHGALERIE BERLIN GERRY SCHUM

LAND ART



LONG Walking A Straight 10 Mile Line - Dartmoor England



FLANAGEN A Hole In The Sea - Scheveningen Holland



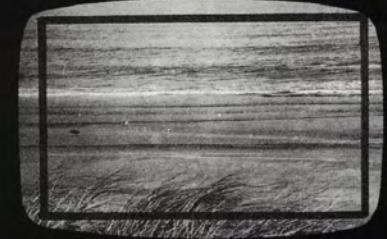
OPPENHEIM Timelrack - Fort Kent Zeitgrenze USA-Canada



SMITHSON Fossil Quarry Mirror - Cayuga Lake N. Y. USA



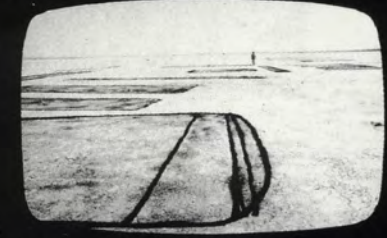
BOEZEM Sand Fountain - Camargue Frankreich



DIBBETS 12 Hours Tide Object - Dutch Coast Holland



DE MARIA Two Lines Three Circles - Mojave Desert USA



HEIZER Coyote - Coyote Dry Lake California USA

SENDUNG 15. APRIL 22.40 Uhr I. PROGRAMM

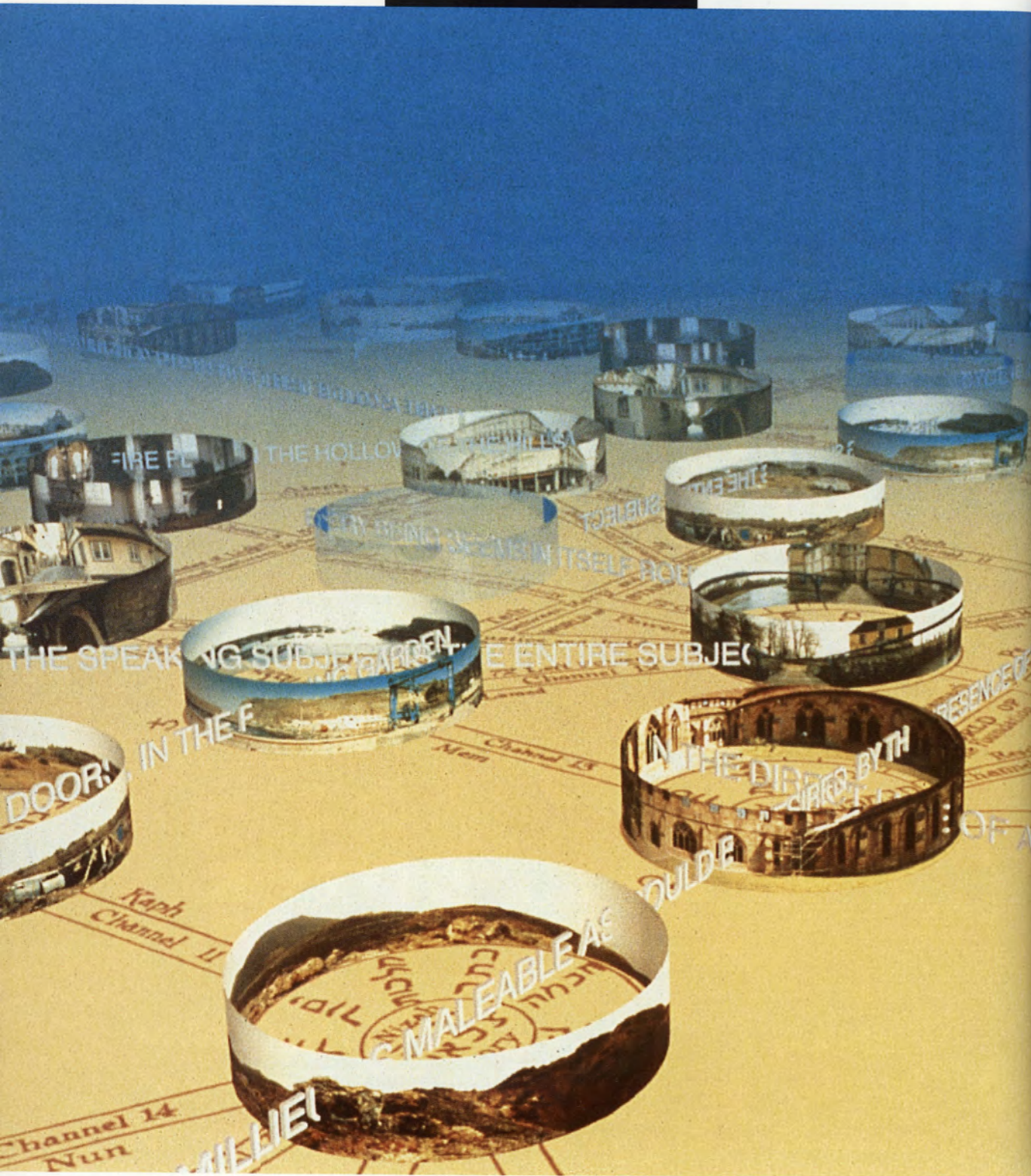
Eine Auftragsproduktion des SENDERS FREIES BERLIN - Prod. filmkunstfilm gerry schum

Katalog zur Fernsehausstellung LAND ART DM 7,80

Fernsehgalerie Gerry Schum 5657 Haan / Düsseldorf Bruchermühle 02129 4737

In the following television-exhibition we first see the opening – by Jean Leering – in a studio of the SFB in Berlin. Then the exhibition film, which was shot in various places in Europe and America, is to be seen. All the objects that are shown were conceived and realized by the artists especially for publication via television.

Gerry Schum's introduction to the television-exhibition Land Art, which was part of the actual broadcast, 15.4.1969.



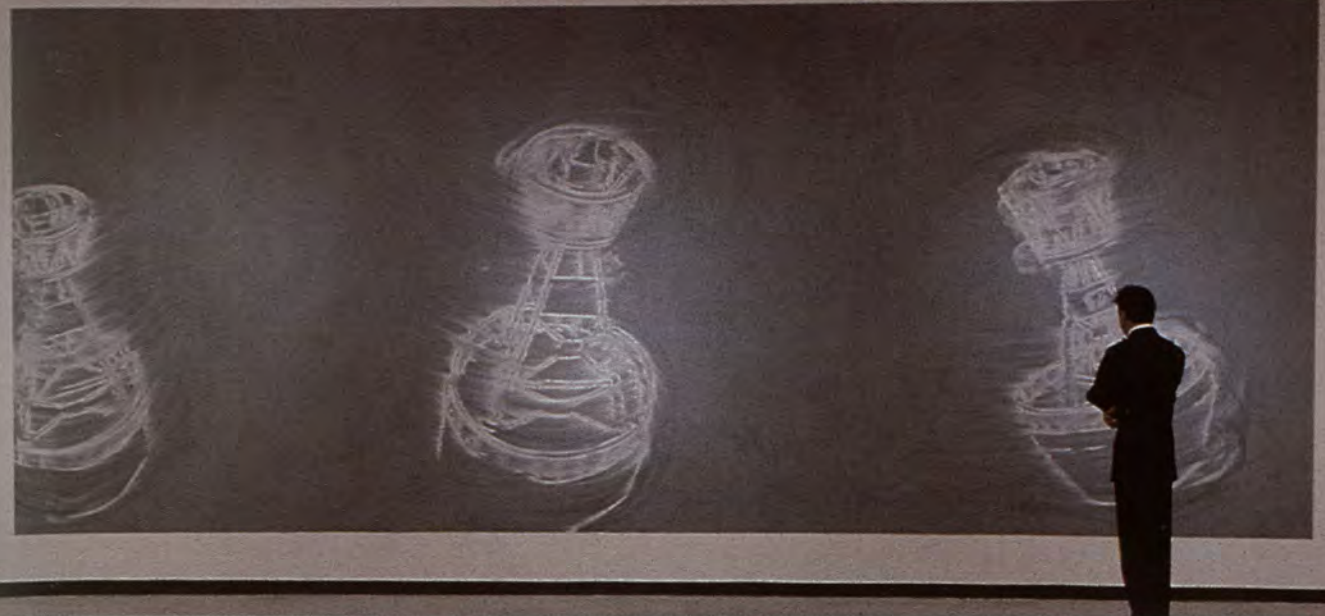
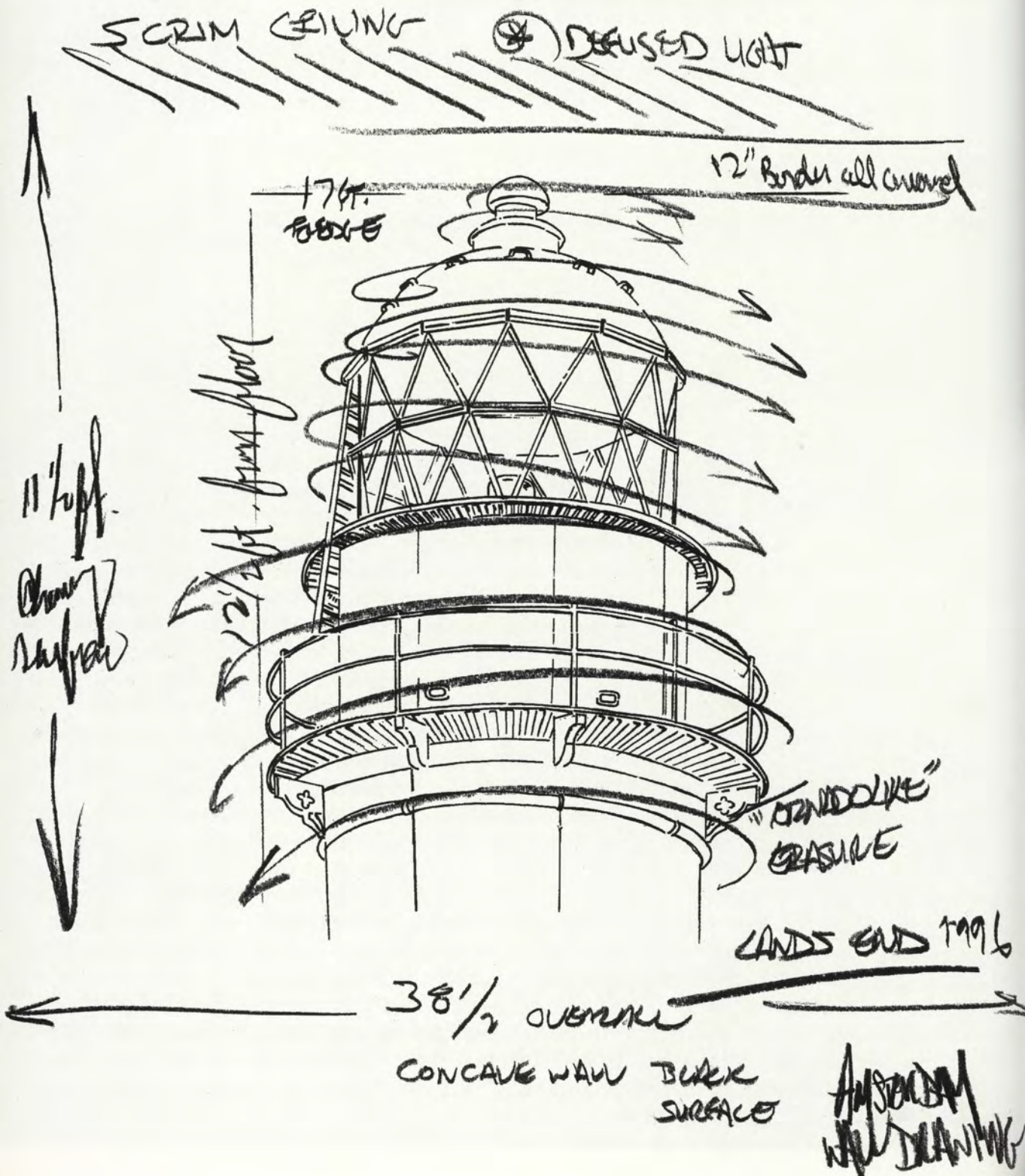
This work extends the tradition of panorama painting, photography and cinematography in the vector of simulation and virtual reality. A rotating platform with three video projectors allows the viewer to interactively rotate his window of view around a circular projection screen and so explore a virtual three-dimensional world constituted by an emblematic constellation of panoramic photographic landscapes.

The installation has a large circular white projection screen in the center of which is a round motorised platform, a computer and three video projectors which project onto a 120 degree portion of the screen. Also on the platform is a video camera which constitutes the interactive user interface that allows the viewer to control his motion through the virtual scene, as well as the rotation of the platform and of the projected image around the circular screen.

The projected scenery is constituted by eleven cylinders which are photographs of landscapes made with a special panoramic camera in various locations- Australia, Japan, La Palma, Bali, France, Germany, etc. Each of these virtual panoramic cylinders is the same size as the projection screen, so from their centers the viewer can reconstitute the immersive totality of the original 360 degree camera views. The ground on which these panoramas are positioned is marked by a diagram of the Sephirothic Tree of the Later Qabbalists. The placement of each panorama connects the visual identity of its scenery with the signification of its location. The viewfinder on the interface camera shows an aerial view of this diagram centered on the viewer's actual position in the landscape.

A microphone on top of the interface camera picks up any sound that the viewer makes and this controls the release of travelling three-dimensional texts within the projected scene. Quoted from various sources, these texts offer a discourse around issues of place and language. Whilst the letters originate in the center of the screen, their physical arrangement in the virtual space is dynamically determined by the viewer's movements. After some minutes they become more and more transparent until they disappear, comprising a tracery of something said that temporarily marks each viewer's presence in this work.

Trigon Personale, Neue Galerie, Graz 1995.

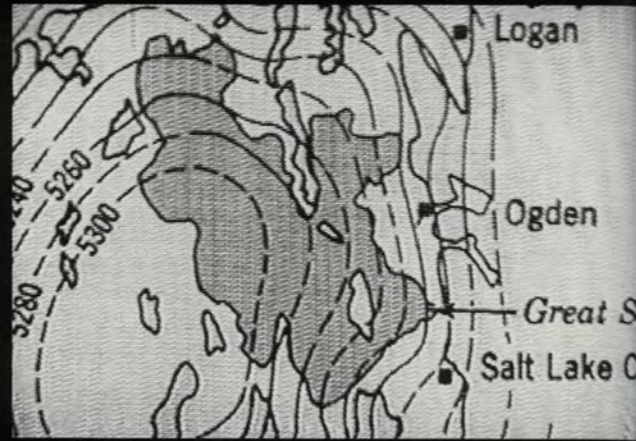


Points of departure: Three Buoys and a Lighthouse

The source for the wall drawing Gary Simmons's has made for Amsterdam is the lighthouse at Cape Reinga, situated at the northern-most tip of the North Island of New Zealand. Reinga or 'place of leaping' indicates to the indigenous Maori people the place where the spirits of their dead, after travelling up the island and resting at the adjacent Spirits Bay, plunge into the vastness of the Pacific Ocean. This same ocean is pivotal to a Maori sense of place, for it transported their ancestors to New Zealand in great migrations from the mythical homeland of Hawaiiki. Lying six kilometres to the west of Reinga is Cape Maria van Diemen, named by the Dutch explorer Abel Tasman in 1643 after the wife of his sponsor, the Governor of the Dutch East India Company. The light itself signals danger at the point where the Tasman Sea and the Pacific Ocean collide. Such local references provide a subliminal register that echoes the reach of a work involving the simultaneous presentation in Wellington of a drawing depicting the turbulent displacement of 3 buoys, markers of shipping routes and divisions between local and international waters.

These specifics of place were unknown to Simmons when he chose his New Zealand beacon. Indeed his presentation of form typically belies fixed position and meaning as in this work where the skeletal structures appear as ghostly cyphers emanating out of darkness. Physicality of place is more potently conveyed by the chalkboard quality of the surface of his drawings which suggests the gritty learning situations of childhood. Similarly it is the curvature of the wall that elicits expectations of a single point of view by alluding to the panoramic views favoured by landscape painters as well as the experience of cinema. Such layerings of reference destabilise ideas of territory and place already prescribed within a dominant cultural system.

Gregory Burke

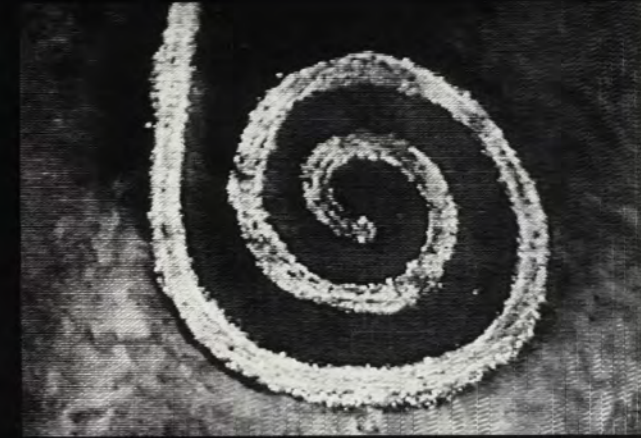
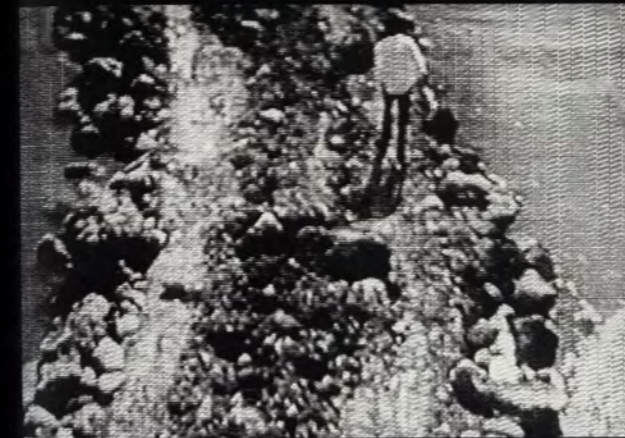


The helicopter maneuvered the sun's reflection through the Spiral Jetty until it reached the center. The water functioned as a vast thermal mirror. From that position the flaming reflection suggested the ion source of a cyclotron that extended into a spiral of collapsed matter. All sense of energy acceleration expired into a rippling stillness of reflected heat. A withering light swallowed the rocky particles of the spiral, as the helicopter gained altitude. All existence seemed tentative and stagnant...

Robert Smithson. *The Spiral Jetty*. *The Writings of Robert Smithson*, New York (University Press) 1979.

From the Center of the Spiral Jetty

North...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
North by East...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northeast by North...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northeast by East...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
East by North...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
East...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
East by South...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southeast by East...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southeast by South...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
South by East...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
South...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
South by West...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southwest by South...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southwest by West...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
West by South...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
West...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
West by North...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northwest by North...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
North by West...	Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water





The City of Man consists of three large projection planes, set up side by side in a triptych arrangement. The austerity of the altarlike composition, with two narrow side panels flanking a larger central panel, is further emphasized by the brown walnut frame that encloses these three elements. The frame defines the space of the images that appear on the panels, but it also elevates these images, which outwardly remain grounded in the sphere of the ordinary. Real-time recordings are shown in parallel on the screens, where the mediums of painting, cinema, and video merge. Repeating the threefold arrangement of the screens, the content of the images is grouped into three symbolic units – paradise, earthly life, and hell, themes in the tradition of medieval painting, as exemplified in the works of Hieronymus Bosch. Using moving signs, with a typology that does not hide its indebtedness to Bosch's allegorical parables, Viola draws scenes of a modern world that unfold atmospherically in sequences that oscillate between dream and reality, idyll and inferno.

Viola has commented on his art-historical reference to the triptych form: "I am interested in its use as referent to the European Christian tradition, as an image that arises out of the culture and therefore resides within, not without, many of the people who have come to see it in Europe. I am less interested in its use as a quotation, or an 'appropriated image. [...] Ultimately my interest in the triptych form is that it is a reflection of a cosmological and social world view, 'Heaven-Earth-Hell', and its tripartite structure is an image of the structure of the European mind and consciousness. These aspects can become activated energies when applied to images of a contemporary nature." These remarks suggest that Viola sees his video art as a way of revitalizing historical painting as an art discipline. He does not idealize the past in comparison to the world as it has become; rather, he is concerned with the way perceptions change under different circumstances, and with correlating this relationship, through series of images, to life. With this claim to the importance of his medium, Viola defends with fantastic intensity a more allegorical than virtual or real image space.

Narrative is entirely absent from The City of Man, and is replaced by the rhythm of the work's images and the mood emanating from its scenic compilations. The image sequences create a suggestion that is entirely different in content from that of the dramatic structure of classical narration. The moment the consonance of images seems to describe a situation, the motion of the triptych's image machine disrupts a coherent reading. The background noise is the only unifying element in the flow of disparate scenes, the buzz of a freeway on the left blending with the sound of the crackling fire on the right; applause is heard periodically from the middle segment of the triptych, and aided by the twitter of birds from the left, its staccato disrupts the murmur synchronized with the images of a church. As it is impossible to determine exactly which segment is the source of a specific sound, the eye moves restlessly across the screens.

Jorinde Seydel

Heaven and earth are being moved to get us 'online' en masse. The medium Internet is being lauded in downright euphoric terms by both theoreticians and 'providers': not only does it offer us access to the entire world from within our homes, its immaterial nature reaches clear to heaven. The Net is being proclaimed an 'instrument of world vision', a 'communication machine', 'time machine', 'spectating machine' and 'memory machine', that makes everything visible, accessible and retrievable for everyone. Once again – the blissful medium we were all waiting for.

Because it is not so long ago that Television was launched with the same rapturous enthusiasm as the 'greatest window onto the world': "...It is an art which shines like a torch of hope in a troubled world. It is a creative force which we must learn to utilise for the benefit of all mankind".¹ How pathetic and ridiculous this sounds today... And before TV, there was the panorama and other nineteenth-century machines like the diorama and stereoscope, which were said to contain the promise of a new and wider-ranging view of the world, also pronouncing the world to be a 'Global Village' and human beings 'travellers in their homes'. It was at the same time that the first public museums were presented as places where the world's culture and history would be on display for all, neatly classified and chronologically ordered.

While a technological breakthrough, the Internet is also only the latest in a series of attempts to satisfy our 'viewing lust' and our urge to dominate our surroundings, with the introduction of a new point of view. 'World Vision', an all-embracing map of the world, the destruction of barriers of time and space, and the ambition to create one, total

memory, are the main points in a program dating back to the Enlightenment idea that human beings must 'make' the world. These were once progressive ideals, but there is now enough hand-writing on the wall indicating that they have begun to turn against themselves.

Revealing and rendering everything visible implies not only the de-mystification of everything, but also that everything will come to be contained within one 'framework.' In a world that seems bent on making as complete a 'model inheritance' as possible, the museum has exceeded its spatial boundaries and expanded its traditional set of tools. Things become monuments; nature becomes a preserve; knowledge becomes information; life forms become prototypes, models or examples. Objects are piled in ever-higher heaps, archives are full to bursting, databanks multiply... This conservation mania conceals the logic of industrial capitalism run amok: a logic that holds that obsolescence is a precondition for modernisation. Conserving the old makes the new manifest and sets the stage for 'continuity' (history). We are experiencing the Age of the Museum and the museum is the metaphor of our world.

The Information Age we are said to be living in is of the same ilk as the Age of the Museum. The 'musealisation' of things and phenomena means that they become information – while information acquires museal qualities precisely at the point where the 'information-processing machines' (including ourselves) can no longer handle the sheer quantity of information. Preservation is one of the great twentieth-century industrial activities, and just like production and information, it is subject to 'overload', hypertrophy, accumulation and excess.²

The Internet, where the expansion and storage capacity of information are limitless, is scanning the world and

swallowing it up. This must indeed be the unconscious, digital dream of the museum. Superficially, the museal universe with its material artefacts seems the opposite of the immateriality of Cyberspace, even though concrete things are preserved because of their immaterial value. But the difference between digital databanks and material depots is not that great: both in digitalisation and conservation, the objective is to preserve, to store. The motto of both is that nothing may be lost.

Now that the 'hype' surrounding Internet has reached a peak and the wildest fantasies have begun to run their course, it can be examined (without wishing to dismiss its importance) for its more 'conservative' qualities. If the Internet emerged from a museal culture, it must itself have something of that culture's character – this is what is meant above by 'conservative' – and must have adopted mechanisms from the spectating and preservation machines that preceded it.

The Internet is often portrayed as a gigantic artificial memory, to which all of the world's databanks and archives can be connected: a mind-boggling organ in which everything you know, want to know, can know, might perhaps once want to find out or don't want to know at all is present and accessible. It is the ideal of the cybernetic manifestation of the collective memory of an interconnected humanity. A 'total' memory that evokes its oracles on the Net for you, via its search engines.

In the practice of cultivation of the 'memoria artificialia' (the artificial memory which, as opposed to the 'natural', could be learned and regulated), the ancient Greeks invented an ingenious memory system, an 'ars memoria', in which what one wanted to remember was

stored in an individually designed, mental complex of places and images. They memorised an imaginary building, including rooms, corridors, niches, columns, etc. and furnished it with self-chosen evocative, refined images that reflected the facts, texts or trains of thought they found worthy of notice and recall. The things to be remembered were stored in specific spaces in this memory edifice containing images to evoke the knowledge they wished to recall.³

This beautiful 'memory art' is now quite alien to us, but formally, certain aspects of it recur in the Internet. The digital 'artificial memory' is still largely made accessible and kept together by means of places, images and orderly arrangement. This is especially true of the World Wide Web, the graphic, multimedia information environment in the Internet, in and of itself a metaphor for order and navigation, in which 'hypertext' documents can be endlessly interconnected by means of 'links' ('clickable' fields), such that non-linear, 'rhizomatic' information structures emerge.⁴

The ancient edifice of memory has become an 'information superhighway' with 'sites' and 'homepages' where individuals can announce their collected data and with paths or tangential roads (the 'links') that might branch off in any direction. The graphic 'interfaces' on the Web are usually spatial or architectonic metaphors: maps, cities, squares, buildings, cafes, gates, etc. There are MOOs (Multi-user Dungeon Object Oriented), text-based virtual places in which you can furnish your own 'room'. In a MOO, often modelled after an existing building, you can meet people, play, work and exchange knowledge. (There is even said to be a MemoryMOO in which Giordano Bruno, the 'homo universalis' who breathed new life into the art of memory in the Renaissance, has been

reborn as a simulacrum.)⁵

The architectonic interfaces of the Web are intended to keep one from becoming 'lost in Cyberspace'. But the objective of the collective and personal information structures there is not memory, but finding and storage. The Web has search programs like Lycos and Yahoo! that categorise the information and can collect all the documents about a specific subject. ('World' occurs, according to the 'information hunter' Lycos, in 480,574 documents, that is: 'world' 21,822 times; 'worlds' 17,793 times and 'world-wide' 13,720 times). Or you send an 'intelligent agent' out to get relevant information. Anything useful can be stored in the 'bookmarks' of your Web-browser, or put on the hddisk of your computer, so the information is always directly accessible. The need to retain has disappeared: our artificial memory serves rather amnesia than Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory and mother of the Muses. Plato was scared that the invention of writing, itself a form of information technology, would cause living, creative memory to be lost. What is to be retained if you can save everything? On the Net, you can always begin anew with a 'tabula rasa', an empty memory. Depots, databanks, archives and museums imply that nothing will be forgotten, but also suggest that nothing will be remembered either – everything must be preserved because everything is ephemeral.

The form in which data on the Web (or CD Roms) is managed is also reminiscent of certain characteristics of the Renaissance Wunderkammer. The Wunderkammer was a renewed attempt at ordering the world's knowledge and was intended to remind the spectator of all the various secrets of existence. The first Wunderkammers were miniature worlds striving for universality, in which exotic, magical, practical, beautiful, curative and rare

objects were displayed. They bore witness to the world's growth, allowed by the discovery voyages of Columbus and Magellan, and reflected the power and splendour or their noble owners. The first Wunderkammers had no well-founded classification or uniform hierarchy: natural and artificial rarities, curiosities and ethnographic objects were displayed in a mixture whose main purpose was to amaze and impress the spectator. The place occupied by the objects relative to each other was determined by 'correspondence' in material or size. 'Symmetry' was often an important criterion. These formal and aesthetic considerations gave rise to the most unusual and (for us) illogical connections: "...an armadillo next to an ostrich egg; a coconut next to a stone swan; a bird of paradise next to a remora".⁶ The Wunderkammer was a theatre of memory, a world theatre and a 'theatrum gloriae rei' in which the glory of the world's many things was on view. The collection was a non-linear reflection to the Renaissance man of the universal coherence of things.⁷

The World Wide Web is an electronic Wonder World, where the most divergent information flourishes in close proximity without any hierarchy: sex and science, art and entertainment, commerce and religion. The 'links' on the Web sometimes produce sequences as bizarre as the Wunderkammer: you might start at an artist's page, move through a mummy museum to the 'homepage' of a plastic surgeon in Argentina, only to become stranded in the statistics of a hothouse tomato grower. The ideal of a universal coherence is inherent in 'hypertext', with which everything can be connected. The software project 'Xanadu' aims at the consummation of hypertext: a completely comprehensive, all-embracing store of knowledge and a processing system which is intuitive, in which the connections

between the parts are symmetrical (refer to each other) and which can constantly be changed by all users.⁸

The formal organisation of the Web is closer to the Wunderkammer than the museum, which took shape in the nineteenth century. The claim of reflecting the world remained a valid one, but the world (history) manifested itself in the nineteenth century from a universal-historical and positivistic viewpoint. The museum had to illustrate an evolutionary and coherent story, one in which the line of history was legible to spectators. The museum became a time machine with which people could travel through the collective history of humankind. Unlike the Wunderkammer, the museum portrayed itself as the public property of the people, with the objective of educating people to be right-minded 'world citizens'. The classical museum and the Internet have their ambition of 'completeness' in common, as well as their claim to being public property.

The democratisation of the gaze began in earnest in the nineteenth century and signified especially the expansion of the view of the emerging citizenry, the masses. The secularisation of society and the industrial revolution made it necessary to involve as many citizens as possible in communication (with established authority). The classical, central-perspectivist gaze, in which everything is concentrated around one, single vanishing point, and which for the viewer assumed only one ideal and absolute standpoint, was no longer adequate. Traditional media had to be transformed for the masses: for example, by reproduction or monumentalisation. (Oil paintings during the French revolution became immense in order to provide the people with a better view of the revolution's message.) It seems Napoleon once said: "Ce n'est pas de la peinture, on marche dans ce tableau".⁹ Inventions and phenomena emerged, such as the rotary

press, lithography, photography, the museum, the world exposition, the department store, the travel agency, shopping mall, panorama, diorama and stereoscope. (To be followed at a later date by film, television, Internet...)

The 'dinosaur of mass media', the panorama, was patented by the Englishman Robert Barker at the end of the eighteenth century.¹⁰ This 'canvas in the round' was hung in a cylindrical space; the paintings on it flowed into each other, such that the image had no beginning or end. The spectators were in the middle on a plateau, at eye-level with the canvas, allowing them to view from all 360 degrees, seeing only the painting. There was only the image, without reference to the surrounding reality. (There were portrayals of landscapes, seascapes, cities, battles, historical scenes...). The introduction of poly-perspective created a new kind of perception with a new structure: the panoramic gaze. The nineteenth century spectators were genuinely visually enraptured by the 'all-embracing view' offered by the new medium, which for a brief period was all the rage. The total immersion in the image even made some 'Sehkrank'. (Just as 'cyborgs' who spend much time in virtual reality can have serious orientation problems back in the real world.)

A sequel to the panorama aimed at satisfying the increasing demand of nineteenth-century spectators for moving images (an anticipation of film), was introduced by Daguerre. The diorama was a large screen of transparent linen, painted partially with opaque and partially with transparent paint. Using a special lighting technique, the screen was illuminated from behind and in front to change the colour and intensity of the image. For example, a landscape could go through an entire cycle of light, from sunrise to sunset, in a brief period.

Photography, offering a more 'real'

image of the world, increasingly competed with the painted panorama throughout the nineteenth century. The 'Stereoscope' and the 'Kaiser Panorama' emerged as spectating machines that offered photographic images and satisfied the audience's desire to observe reality in all its depth. Viewers of the 'Kaiser Panorama' looked through stereoscopic openings into a large, round structure, within which a mechanism projected a series of stereoscopic images in the round, continually offering viewers new images, a new landscape. The great promoter of the 'Kaiser Panorama', August Fuhrman, created a 'Welt Archiv' of images: he commissioned enormous numbers of stereoscopic photographs from all corners of the globe for his 'spectating cabinets'. His motto: "Mit dem 'Kaiser Panorama' ist das Problem gelöst – die Welt mit der Welt bekannt zu machen".¹¹ (The idea of an all-embracing archive of the world and of the times later re-emerged in August Sander's photography project 'Human Beings of the Twentieth Century', as well as Albert Kahn's 'Archive of the Planet', a collection of film images of everyday life from around the world.

The experience of the 'Kaiser Panorama', promotional apparatus for distant voyages, anticipated film. Movement was suggested and several spectators could watch the images simultaneously. But machines were also created for the living room: the 'traveller at home' was born. The 'Kaiser Panorama' was preceded by the stereoscope, the first media machine that was specifically oriented to the 'home audience', bringing 'the outside world into the home'. This little box with two lenses offered a view of stereoscopic photographic images and thus created the illusion of depth. The device was an enormously popular form of 'home entertainment' for decades. To satisfy this 'stereoscopic mania', tens of thousands of images were produced.

Cheap, handy and easy to use as it was, the stereoscope offered the spectator the illusion of an even closer, more direct contact with three-dimensional scenarios – a kind of first step towards the 'virtual reality' technology of today. The stereoscope entrepreneurs advertised "a stereoscope for every family" with the slogan: "The stereoscope is the link between home and the place of your choice".¹²

Democratisation of the gaze also meant domination of the gaze. Almost simultaneously with the panorama, another brilliant invention emerged: Jeremy Bentham's panopticum. The panopticum was a design for a round prison with an observation post at its core, allowing the guard a view of all the surrounding cells. The warder, invisible himself, sat in the cell complex like 'the spider in the heart of its web'. (After Michel Foucault, who found the panopticum to be the prototype for the trained society.) The prisoners in their lighted cells were constantly under the watchful eye of the guard, himself in the dark. The democratic idea was that the gaze, and the knowledge that one was constantly being observed, would exert a corrective influence, making corporal punishments (for example) unnecessary. The panopticum, as design and refinement of control and correction, propagated training from within, as opposed to from above.

Panorama and panopticum are two sides of the same coin. Architectonically, their form is the same, with the same possibilities of spectating, but with different motivations: the panorama aimed at visual enchantment, the panopticum at rational control. The panorama oriented its view to images, the panopticum to people. The panorama propagated the liberation of the gaze, the panopticum stood for imprisonment by the gaze. (In this sense, you could regard the museum

as 'the consummate illustration of the conditioning in a panopticum.')

The panopticum continues to make its presence felt as metaphor for our society, a multimedial world within which individuals, without being aware of it, are constantly watched and registered by security and surveillance machinery. The web of information technology we surround ourselves at home with, serves not only to protect ourselves but to keep track of the other. We are not only imprisoned in the gaze of others, we capture others with our gaze. On the World Wide Web, you can find out who is online, without those people ever knowing it – 'like the spider in its web'. You can 'see' them without being seen. With the aid of the option Finger, you can check when and at what time a certain person has last read their email. (Never again can one lie: "I didn't answer your message because I couldn't get online for days".) You can move through MOOs largely incognito and watch the conversations of the others, without having to emerge as yourself. We have all become guards and prisoners, even if we'd rather believe that we are free, voluntary spectators. "The watched slave of the panopticum imagines himself the watching master in the panorama."¹⁴ Power, according to Foucault, is a machine in which everyone is captive, both those who exercise power and those upon whom it is exercised.

'Online' to the next century, we've become much more familiar with the image of the world than with the world itself: in the main, the spectating machines have ultimately diverted our gaze from the world itself to the image. The ambition of an all-encompassing view and of a graspable world can thus remain ideals. The Internet has proved to be a powerful world image machine in their service, that helps to preserve, store, frame and virtualise 'our' culture. In this way, it

serves a politics that confiscates our world, divests us of it, even though it may seem otherwise. The Internet is a window without a conscience, not good or bad of itself.

While certain powers may be out to regulate and exploit the Internet, once and for all, and while the medium doesn't reach the largest part of the world's population, Cyberspace is still often presented as 'better' than the mean, 'real' world. The Net is said to be a 'many-to-many' medium, interactive and non-hierarchical, which offers much more than the classical window onto the world. It is said to be bringing humanity closer together, stimulating alternative perception and new values and social forms, in which the 'participants' can add or acquire content without intermediaries. The Net is tempting and (now) still occasionally exciting to explore. But as long as its use is principally limited to a technological elite that is using it to preserve and expand its own world, it remains mainly a control device of a 'corporate' 'culture' that uses the Net to protect itself from the blood, sweat and tears of mundane, everyday life.

A 'saved' world is also past. There is thus always a new world at hand. And there lies the temptation. The Net shows, irreversibly, like all new media, something that didn't exist previously. To localise that and render it visible; to search for an identity in it – that is the newest challenge. To be a 'bug' in the slick system, to cause delays, blockages and entanglements in it. To be a parasite on the rampant growth of information; to make false agreements with technology. And not lastly: to re-find reality in the virtual, to make connections between the digital and concrete reality, which is still the ground under our feet. The spider's web is tempting but can be fatal. The whole art is to keep from becoming a fly for the spider...

notes see p. 156

**Laurie
Anderson**
92

Richard Killeen
100

Netband
106

Janet Shanks
112

**Jouke
Kleerebezem**
102

John Hurrell
94

Rob Scholte
108

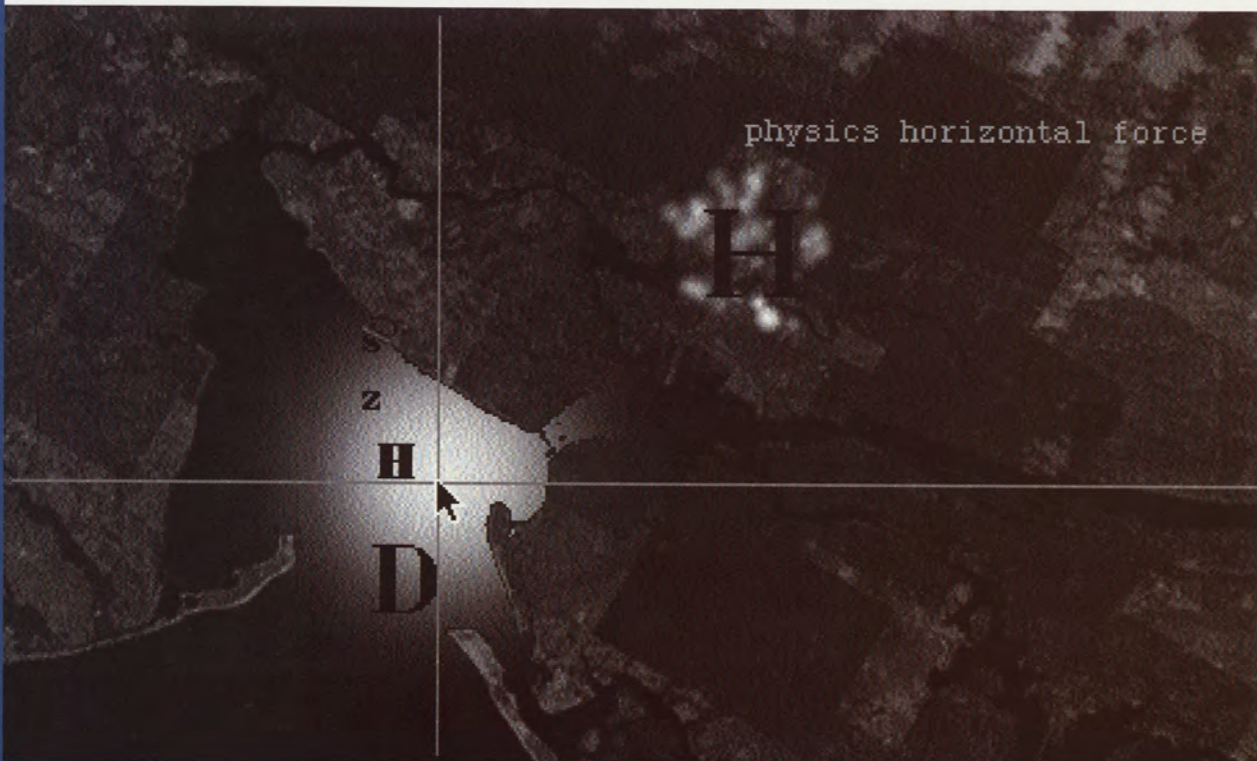
Giovanni Intra
96

Merel Mirage
104

**Gerald
Van Der Kaap**
98

Han Schuil
110

Peter Struycken
114



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Netscape: Girls

Location: <http://www.xs4all.nl/~00kaap/s.html>



A little girl and her twin doll

This teen said "no" to sex



This young woman believes cease-fire will hold

Katelynn may get an adopted brother if tax break passes



Young girls remember one of the victims, Shawn

Poignant words from another child

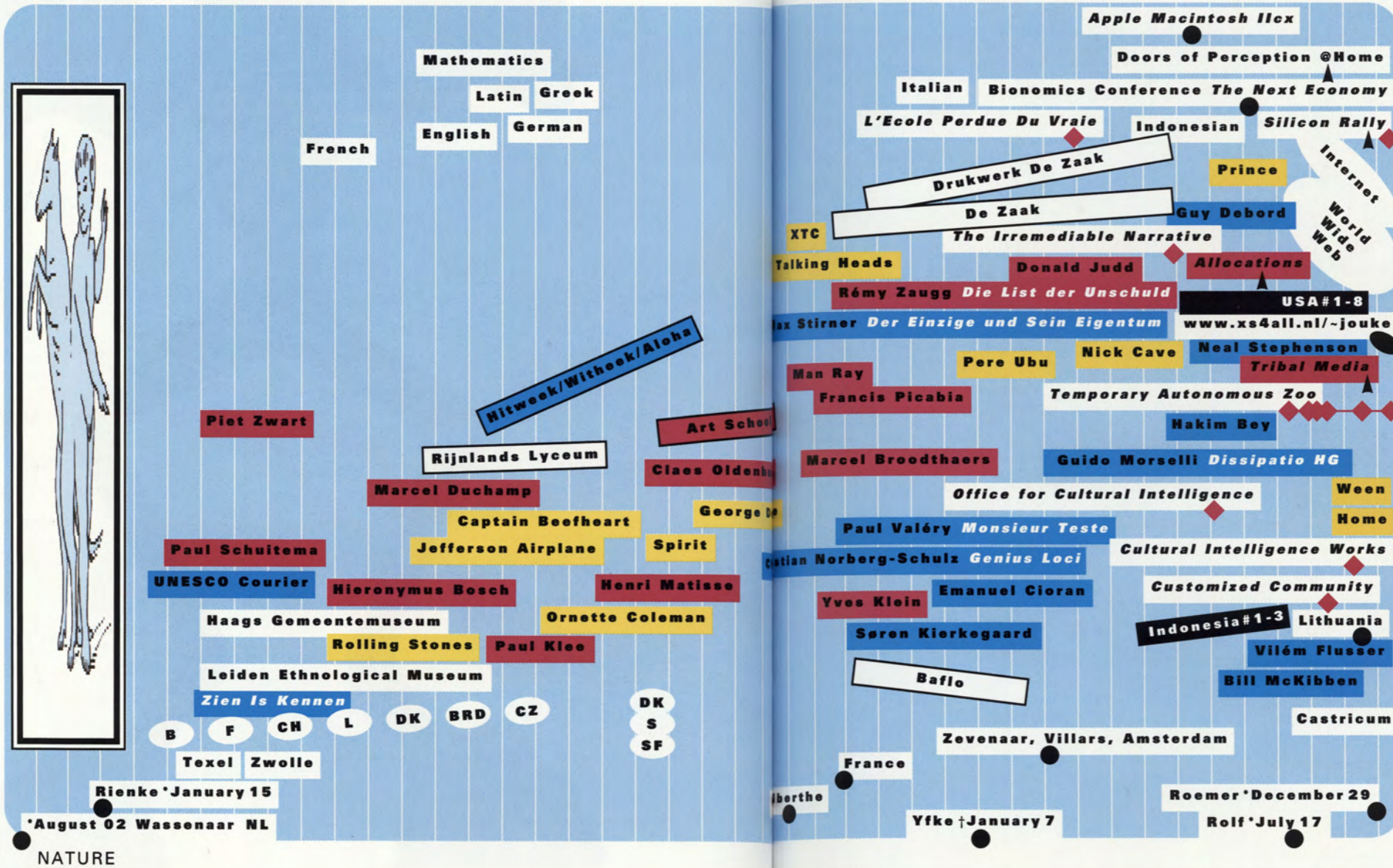
Lesh Sawyer says the Pope conveyed love



JOUKE KLEEREBEZEM 1953-1996 INFOTOPICAL MAP: PRIME REFERENCE CUE CARD FIRST STATE

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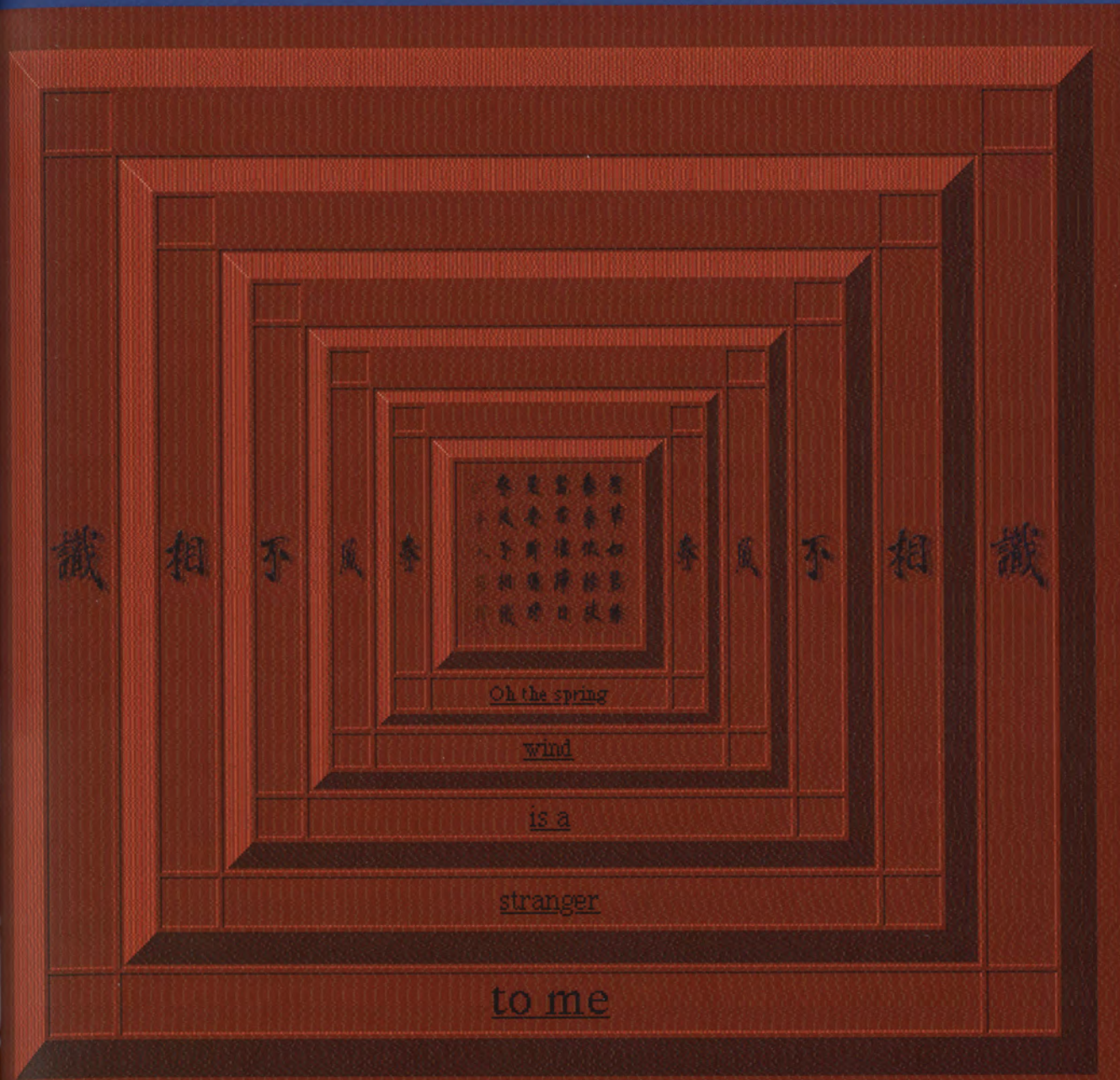
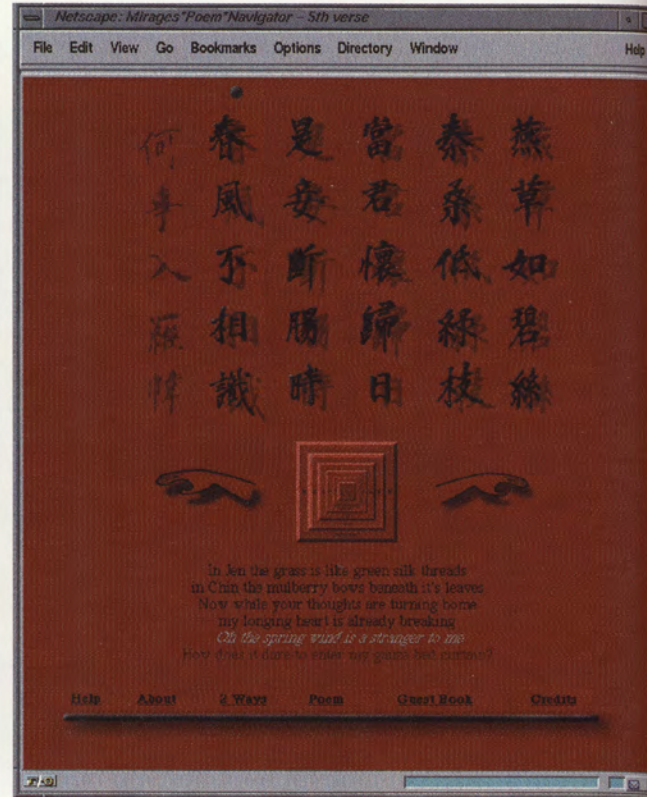
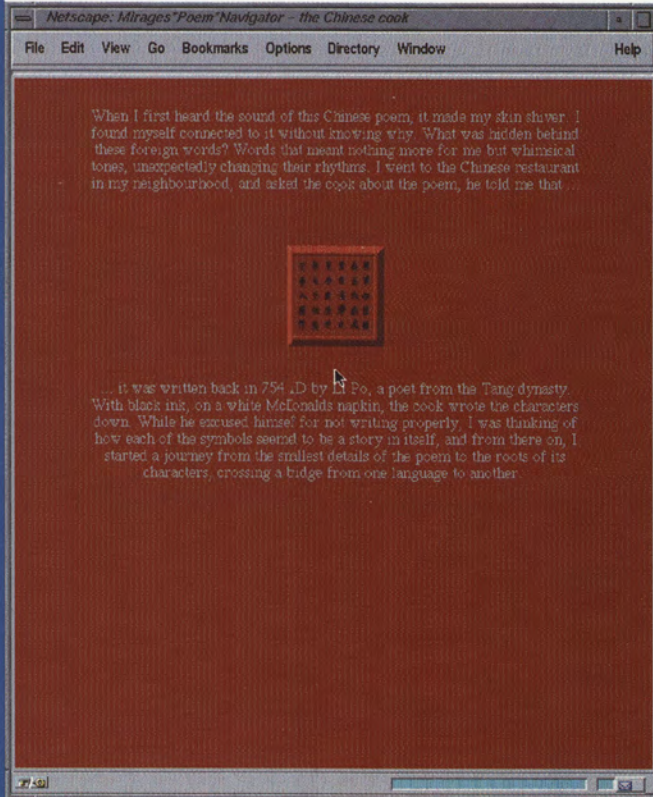
LANGUAGE



NATURE

time

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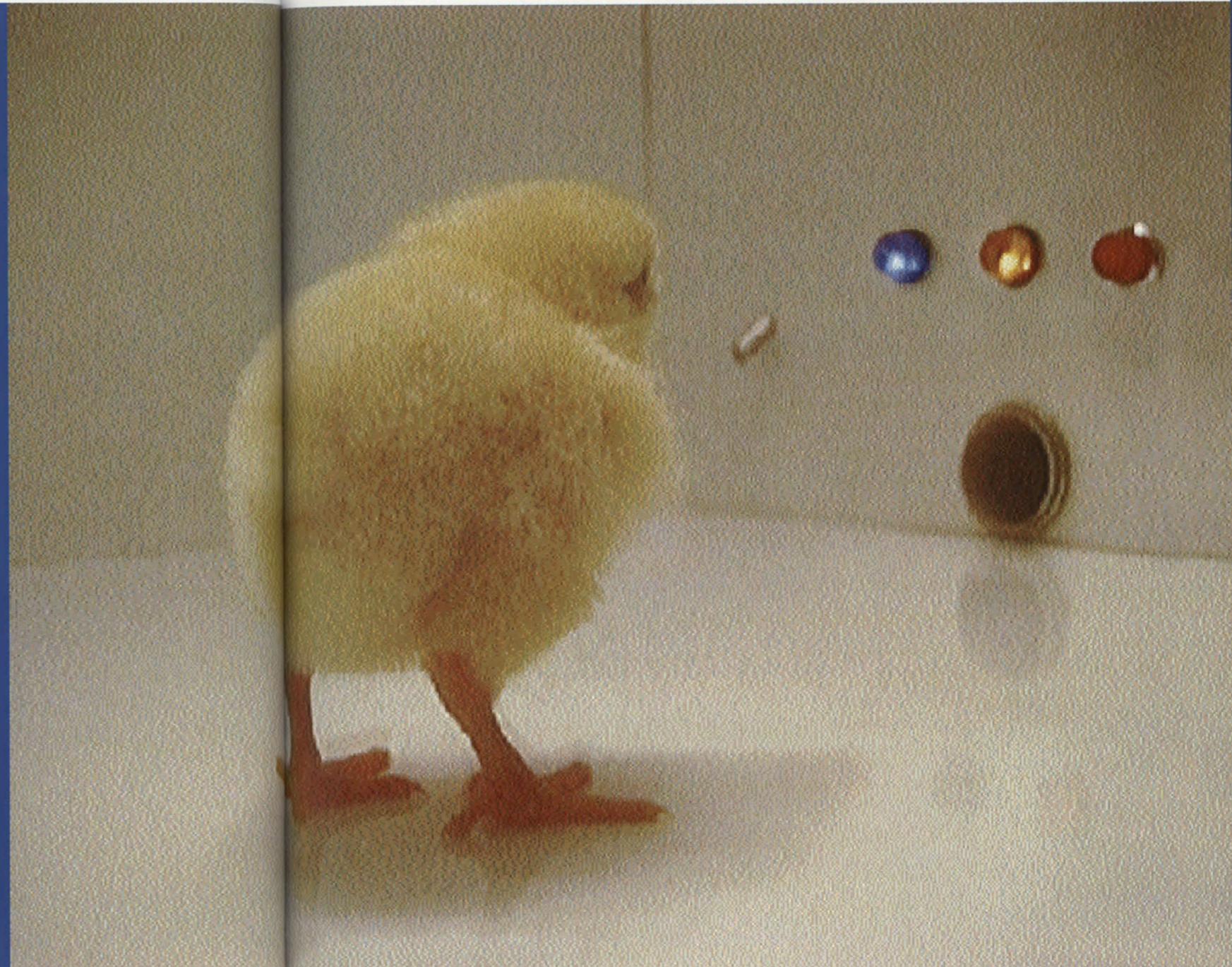
The spring wind has an erotic meaning in in this verse. It blows through the bed sheets of the woman; it playfully moves and arouses her without her asking for it. But she can't allow herself erotic feelings, because she is alone.

Franz F. Feigl, Erik Hobijn, Dick Verdult, guest artist: Debra Solomon

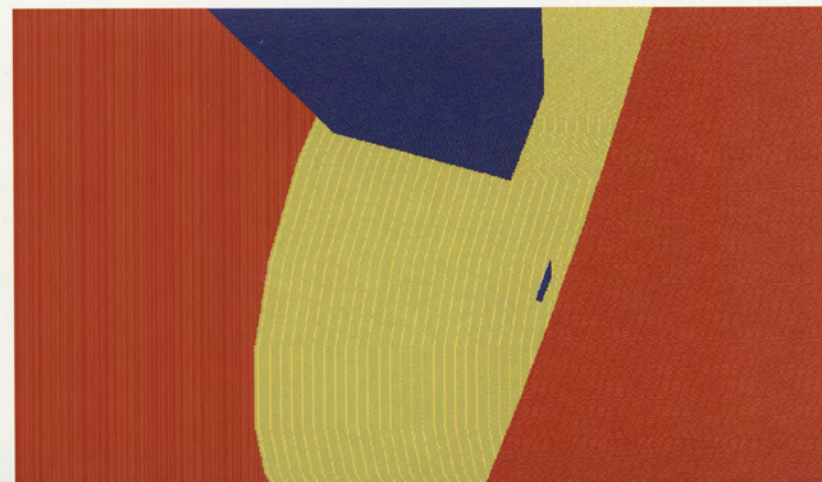
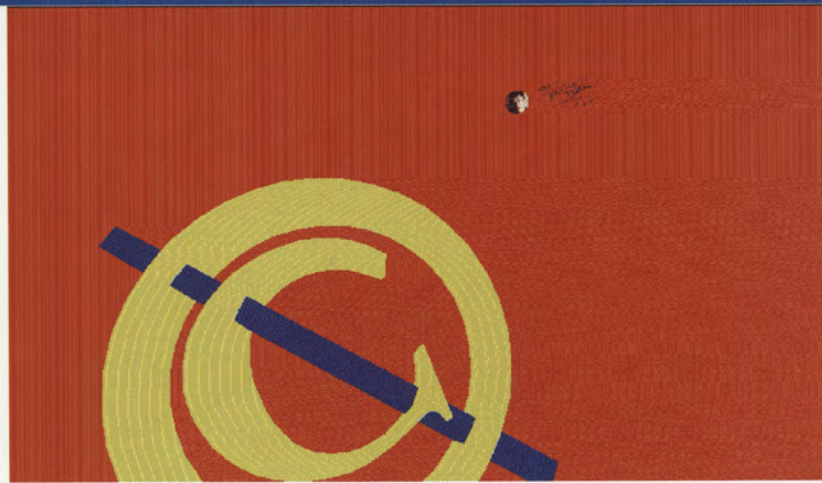
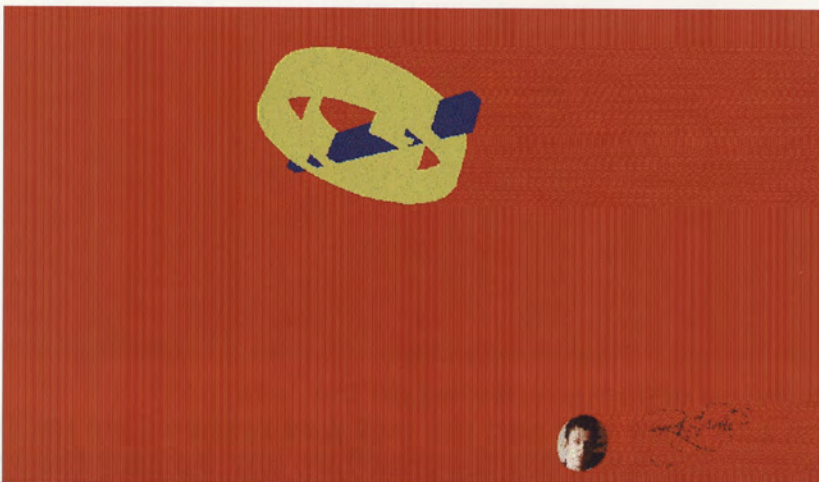
My mother a phone
the net as my nest
I was pushed into this life
with a handful of hope

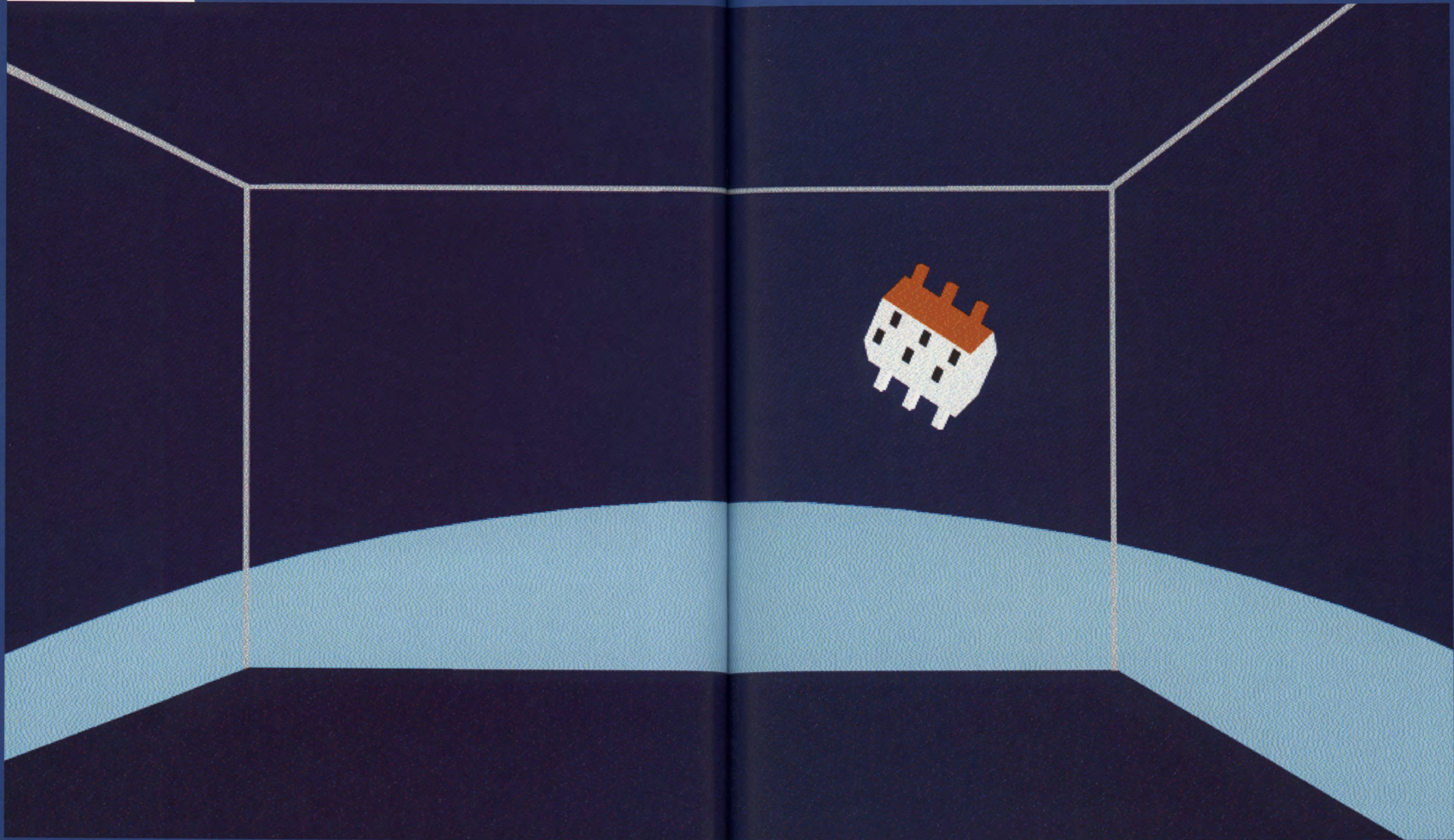
I was told I had a purpose
and a meaning nevertheless
no time for questioning
that I was an ordinary test

In this Solid State
I'm your Love Parade
Grab me newbie
Give me a surf
The modems are singing
Are you Pinging?

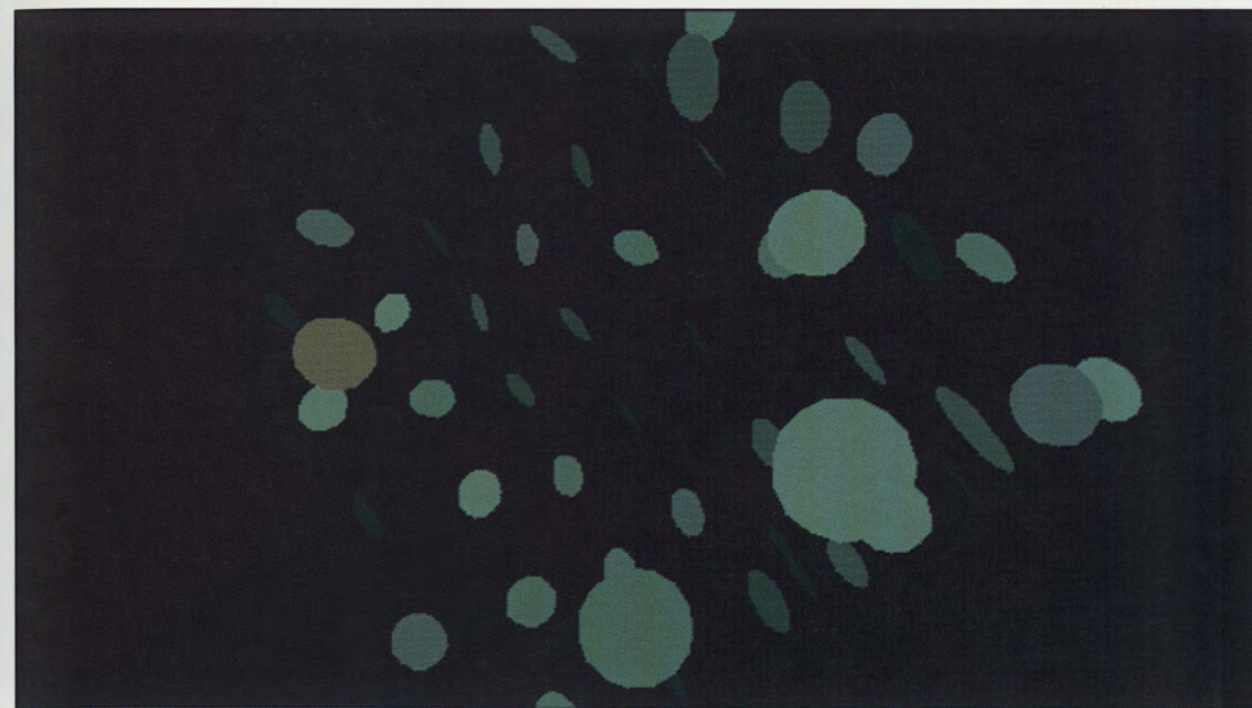
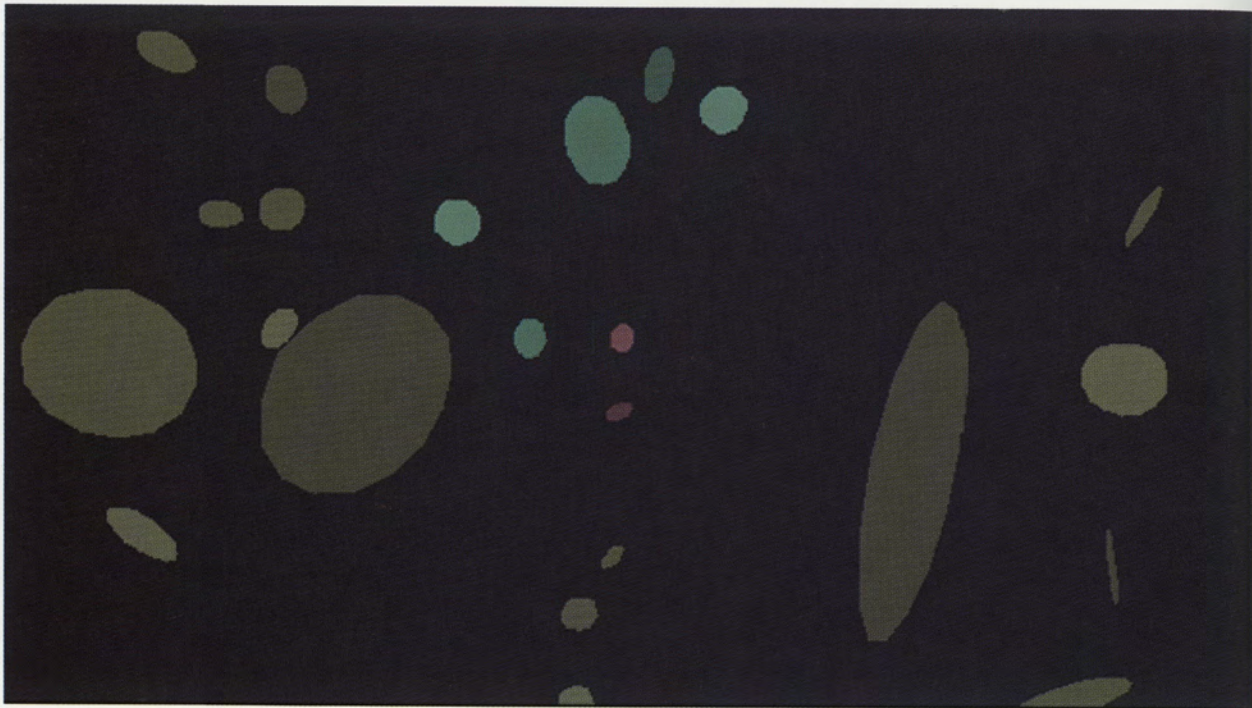
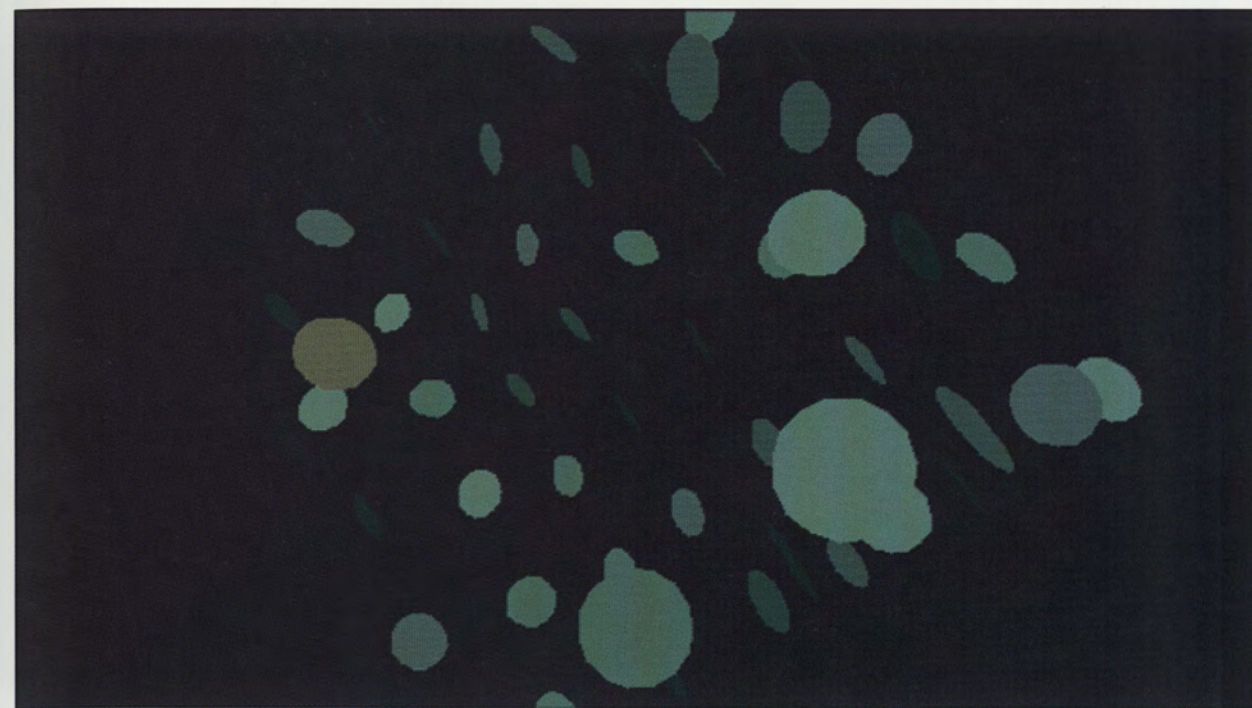
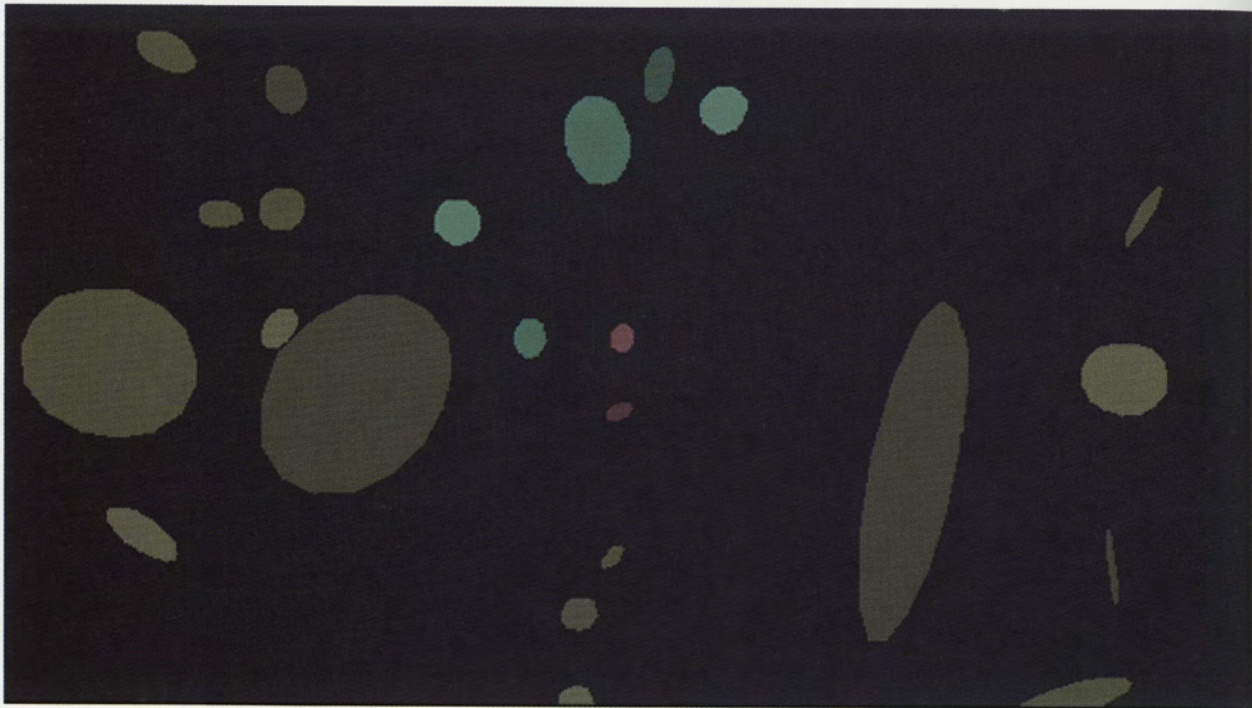
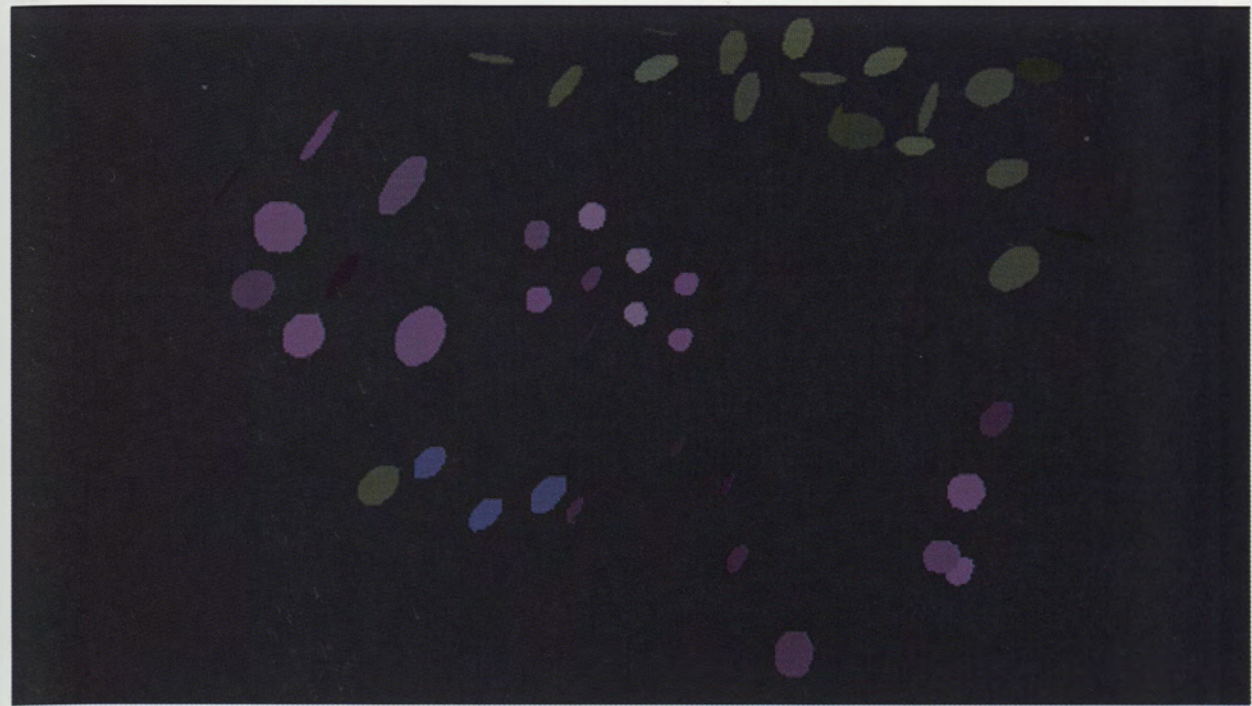
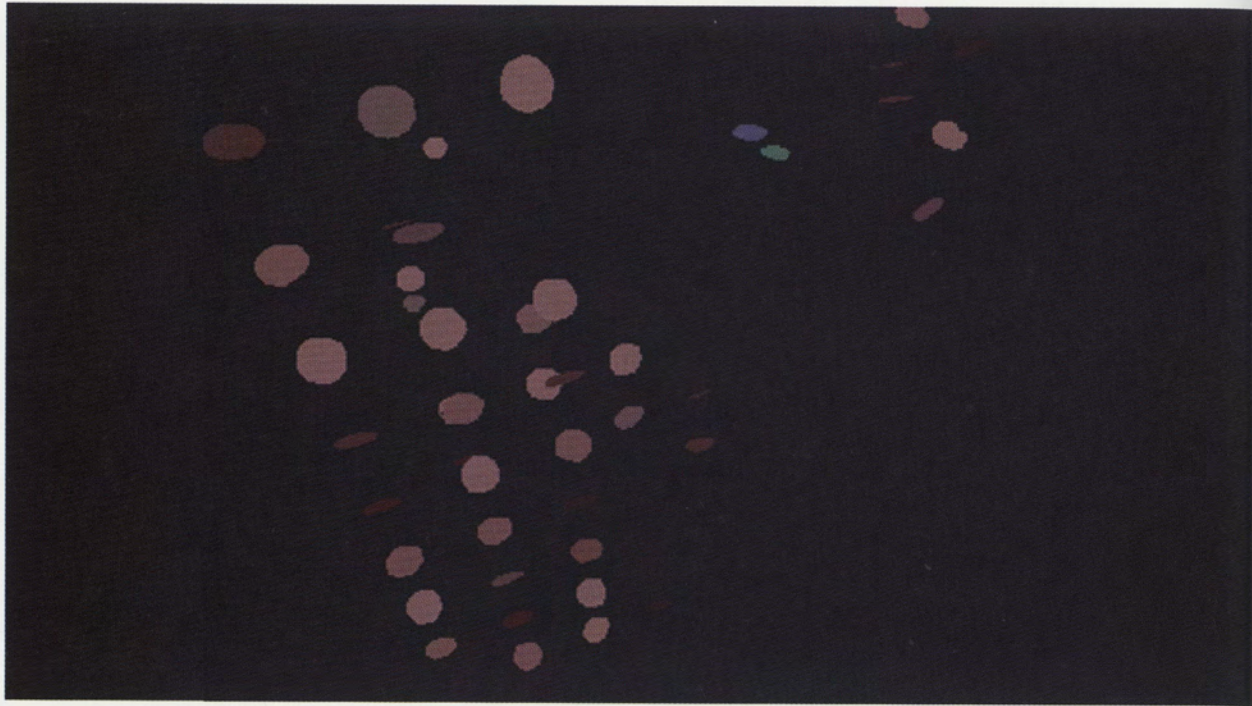


What if a living organism nested on the Internet?
What if an egg were laid and the Net was responsible for this life?
A real animal and not a digital creation, will inhabit the Internet.









**Lothar
Baumgarten**
126

**Johan
Grimonprez**
134

**Michael
Parekowhai**
136

Rob Scholte
140

Imants Tillers
142

**Clifford Possum
Tiapaltjarri**
146

David Tremlett
152

Wim Delvoye
130

Imants Tillers

'Post-colonialism', 'globalisation', 'the global network' – these are rapidly becoming the new catch-phrases of the 90s. The Italian art magazine 'Flash Art', always quick to respond to fashion, now puts on its cover an image which it supposes to engage the concept of 'Global Art'. Also in Australia, we recently witnessed the arrival of a new magazine, provocatively entitled 'World Art'. We all know that headquarters is no longer Paris or New York but how can it be Melbourne, where 'World Art' is now published? What if similar publishing enterprises are under way in a number of other equally peripheral cities? In the opening up of the vast new image field we cannot assume that the new players want to necessarily be passive, compliant, democratic or well-behaved. I don't want to suggest for a moment, that the art world would necessarily follow the same trajectory as some recent post-communist social trends, notably the growth of a global mafia with the most feared criminal elements now being those originating from the former Soviet Union. However, the new groups or individuals who suddenly become visible may want to take centre stage, whether their launchpad is Melbourne, St. Petersburg, Papunya or Auckland, and hijack the discourses. In Australia for example we have seen the unexpected, meteoric rise of Aboriginal art which in the last 3-4 years has totally eclipsed the work of white contemporary Australian artists, not only in the international arena, but at home too. Aboriginal art in its myriad forms must now be considered mainstream Australian art – a most unlikely scenario even ten years ago.

Colonised, marginalised, peripheral cultures feel angry, dispossessed and given changed circumstances can be out

for revenge: the proverbial Revolt of the Margins. I am quite familiar with the situation in Latvia for example, whose small population of indigenous people have been colonised for at least 700 years yet through an extremely resistant character have managed to keep their language and aspects of their ancient oral culture intact. It is fascinating to discover that the Baltic Germans who were the rulers in this area of the Baltic from the 13th century following its conquest by the Teutonic Knights, regarded the area as 'wilderness'. Indeed Baltic German authors sometimes used the expression 'das Unland' to describe the region. This term in a sense suggests that not merely were the pagan inhabitants less than fully human, but the land was not really the land; it only became 'land' in the full sense when developed by the Christian Germans. The parallels with colonial Australia and the British concept of 'terra nullius' are striking.

Then there is the issue of the colonizer's language and the control exerted through the naming and renaming of places. In James Breslin's recent biography of the American artist Mark Rothko, I noted that his birthplace Dvinsk in Russia is actually the Russian name for the Latvian town of Daugavpils on the River Daugava and that when he left for America he sailed from the port of Libau, the Russian name for my mother's birthplace Liepaja. Evidently Rothko's childhood memories of his Latvian part of Russia which is what it was in the early 20th century was something he often referred to. Breslin makes the point that the diffused light in this northern part of the world is something that inhabits Rothko's abstract paintings. 'The Latvian painter has a special love for diffused outdoor light which seems to penetrate the bodies and emanate from them', 'a light that reappears within Rothko's paintings, an illumination

glimpsed through a hazy doorway or window, a light longed for but beyond reach.' In our post-colonial world we can find this light also in the work of another Latvian-born artist, Vija Celmins, currently the subject of a major retrospective in the United States.

'Postcolonialism' carries strong and valid emotions associated with past historic injustices often with subtleties and complexities which easily evade outsiders. We should not assume that the artists who engage with the colonial histories of their own countries will necessarily be thankful or respectful of the forces within the artworld which promote their visibility. As the Latvian poet Zinaida Lazda once put it: "In this land by the River Daugava and by the sea we are to live out our days in sorrow and joy. With hatred we will answer the enemy who comes to humble and to plunder our native land."

Multiply this valid sentiment by all the small countries and distinct ethnic groups emerging from a colonized past and we have a formula for large-scale chaos. But on the other hand the artists from these countries have a readymade and often profound content to their work and an urgency to express it which is often lacking in the West. As Norbert Weber, the artistic director of the Baltic Sea Biennale in 1992 at the Rostock Kunsthalle puts it: "For the first Biennale to be held in Rostock after the great political upheavals in Eastern Europe this open-mindedness was not only an obligation but represented a true chance. Our confrontation with a truth that transcended mere aesthetic presence made the issues of the Western art market seem comparatively secondary. In view of the timeless yearning for happiness (for example) reflected in the faces of the children in Valts Kleins' photographs, every attempt to present only the latest innovations of a

hyped-up scene appeared absurdly beside the point. Our eyes were opened for a meaningful involvement with the content of art."

I might add that this situation also applies within Australia with the aborigines who are only now beginning to successfully emerge from a colonial past of 200 years – thus the work of an artist like Gordon Bennett has particular poignancy for us at this moment. But add together all these new artists and their specific cultural and historical contexts and one can see that the new visible global cultural environment is one of unprecedented complexity – one which could be characterised as a 'turbulent field'.

Fred Emery in his book 'Systems Thinking' explains that the dynamic properties of turbulent fields arise not simply from the interaction of identifiable component systems but from the field itself. Turbulence results from the complexity and multiple character of the interconnections. Individual organisations (or individuals) cannot adapt successfully simply through their direct interactions since they cannot predict the size or consequence of the actions they set into train. We could certainly view the new global situation (since the fall of communism) politically and socially as a turbulent one. This situation seems to be echoed in the art world. In addition one of the factors pertinent to the new global art world I am particularly aware of (since I draw on the vast mass of printed images in circulation for my work) is that the radical increase in speed, scope and capacity for communication results in a quantity of information received at such a rate that it can scarcely be processed, not to speak of making decisions on its basis. As more and more artists plug themselves into a global framework (and there are increasingly more and more artists), this will be the causal environment in which

they will also find themselves.

Since the early 70s, however, there has been a scientific revolution in our midst - Chaos Theory. It is a science which relates neither to the very large (as does the Theory of Relativity) nor to the very small (Quantum Mechanics) but to events and processes at our human scale. Chaos Theory in fact comes out of the study of turbulence and the behaviour of complex natural systems such as the weather.

One of the first and most amazing discoveries of Chaos Theory is the so-called Butterfly Effect - the notion that tiny differences in the input into a complex system can produce overwhelming differences in output - which embodies the rather poetic notion that a butterfly fluttering its wings today in Beijing can transform storm systems next month in New York. The Butterfly Effect has acquired a more technical name: sensitive dependence on initial conditions. This principle also seems to apply to all sorts of other phenomena including cultural phenomena.

As a cultural theory, Chaos Theory certainly empowers marginal and peripheral artists and introduces some instability into the rational and tyrannical logic of provincialism - the hitherto persuasive argument that the cultural peripheries are powerless to resist the agendas and hierarchies of the cultural centres. Through a twist of fate, a chain of events, a magnification of effects, they could be determining the agendas of those so-called centres.

Chaos Theory might also have application at the more specific level of an artist's oeuvre. One might recall the German critic Wolfgang Iser's writings in 1981 referring to the neo-expressionist works of artists like Dörmann, Dahn or Kippenberger: "wide ranging image consumption and regurgitation results not in the death of the author but his or her

fragmentation - the wilful dissociation of subjectiveness and style - the image has become the site of a transient fascination that represents not the unity of one ego but a multiple subjective view. Each painting becomes a battleground, an arena of conflict where the artist's visions and longings face a showdown with his or her knowledge of art history. A momentary irritation caused by some picture from a magazine or television ad, or an art book or a dream battles with a need to make an image that is authentically of and about the self."

In hindsight, after Chaos Theory, one could reinterpret this relationship of the artist to his or her sources and to his or her artistic productions as a complex system which is being pushed to edges of chaos by the turbulence of the surrounding image field. In the early 90s we could argue that the image field has become even more turbulent.

Ilya Prigogine (a Nobel Prize Winner in 1977 for Chemistry) and Isabelle Stengers have made further advances in this fertile area of recent scientific theory in their book 'Order out of Chaos'. The book contains some incredible insights and bizarre propositions which seem to have relevant implications for the new global art world in which we now find ourselves. In this paper it is only possible to touch very briefly and superficially on some of them but I recommend this book to everyone here. Their ideas are certainly beginning to seep through into many other disciplines beyond their field of chemistry - the most recent example being a reformulation of Darwinian evolution in the light of their approach. The key idea in 'Order out of Chaos' is that in 'far from equilibrium conditions' (i.e. at the edge of chaos) not only can small inputs yield huge startling effects (the so-called Butterfly Effect) but the entire system may suddenly and spontaneously

reorganize itself in ways that strike us as bizarre. The argument is based on observations of certain chemical phenomena and the implication is that somehow matter is active rather than passive. In Prigoginian terms, all systems contain subsystems which are continually 'fluctuating' and at times a single fluctuation or combination of them may become so powerful, as a result of positive feedback, that it shatters the pre-existing organization. At this revolutionary moment - Prigogine calls it a 'singular moment' or a 'bifurcation' point - it is inherently impossible to determine in advance which direction change will take - whether the system will disintegrate into 'chaos' or leap to a new more differentiated higher level of 'order' or organization, which they call a 'dissipative structure'. According to Stengers and Prigogine it is the processes associated with randomness, openness that lead to higher levels of organization, such as dissipative structures. Chance indeed nudges what remains of the system down a new path of development and once that path is chosen (from among many) determinism takes over until the next bifurcation point is reached.

According to Alvin Toffler in his foreword to their book, "by offering rigorous ways of modelling qualitative change, Prigogine and Stengers, shed light on the concept of revolution. By explaining how successive instabilities give rise to transformatory change, they illuminate organization theory. They throw light also on certain psychological processes: for example 'innovation' which the authors see as associated with 'non-average' behaviour of the kind that arises under non-equilibrium conditions."

The "spontaneous self-organisation of non-equilibrium systems" which Prigogine and Stengers propose has some fascinating spin-offs. For example, at the

moment that this spontaneous self-organisation occurs - say within a chemical reaction - the molecules seem to be able to communicate with each other directly to achieve a coherent, synchronized change. Locality fails. At this critical moment the individual constituent particles seem to innately comprehend their unique position-to-be within the larger but as-yet-unformed whole.

As we have seen, when there are perturbations or fluctuations in a non-equilibrium system close to chaos, at the bifurcation points, things are unpredictable - they can go either way. In hindsight the demise of the Soviet Union seems inevitable and it has been treated that way even though before its collapse absolutely no-one predicted it. But from Prigogine we know that at the bifurcation point the outcome is impossible to predict. Things could have turned out completely differently: the Berlin Wall might still be standing, the crackdown on the Baltic States in January 1990 during the Gulf War might have been successful and the August 1991 coup against Gorbachev not even staged since it would have been unnecessary. And 'Dvinsk' would still be 'Dvinsk' not 'Daugavpils'. Furthermore I doubt whether in the art world we would be talking about 'post-colonialism' and global art.

As we know from the Butterfly Effect, a chain of events can have a crisis point that magnifies small changes. I think the Korean Fluxus artist Nam June Paik must have recognised this when he wrote his article on President Landsbergis of Lithuania for Artforum in December 1990 before the critical events had occurred. Incidentally it is interesting to think of the Fluxus movement in global terms - spanning Asia, America and Europe but also in terms of Chaos Theory and Prigogine - since many of the Fluxus artists were very interested in processes

associated with randomness and openness. As Paik wrote: "The East European revolution produced a playwright-president, Václav Havel in Czechoslovakia, but few people know that it also produced a Fluxus-president: Vytautas Landsbergis, the president of Lithuania. During the spring of 1990, the image of this bespectacled and stoop-shouldered 'music professor' paraded across the TV news every day. He successfully defied the blockade of Soviet Power and the 'benevolent' advice of the Western press to go slow lest he destroy the superpower summit. When Gorbachev received the Nobel Prize, Landsbergis sent him a congratulatory telegram: 'Your Majesty'."

This audacious David-and-Goliath situation strongly reminded Paik of Landsbergis' best friend, George Maciunas – the founder of the Fluxus movement. Landsbergis and Maciunas were both the sons of well-off architects and were best friends at school in Kaunas, Lithuania in the last peaceful days of prewar Europe. Landsbergis remained in Lithuania and Maciunas ended up in New York. Landsbergis, although still confined in Soviet Lithuania, evidently contributed musical compositions for a number of Fluxus concerts and participated several times in Fluxus mail-art events such as those organized by Meiko Shiomi from Osaka, Japan. As part of her 'Spatial Poem No.5', Meiko Shiomi proposed an 'Open Event': "Open something which is closed; Please describe to me how you did it and what happened by your performance. Your reports will be recorded on the world map." So we note on the world map in the area occupied by Lithuania, the name of Vytautas Landsbergis. And the following description: "A day after my return from the country to my flat in Vilnius, I opened the lid of my piano and hit the keyboard of F sharp. When the sound died down completely, I went to my

study to continue on some unfinished work. Vilnius 1 pm July 23, 1972".

I would like to imagine that the so-called 'Baltic Way' on August 23, 1989 when 1 million Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians joined hands in a continuous human chain across 680 km stretching from Tallinn, the Estonian capital, in the north-east through Latvia to Vilnius, the Lithuanian capital, in the south-west was an event conceived in the Fluxus spirit. Was it the idea of an artist, a poet, an engineer or perhaps the idea of a president? This brave and defiant protest on the anniversary of the secret Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 which consigned the Baltic States to 50 years of illegal rule by the Soviet Union certainly made front page news all over the world. Could the 'Baltic Way' have been the crucial perturbation – the catalyst to the break-up of the Soviet Union?

I'm sure Maciunas would have thought that 'holding hands' was beautiful. Indeed he had his performers holding hands in New Marlborough, Massachusetts in 1977 (only a year before his death) when they performed his 'Untitled Marching Piece' at the Flux Snow Event. But I doubt that even he fully realised the power of Fluxus ideas or their imminent relevance to his former homeland. One million Balts 'holding hands' on the 23rd August 1989 and then a little over two years later, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia are independent states and the iron grip of the Soviet Union is broken, at least for the time being.

February 28, 1994

Ian Wedde

In Europe, before the advent of railway systems with branch lines that dead-ended at the seacoast, there used to exist many small ports whose only easy access to a wider world was by sea. These ports often served a small hinterland with essential manufactured supplies. They also often provisioned vessels which plied between major metropolitan ports. Such metropolitan ports would bring trade and sometimes curio items from parts of the world distant from Europe. These items would make their way into the coastal traffic. Thus, there exist records of items from Asia, Africa, the Caribbean and the Americas – locations impossibly distant from the everyday territories and experiences of the small populations of the port's hinterland – becoming commonplace in those locations. They were commonplace before the successive waves of industrial revolution in Europe through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries networked deposits of raw materials, entrepôts of labour, the distribution systems of canals, railways and sea ports, and urban centres of manufacture.

What ended these contacts and their deposits was above all the arrival of railway networks. The vastly expanded communications systems did not increase the amount of international contact to remote coasts. In some ways, they limited it. Those traces of fabulously remote places, which had in their way become almost commonplace through a perimeter of isolated minor coastal ports, were lost in a larger traffic. The detail was lost. Items of Oriental porcelain, for example, disappeared into such national house-styles as Delftware. We would now associate Delftware with Holland, and with the enormous success of the mercantile and manufacturing expansion of that nation. We would not usually associate Delftware

any longer with its Oriental model. Delft is Dutch. Communications networks made it so.

On this model, the occupation of an Oriental sector was accomplished in Europe through the strategic deployment of railways. But by the same model a European national identity, or at least a powerful and enduring signifier of that identity, was constructed in quasi-Oriental terms. The detail of an Oriental model was lost. The generalisation of a Dutch national emblem was founded.

A way out, is a way in. An escape route also provides access to an invader. This model, which we might call viral as well as strategic, is only withstood by discontinuous contact. Discontinuous contact – contact that does not reach through – is archaic. Identities constructed within archaic, discontinuous contacts, make difference conspicuous. To a large extent, such archaic identities are defined by difference. Modern identities however, are constructed by communications systems that generalise difference. It is not always clear whether one identity is being occupied or another constructed. One way to halt or at least to distinguish the traffics on these modern networks which confuse the directions of occupation and escape of entry and exit is to once again make difference conspicuous. This is done to reassert value – to resist generalisation.

There are many ways such reassertions of difference are accomplished in modern communications-dense cultures. One of them is to collect. The collection (for example the museum collection) halts the generalising traffic of identity trading. Collections re-establish an illusion of discontinuous contact. They sentimentalise objects and return them to an archaic state of difference. The value of these objects is established by their being withdrawn from circulation. They are immunised against generalisation. (Eugenics provides a

fascist margin of genetic economy to this thinking: the deliberate archaising and sentimentalising of racial difference; the hoarding of genes.)

In archaic societies where discontinuous contact resulted in specialised identity, dispersal was what constructed value. The most sensational model for this is potlatch, the vast giving away of goods usually associated with Indians of the American North West. Potlatch was banned by the colonial governments of Canada, with catastrophic consequences for the social formations and equilibrium of the tribes. Here in New Zealand, the model was (is) koha, a system of exchange which likewise transferred value (including mana) from commodities to people, and which provided an economic safeguard against both boarding and the depredations of here. This is a system of obligation, requiring memory, enlivened by hostage. The hostage might be a person (for example the puhi who lived outside her own tribe in order to deflect its aggression from her adopted tribe and to oblige her adopted tribe's fair dealing) or it might be an especially precious object.

In modern societies where networked contact results in generalised identity, accumulation is what constructs value. The model for this is the collection, a system of tribute requiring currency backed by surplus. This is the generalisation I have been looking for, one that will tell us how identity and value are constructed in pre-network (let's call them) and post-network societies.

Before the advent of railway networks that made internal travel easier by land than by sea, Maori societies, which is to say individual tribal societies, were involved in discontinuous contact with Europe. Travel by sea was easier than travel by land. On the evidence of James Cook's visits to the Raukawamoana area, especially the visit in 1773, there existed a

busy culture and trade nexus in what we call Cook Strait. But it was a nexus which worked to preserve tribal identity, not to generalise it. The evidence of the kahu collected by members of Cook's quarterdeck, and now held in the Museum of Mankind in England, is of Totaranui as an entrepot of extraordinary defined tribal styles. And there is evidence that dispersal, even within trading situations, was fundamental to the maintenance of those identities.

What I sense, is that the arrival of rail at Cook Strait meshed with the ongoing process of European generalisation of Maori identities. Maori identities were increasingly being seen as doomed, not just because of European racist evolutionism, but also because of their perceived failures to accumulate. The generalising of tribal identities into a Maori nation (a concept which to this day does not mesh with Maori protocols, as witness the arguments over the Sealord deal) went together with the generalising of a 'Maori' economic failure. Maori economic failure (according to a European view of dispersal) and the European construction of a generalised Maori identity, have delivered a modern profile which modern communications constantly endorse of a hegemonic or generalised culture surviving against the odds of economic disadvantage.

The possibility that such a generalised culture is the product of modern communications systems (once railways, but now, for example, school curricula which 'teach' something called 'taha Maori') and the possibility that 'economic disadvantage' (with its attendant statistics of 'Maori crime rates' and so forth) is the product of an historical clash of value systems, is seldom recognised in attempts to mediate the situation.

Peter Cleave notes, lucidly, that: "The history of the concept 'Maori' is a process

of ethnic construction while the history of tribal concepts is a constitutional and traditional matter. Numbers of Maori are known through census figures while the last register of tribal members was made in 1905."

The most current mediation is another Pakeha term: biculturalism. What it usually comes down to is the requirement that Maori assert a generalised identity (and be encouraged to do so) and that they be encouraged, and even obliged, to assert an accumulative economics. To speak with one voice, and to invest. Unity, and resource management. And that these initiatives be given room to develop alongside Pakeha initiatives. Minister of Justice Doug Graham's paternalistic disappointment with the 'failure' of Maori to unanimously accept the Sealord deal, was a perfect expression of this biculturalism. While the deal acknowledged obvious Maori ability, and need, to engage on such terms, it did not acknowledge the history that had created this need (and educated this ability). The recent comedy of errors, in which a Maori law graduate at Waikato University was several times regraded according to the value placed on the translation into, and out of Maori, of one 'Maori language option' answer in an examination paper, is another case study, we might say, of this syndrome.

In this bicultural syndrome, the offer of equality to Maori becomes a whip with which to enforce success on Pakeha terms.

In a system that values dispersal and affirms difference, a precious object is more useful and valuable elsewhere.

Elsewhere, it obliges memory. In a collection, however, such a precious hostage is severed from memory. It no longer provokes discussion, or recalls obligation.

A kind of utter exhaustion surrounds it, at this stage. The absurd attempt of a

museum to revive it by means of voices activated by pressure pads, in dioramic settings entered through a toll gate, only emphasises the absurdity and the exhaustion. Memory reduced to tape recording: to 'oral history', an ethnological discourse. Recordings are 'writing'. The promotion of them within well-meaning 'democratic' museum projects, is in fact a fetishising of oral culture. Such displays also rewrite, totally, the social formations by which value was constructed in 'oral cultures', in which information was in fact highly privileged (and undemocratic) and transmitted according to carefully monitored channels, to carefully screened individuals, whose counterparts in other tribes were scrupulously graded for social parity.

The exhaustion is also institutional. It results from the useless labour of trying to make biculturalism behave like a solution, and from the protracted disappointments of its failure to solve anything. Biculturalism cannot be a solution or closure. It has to keep a certain kind of problem alive. It has to find ways of using networks to endorse difference, not to generalise it. In a field so saturated with communications systems it has almost been neutralised and returned to the discontinuous contact state of archaic societies, 'biculturalism' could be the user code that turns networks against the Delft effect. It could access an utopia of high definition, conflict and dispersal.

Layers

Signs have

shape,

letters are

formed

tone

words become image

and names

mark landscape,

they guard

and possess acquired terrain.

Once established as place,

they mould history.

Their essence

tells us

of bygone language,

of our roots,

estranged,

overlaid

by the progression

of time.

MARAN - ATA

KARUA

DANDÁNG

APANHUAO

AJWDI

ARÁ - A - PAN

CHIRIMA

AWAROA

WAIKATO

OMARU

PUHOI

WAIKATO

ORUA

TUKITUKI

OTAKI

WAIKATO

TAIPO

PUKAKI

OKURU



Around 1988 I began buying the cabinets I used in works like Cabinet with 43 (Delft) Saw Blades, Cabinet with 3 Gas Cans and 18 Saw Blades, and so on. The man who sold these to me – a so-called 'dealer' in antiques' – got them made in Indonesia, made by hand but mass-produced, and he indicated to me that I could order them through him in whatever size or style I wanted. What I loved about these cabinets was their ugly overwrought baroque style that resulted from the never-quite-successful efforts to make them look authentically European. They gave themselves away; the roses, for example, would look more like lotuses. So I thought, why don't I go to Indonesia myself, find some carvers and ask them to produce an object they have never seen before? So, between 1989 and 1990 I did just that, visiting various little villages on the edge of the jungle where no one had ever seen a traffic sign or a concrete mixer.



I got the idea of the concrete mixer after hearing about Le Corbusier going to the Puniab to make modernist architecture. Not only did everybody there think his building weird and ugly, they found the material (concrete) profoundly foreign; the traditional clay contained their ancestors and all kinds of important spirits. It was mixed, and ceremoniously, by foot. What with all the other compromises, and departures from customary practice the project involved, the workers apparently drew the line at using concrete mixers. And the result was that one day they all turned up at the first-aid tent with bleeding feet and unable to continue. What an amazing story that is! It says so much about colonialism, cultural imperialism and so on.

I was wondering how a concrete mixer would look if these villagers needed one, or if they started to need such a thing as concrete – the material which has most shaped the twentieth century. Stone Age, Bronze Age, Concrete Age. Anyhow, it was hard to find people who knew nothing of 'modernity'. And those who did not, didn't know English or Dutch either. A Chinese guy offered to take care of arrangements while I was in Europe. Without going into details, at the start I lost a lot of money as a result of working with the wrong people. Some carvers in neighbouring areas began to make concrete mixers even though neither my Chinese agent nor I commissioned them: they had decided that this was what the 'westerners' wanted now and they wanted to be ready with this new souvenir product to sell to the next westerner that came by. Luckily my enterprising Chinese agent stopped them. He hired them himself and one year later was running a factory with 200 employees making Chippendale chairs for the American market. By this time he had lost interest in working with me because I was not able to see things in large quantities.

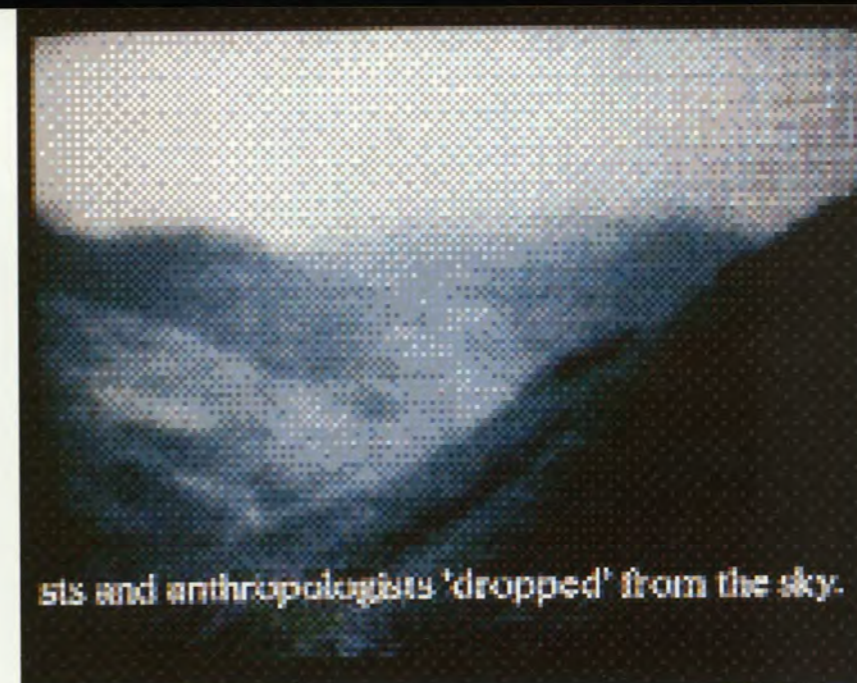
Finally I continued the project without him in Yaguakarta. It interested me that as time went on the drawings I sent him, or took to Java myself, turned into carvings which I took to be increasingly Indonesian in style - the baroquish style you see in Chinese restaurants, more 'oriental'. But later I learnt that this style, which you see a lot in airports and in souvenir shops, was itself derived from Europe. That it was introduced by seventeenth-century Dutch merchants through their orders for furniture for churches and houses, mainly Flemish. Before that Indonesian carving had been comparatively geometric and minimal.

WE NEVER TELL
EVERYTHING,
WE ALWAYS KEEP
SOMETHING FOR THE
NEXT ANTHROPOLOGIST
(Informant to Mead)

THE ELDEST SON OF BAMAN UROP MABIN WAS BORN DURING THE LAYING OUT OF THE ATMISIBIL AIRSTRIP AND HE WAS NAMED 'KOBARWENG' AFTER 'THE SOUND OF THE AIRPLANE' (Hylkema)

WAS IT THE SOUND OF FLOOD WATERS? OR OF AN EARTHQUAKE [...] PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY THE SOUND OF A CASSOWARY? BUT THE NOISE CONTINUED ... (Berndt) - I THOUGHT I HEARD THE VOICE OF ONE OF THOSE MARSUPIALS THAT GROWL AS THEY GO ALONG AND HAVE TAILS LIKE LIZARDS' TAILS (KUI KOKLOM), WE CHASED THE NOISE THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH; IT KEPT MOVING IN FRONT OF US AND WE COULDN'T CATCH IT [...] WE ARGUED ABOUT IT. THEN IT WENT AWAY AND WE SAID WE WOULD FIND ABOUT IT LATER (Ongka) - WE NEVER HEARD THAT NOISE BEFORE - WE DUG IN THE GROUND [...] WE DIDN'T REALISE THE SOUND WAS COMING FROM ABOVE (Kubal Nori in Connolly & Anderson) - SOME SAID IT WAS A HORNBILL (SAU) FLYING IN THE SKY, WHILE OTHERS BELIEVED IT TO BE THE RURU FROG, FROM THE FOREST FLOOR, WHICH CRIES ONLY DURING RAINY PERIODS (Josephides & Schiltz) - OTHERS REMEMBER THINKING IT WAS SOME KIND OF INSECT [...] AND SEARCHED THROUGH THE LONG GRASS BEFORE THE ENORMOUS VOLUME OF THE SOUND SENT THEM RUNNING IN TERROR [...] IT NEVER OCCURRED [...] TO LOOK UP IN THE AIR (Connolly & Anderson)

July 6, 1987; the village of Pepera: KAIANG TAPIOR PUZZLES ME WITH HIS QUESTION: "WHERE IS YOUR HELICOPTER?"



ists and anthropologists 'dropped' from the sky.

Pacific War December 2, 1944; Baliem Valley: I FLEW AS LOW AS SEVENTY-FIVE FEET, AND NATURALLY THE NATIVES WERE TERRORIZED BY THE SIZE OF THE AIRPLANE AND THE NOISE OF THE PROPELLERS AND ENGINES. SOME TRIED TO HIDE, WHILE OTHERS RAN AT TOP SPEED AS IF TO ESCAPE FROM THIS ROARING AIRBORNE BEHEMOTH. IT WAS EVIDENT THAT FEW IF ANY HAD EVER SEEN AN AIRPLANE BEFORE (Rhoades, Flying MacArthur to Victory) - [THEY] INDULGED IN BUZZ JOBS. SHELTON REMEMBERS ONE PILOT WHO FLEW A B-24 SO LOW IN NEW GUINEA THAT HE INADVERTENTLY BOUNCED IT OFF A BEACH, RETURNING TO BASE WITH CRUMPLED REAR-BOMB-BAY DOORS AND SAND IN THE BACK OF THE AIRCRAFT. ANOTHER PILOT LANDED WITH SHREDS OF PALM FONDS LODGED INSIDE FROM A CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH A COCONUT TREE (Sheehan)

THEN WE LOOKED UP AND SAW IT WAS IN THE SKY AND WE SAID 'IT'S A KIND OF WITCHCRAFT (kum)[...] SOME SAID IT WAS A THUNDERCLAP GONE MAD AND COME DOWN FROM THE SKY (Ongka) - WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED. SOME PEOPLE SEARCHED THE GROUND WHILE OTHERS LEFT EVERYTHING AND RAN FOR THEIR LIVES (Nopornga Mare in Connolly & Anderson) - STRANGE NOISE CAME FROM THE SKY - THERE WAS A BIG SOMETHING (Berndt) - IN TERROR THEY FELL TO THE GROUND UNTIL IT HAD PASSED, NOT DARING TO LOOK UP AGAIN (Berndt) - SUDDENLY IT CAME FASTER LOUDER! WHEN IT CAME CLOSER, IT LOOKED HUGE, AND WE FELL TO THE GROUND AND HID OUR FACES. WE WETTED AND FOULED OURSELVES IN FEAR AND CONFUSION (Kentiga Anup Kwimbe in Connolly & Anderson) - IT COMES, IT GOES (Blackburn)

Johan Grimonprez, Paleis voor Schone Kunsten Brussel, 1994.



1. SPELLICANS This game, sometimes called spillikins, originated in China and is played with a set of about thirty thin strips of ivory, wood or plastic. These strips, called spellicans, have carved heads representing animals, people, etc. There is also a carved hook for moving the strips.

Start of play: The order of play is determined by the throw of a die or some other means. The last person in the playing order then takes all the spellicans in one hand and drops them onto the table or floor. **Play:** At his turn, each player takes the carved hook and attempts to remove a spellican from the pile without disturbing any of the others. If he successfully removes a spellican from the pile, he keeps it and tries to remove another. A player's turn continues until he disturbs a spellican other than the one he is attacking. Play continues in this way until all the spellicans have been taken. **Scoring:** Each spellican has a points value, and a game is won by the player with the highest score. Spellicans that are generally fairly easy to move have a low value, and more elaborately carved spellicans which are more difficult to move have a correspondingly higher value.





JACKSTRAWS This variant of spellicans is also variously known as jerkstraws, juggling sticks, pick-up sticks and pick-a-stick. It is played with about fifty wood or plastic sticks or straws. These are about six inches long, rounded and coloured according to their points value. Play: The rules are the same as for spellicans except that players remove the sticks with their fingers or, in some versions of the game, may use a stick of a specified colour after they have drawn one from the pile.

2. **Pa** A fortified Maori settlement, hilltop fort. The Polynesian word pa originally meant fence, wall or palisade. Palisade defences were widespread in 'prehistoric' Polynesia; in New Zealand they could include platforms and ladders, and were usually supplemented by earthworks such as terraces, banks and ditches. Palisades comprised rows of posts, up to seven metres long; through the small gaps between, defenders could thrust their spears at their attackers. Commonly pointed at the ends, they also sometimes featured carved figures.



大小宴会場・結婚式場

中国料理で
你好!!

お家族連れで
どうぞ!!

中国料理 **雅舒園**

本店 京町店 有田店

佐世保市松川町 アーケード内京町バス停前 有田町本町黒牟田入口バス停前

I very strongly believe in the force of modern media which I like to place opposite painting in which everything is appreciated according to a slow process.

I am not interested in painting. I paint because it is the only way I can construct these images. If it could be done photographically, I would take photographs.

Comprehensibility is not particularly my norm now, but in any case it is a criterion with which you can look at the world. A lot of art has moved far away from real life, and what's more is even proud of it.

I am interested in art that attempts, whenever, to free itself of a particular yoke or liberate itself from a circumscribed circuit in which she can only talk for herself.

The substance of art can be totally different and can have another meaning. I hope to contribute to this – to work towards another meaning.

The content of art is becoming too much of a predictable game, in the course of which it is forgotten where her heart, soul and bones lie.

Quoting is anything but taboo, but I think quotes should have as little to do with the world of art as possible.

Shifting point blank:
forming focus of distance,
area of focus, surface,
modulating and cleaved, as if mentioned,
accidentally shapes volume.

This distance which is a texture,
how is it formed so that it can form?



The many-hinged, the cleaved

During the cleaving something becomes apparent and something remains blank.

A group of cleaving, transferring in cleaving, an image or a blank

In the sweep of cleaving, the sweep of appearance or disappearance.

Not only is part of doing always blank, the greater whole (sum of all doing) also is always partly (mostly?) blank. The thinking field, if it could be stepped back from taken as a whole, the world, would present itself as a 'blank body'.

Everywhere is cleaving: massenergy cleaves itself, cleaves to and from itself. In this way, it makes from and of itself dimensions and turns itself gradually into various tissues of density.

Groups resulting from a recurrence of events actually become agents of cleaving on a new scale: more condensed, dimensionless, they project out through all the rest. As different textures of density, configurations of massenergy, are coordinated through and by these cleaving agents, a sense of place may germinate.



Through the cleaving of what is, the senses, an advance guard, weave the neighbourhoods of blank. Field upon field is woven. Individuals live as nests of blank fields. To each individual, the nest of fields which it is stays blank even as this prefigures a fiction of place or serves as a non-passive nurturing ground to it.



Warlugulong (1977), Mt. Denison Country (1978) and Yuutiutyungu (1979) belong to a major series of five large map paintings, which stands as one of the signal achievements of Western Desert painting. In so far as it is based on ceremonial ground paintings, Papunga painting on board and canvas is already map-like; the originality of Tiapaltjarri's series rests on his hybridization of European and Aboriginal cartographic conventions to produce a large-scale map bringing together on a single canvas and in their actual geographic relation to one another many separate Dreaming sites and stories. Mt. Denison Country depicts twelve ancestral trails as they criss-cross the mulga (Acacia aneura) woodland on what is now Mt. Denison Station. Annotations of Yuutiutyungu distinguish thirteen different narratives, associated with an area some forty by thirty miles to the northwest of Alice Springs. A detailed discussion of these works may be found in Vivien Johnson's monograph, *The Art of Clifford Possum Tiapaltjarri*, 1994. She comments: "Like western topographical maps, these paintings are large-scale maps of land areas, based on ground surveys, with great attention to accuracy in terms of the positional relation among the items mapped. They can be used for site location, and because of their precision have the validity of legal documents – they are the Western Desert equivalent of deeds of title."



Warlugulong

Traditionally – and to this day – ground mosaics similar to this painting, are created by central Australian tribes. They are secret-sacred and belong to the men's religious world. In their creation an area of ground is cleared, moistened and then decorated in symbols which tell of mythological ancestors: native daisies are chopped and pounded to make a plant down; this is mixed with various combinations of black, white, red and yellow colouring, and the design is structured from this. Upwards of twenty men may be involved in the labour over a period of perhaps ten hours, songs being chanted for much of the time. The final magnificent work may then be almost instantaneously destroyed in its ceremonial use and is always totally destroyed at the completion of ceremonies. The canvas gives details of several legends. This canvas, as with the actual ground paintings is intended for plan viewing. In its creation the bushfire was centrally placed to give artistic balance and minor imperfections were purposefully made to allow secular viewing. Added to this, only a secular description of events, rather than a secret-sacred, has been given to ensure that offence is not given to other Aboriginal men. This is common for virtually all paintings, the artists having, in general, come to grips with an acceptable way of presenting their art to an audience they recognise as being largely non-aboriginal.



The following notes give some idea of the mythology of the area, for the canvas is, in effect, a map of a section of country. These events all took place in the Djugurba, the Dreamtime creative period.

Warlugulong is the site where the great fire began. Lungkata (Tiampitiinpa), the Blue-Tongue lizard man had rested at this site. His two sons, following behind, speared a kangaroo, cooked it, and then greedily ate it all. The father, wondering why his sons were so long, suddenly sensed what had happened. Determined to punish them, he blew on a fire-stick until it glowed, then touched it to a bush. The bush exploded into flame (as the painting illustrates), then furiously burnt everything in its path. Tongues of flame flicked out, as do all lizards' and snakes' tongues to the present day, and soon the two brothers were fighting the flames. They broke branches and beat at the fire, but always the front leapt beyond them, forcing them back. Eventually they perished, and the bushfire lost its fury and died.

From annotations prepared by Papunya Tula Artists 1977

WHAT LENGTH (HOW MANY)?
 IN A LINE?
 WHERE DOES IT STOP?
 TURN AROUND
 WHEN WILL IT FALL OVER?
 IS IT EMPTY?
 WAS IT BROKEN?
 WAS IT IN THE WAY?
 WILL IT BREAK?

IS IT STRAIGHT?
 CAN YOU SEE IT IN THE DARK?

HOW MANY TIMES?
 WHERE DO PEOPLE COME IN?

DO LINES MEET?
 CAN A CIRCLE BE DRAWN?
 ON WHAT LEVEL?
 ARE THEY OPPOSITES?

ANY ADDITION?
 CAN IT BE REMOVED?
 WHICH SECTION IS OVERHEAD?
 ANY QUESTIONS?
 WHAT ANGLE DOES IT LEAN AT?
 IS IT FRAGILE?
 HOW FAR IS THE TOP?
 WHY DOES IT TURN OVER?
 ARE THE ANGLES THE SAME?
 IS THERE ANYTHING TO BE SEEN?

WHY IS 9 MORE THAN 4?
 DO LINES EVER MEET?
 WHERE DOES ALL THIS COME
 FROM?
 IS THE BASE RIGID?
 HOW MANY ELEPHANTS OVER
 THERE?
 IS THAT A PHOTOGRAPH?
 WHAT'S THAT?
 IS THE TOP ABOVE THE BOTTOM?

GANI?
 KWENYE MSTARI?
 MAHALA GANI INAPOSIMAMA?
 GEUZA
 ITAANGUKA LINI?
 TUPU?
 ILIHARIBIKA?
 ILIZIBA NJIA?
 ITAHARIBIKA?

INANYOOKA?
 TUNGELIONA TUNAPOZUNGUKWA
 NA GIZA?
 MARA NGAPI?
 WANAPOINGIA WATHU NDIPO
 WAPI?
 MISTARI ZINAJIKUTANA?
 MVIRINGO INCHOREKANA?
 MCHORAJI HUJIFUMBA SWAL'AKE?
 MAMBO HAYA NI MBALIMBALI
 KABISA?

CHA KNONGEZA?
 INATOLEKANA?
 KIPANDE KIFI MBINGUNI?
 MASWALA YOYOTE?
 INALALA UPANAJE?
 INAVUNJIKANA?
 MBALI GANI KUFIKA KILELENI?
 KWA NINI INAPINDIKANA?
 MAPEMBE YANAFANANA?
 KUNA KITU CHOCHOTE
 KINACHOONEKANA?
 WA NINI TISA INAZIDI KULIKO NNE?
 MISTARI ZINAOWEZA KUJIKUTANA?

HAYA MAMBO YANATOK'API?
 MSINGI INA IMARA?

TEMBO WANGAPI KULE?
 PICHA SIYO?
 IPI?
 JUU JUU IKO JUU KULIKO CHINI?





AMS indicates exhibited in Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam

WEL indicates exhibited in City Gallery Wellington

p. indicates pagenummer of the reproduction

Laurie Anderson

'Here', 1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/anderson>
(pp. 92-93)

Art + Com

'T_Vision', 1994
mixed media
collection Art + Com, Berlin
(AMS; p. 26)

Lothar Baumgarten

'Watershed', 1985-1996
painted wall work
collection of the artist
(AMS; p. 128, photo detail
installation Kunsthalle, Bern)

'From North to South', 1977-1996
painted wall work
collection of the artist
(WEL; p. 129)

James Lee Byars

'The Table of Perfect', 1995
3333 red roses
courtesy Galerie Michael Werner,
Cologne and New York
(AMS; p. 28)

'Is', 1989
gilded marble
59,1 cm diameter
courtesy Galerie Michael Werner,
Cologne and New York
(WEL; p. 31)

Phil Dadson

'Resonance II', 1993
videotape
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS; pp. 32-33)

'An Archeology of Stones', 1995/6
videotape
collection of the artist
(WEL)

This video work foregrounds sound. It is produced by Phil Dadson with the assistance of Wayne Laird/sound editor, and the voices of Ngahiraka Mason, Tomoko Tada, Mack Furlong, Phil Dadson, Selwyn Auru and Claude Ortscheid.

Wim Delvoye

'Concrete Mixer', 1990
mahogany
161 x 179 x 82 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(WEL; p. 130)

'Five Delft Shovels', 1991
enamel paint on shovel
153 x 35 x 15 cm; 166,5 x 31 x 16 cm;
154 x 34,5 x 15 cm; 107,5 x 32,5 x 16,8
cm; 165 cm x 28 x 15 cm
collection of the artist
(WEL)

'Rose des vents', 1992
brons, telescopes
height 220 cm
private collection
(AMS; p. 132)

Jan Dibbets

'Panorama - my studio', 1971
photographic paper on plywood
behind perspex
65 x 95 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS)

'Universe / A Construction', 1971
photographic paper on plywood
behind perspex
64,5 x 69,5 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS)

'Universe / World's Platform', 1972
photographic paper on plywood
behind perspex
65 x 64,5 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS; p. 50)

'Comet' sea 3°-60°, 1973
photographic paper on plywood
behind perspex
20 various sizes; total 440 x 600 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(WEL; p. 51)

'Landschap', 1974
(Landscape)
photographic paper (5 pieces)
73,5 x 99,5 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS)

'Zeeschap', 1974
(Seascape)
photographic paper (5 pieces)
73,5 x 99,5 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,

Amsterdam
(AMS)

Ger van Elk

'de Waver bij Ouderkerk', 1974
(A rolling river pastel sculpture)
colour photograph on perspex,
framed behind matted perspex/
acrylic paint
104 x 255 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(WEL; p. 53)

'Biggles in the South Pacific', 1977
colour photograph on perspex
framed behind matted perspex
190 x 107 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS)

'Langs de Waver', 1979
(Along the Waver river)
173 colour photographs (each 2,5 x 2,5
cm)/ collage
4 x 437 x 4 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS)

'Kinselermeer', 1985
(Lake Kinseler)
photograph on polystyrene plate
185 x 292 x 12 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS; p. 52)

Johan Grimmonprez

'Kobarweng or Where is Your
Helicopter?', 1992-93
videotape
collection Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam
(AMS / WEL; pp. 134-135)

John Hurell

1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/hurell>
(pp. 90-91)

Giovanni Intra

1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/intra>
(pp. 96-97)

Gerald Van Der Kaap

'Panorama in Hovertime', 1991
wood/ perspex, duraflex
84 x 231 cm
collection Stedelijk Museum,

Amsterdam
(WEL)

'Study for KaapEngine (Girls)',
ca.1996
(pp. 98-99)

'KaapEngine', ca. 1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/00kaap>

Richard Killeen

1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/killeen>
(pp. 100-101)

Suchan Kinoshita

'Passant', 1987-1996
compact disc
collection of the artist
(AMS / WEL; p. 56)

Passant: 1987, Theatercafé, Keulen.
(Jongen van c.a. vijf jaar)
Passant: 1994, Museum van
Hedendaagse Kunst Gent.
(Jogger en baas met hond)
Passant: 1995, Vleeshal,
Middelburg. (subway N.Y.'94)
Passant: 1996, TAM, Krefeld.
(writingmachine)
Passant: 1996, Manifesta I,
Rotterdam. (zandlopers)
Passant: 1996, Stedelijk Museum,
Amsterdam. (subway N.Y.'96)

Jouke Kleerebezem

'Info Topical Map', 1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/kleerebezem>
(pp. 102-103)

Colin McCahon

'The Elias Triptych', 1959
enamel and sand on 3 panels
121,9 x 91,4 cm
121,9 x 83,8 cm
121,9 x 83,8 cm
collection Auckland City Art Gallery,
Auckland
(AMS)

'The Hammer is broken', 1961
lacquer on hardboard
122 x 90 cm
collection Auckland City Art Gallery,
Auckland
(AMS)

'Landscape Theme and Variations,
Series B', 1963
jute on three-ply
178 x 730 cm

collection Creative NZ Arts Council
of New Zealand / Toi Aotearoa,
Wellington
(AMS; pp. 58-59)

'The Canoe Tainui', 1969
acrylic on 8 panels
each 60,5 x 60,5 cm
collection Tim & Sheera Francis,
Wellington
(AMS)

'A Grain of Wheat', 1970
acrylic on unstretched canvas
200 x 300 cm
collection Museum of New Zealand /
Te Papa Tongarewa,
Wellington
(AMS)

'Are there not twelve hours of
daylight', 1970
acrylic on unstretched canvas
234 x 184 cm
Waikato Museum of Art and History /
Te Whare Taonga o Waikato,
Hamilton
(AMS)

'Victory over Death 2', 1970
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
207,5 x 597,7 cm
collection National Gallery of
Australia, Canberra
(AMS; pp. 64-65)

'Days and Nights in the Wilderness',
1971
acrylic on unstretched canvas
234,5 x 184 cm
collection Govett-Brewster Art
Gallery, New Plymouth
(AMS; p. 60)

'Through the Wall of Death', 1972
acrylic on unstretched canvas
184 x 234,5 cm
collection Dowse Art Museum, Lower
Hutt
(AMS)

'Walk' (Beach Series C), 1973
acrylic on hessian
11 panels, 93 cm x various widths
private collection
(WEL; pp. 62-63)

'The Shining Cuckoo', 1974
oil on 5 unstretched canvases
175,2 x 90 cm; 177 x 90,2 cm; 174,4 x 90,5
cm; 175,5 x 90,2 cm; 175,3 x 90,5 cm
collection Hocken Library, Dunedin
(AMS; p. 69)

'Blind', 1974
oil on 5 unstretched canvases
Blind (1)
177,80 x 90,2 cm
collection Mr & Mrs Trevor Farmer,

Auckland
Blind (2)
172,7 x 90,2 cm
collection Mr & Mrs Congreve,
Auckland
Blind (3 and 4)
177,8 x 90,2 and 175,3 x 90,2 cm
Ministry of Foreign Affairs and
Trade, New York
Blind (5)
175,3 x 90,2 cm
collection The Robert McDougall
Gallery and the McDougall Art
Annex, The McDougall Museum of
the City of Christchurch,
Christchurch
(AMS; p. 70)

'Urewera Triptych', 1975
acrylic on unstretched canvases
3 panels: 252,5 x 179 cm; 244,5 x 180
cm; 244 x 177,5 cm
private collection
(AMS; pp. 66-67)

Merel Mirage

'Poem*Navigator', 1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/mirage>
(pp. 104-105)

Matt Mullican

'Untitled', 1990
lacquer on aluminium
5; each 48,3 x 34,3 x 34,3 cm
collection of the artist
(WEL; p. 38)

'Untitled', 1991
449 magnesium relief plates
each 58,4 x 43,8 cm and 58 x 86,4 cm
courtesy Brooke Alexander,
New York
(AMS; pp. 36-37)

'Untitled' (banners), 1992
nylon, black and yellow; nylon, green
and white; nylon, blue and white;
nylon, red, black and white
4; each 330 x 330 cm
courtesy of the artist and Galerie
Ghislaine Hussenot, Paris
(WEL; p. 38)

'Untitled', 1995
24 glass balls
each 25,4 cm diameter
courtesy Barbara Gladstone Gallery,
New York
(AMS)

Netband

(Eric Hobiin, Franz F. Feigl, Dick
Verduft, guest artist: Debra Solomon)
'egg.net:19', 1996
internet

<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/netband>
(pp. 106-107)

egg.net: betatesters check for updates: <http://www.xs4all.nl/netband>
netband: 2-7 september 1996: Ars Electronica Festival, Linz, Austria

Vladimir Grafov, Silke Willhöft, Stock, Hans Kerkhof, Oskar J.C. Torices, Arend-Jan Weysters, Zvonimir Bakonin

Mondriaan Foundation, NL; Netherlands Foundation for Fine Arts, Design and Architecture; Desk.nl, amsterdam NL; Electude, Eindhoven; Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin; Telepolis/Medienlabor München.

Nam June Paik

'TV-Garden', 1974-78
video sculpture
collection of the artist
(WEL; p. 72)

Michael Parekowhai

'They Comfort Me Too', 1994
wood, lacquer
5; 182,9 x 62,2 x 5,8 cm (2x); 182,9 x 16,5 x 5,8 cm; 182,9 x 64,8 x 5,8 cm; 182,9 x 119,6 x 5,8 cm
collection Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Dunedin
(AMS; p. 136)

'Acts', 1993
wood, lacquer
variable
collection Auckland City Art Gallery, Auckland
(AMS; p. 138)

'Poorman, Beggarman, Thief', 1996
3 mannequins
collection of the artist
(WEL; p. 137)

Rob Scholte

'Questionmark 12', 1993
acrylic on linen
120 x 342,5 cm
collection of the artist
(WEL; p. 141)

'Questionmark 15', 1993
acrylic on linen
240 x 120 cm
collection of the artist
(WEL)

'Point of no return', 1996
acrylic on linen
4; each 150 x 150 cm

collection of the artist
(AMS)

'Untitled', 1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/scholte>

Han Schuil

'Revolver II', 1996
Internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/schuil>
(pp. 110-111)

Gerry Schum

'Landart', 1996
videotape
collection Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
(AMS/WEL; p. 75)

Janet Shanks

1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/shanks>
(pp. 112-113)

Jeffrey Shaw

'Place - A User's Manual', 1995
mixed media
height 220 cm x diameter 900 cm
collection of the artist
(AMS; p. 76)

Software: Adolf Mathias
Platform and screen: Huib Nelissen
Interface Camera: Bas Bossinade
Consultant: Rufus Camphuisen
Assistance: Tamás Waliczky
Produced at the ZKM Zentrum Für Kunst und Medientechnologie, Karlsruhe in cooperation with Neue Galerie, Graz

Gary Simmons

'3 Buoys', 1996
chalk on blackboard paint on wall
installation City Gallery, Wellington
courtesy of the artist and Metro Pictures, New York
(WEL; p. 79)

'Land's End'
chalk on blackboard paint on wall
installation Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam,
courtesy of the artist and Metro Pictures, New York
(AMS)

'Study for 'Land's End', 1996
ink on paper
29,7 x 21 cm
collection of the artist
(p. 78)

Robert Smithson

'Spiral Jetty', 1970
video tape
collection Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
(AMS/WEL; pp. 80-81)

Peter Struycken

'Change / Structure / Colour', 1996
internet
<http://art.cwi.nl/stedelijk/capricorn/inter8>
sound: Floris van Manen
(pp. 114-115)

Imants Tillers

'Diaspora', 1992
oilstick, gouache, synthetic polymer paint on canvasboard panels
288; each 25,4 x 38,1 cm
total 305 x 914,5 cm
collection Museum of New Zealand / Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington
(AMS; p. 142)

'There is still that which cleaves within the cleft', 1992
oilstick, gouache, synthetic polymer paint on canvasboard panels
165; each 25,4 x 38,1 cm
total 279,4 x 571,5 cm
collection of the artist
(WEL; p. 145)

'Testament', 1995
oilstick, gouache, synthetic polymer paint on canvasboard panels
120; each 25,4 x 38,1 cm
total 304,8 x 381 cm
collection of the artist
(WEL)

Clifford Possum Tjapaltjarri

'Warlugulong', 1977
acrylic on canvas
202 x 338 cm
collection Mr. Ebes, Melbourne
(WEL; pp. 147 and 149)

'Mt. Denison Country', 1979
acrylic on linen
170 x 200 cm
collection The Kelton Foundation
(AMS; p. 146)

'Yuutjutyungu', 1979
acrylic on canvas
231 x 365,5 cm
collection The Kelton Foundation
(AMS; p. 150)

'Yingalingi (Honey Ant Dreaming Story)', 1984
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
244 x 366 cm
collection National Gallery of

Australia, Canberra
(AMS)

'Napperby Lake', 1992
acrylic on canvas
134,5 x 256,5 cm
collection The Kelton Foundation
(AMS)

David Tremlett

Installation with 'Work in 15 parts (from 15 years) 1990', 1996
pastel on paper, pastel on wall
15; each 160 x 130 cm
installation Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
courtesy Art & Project, Slootdorp
(AMS; pp. 154-155)

The 15 drawings are produced from 15 locations where the artist worked over a 15 year period. Each location produced a 3 lettered word. These words become a sense.
Locations: zAIRe, inDIEn (German), bARCelona, abysSINia, meditERRanean, orEGOn, maLAWi, palesTINE, maLAYsia, burGUNDy, saRAWak, mOLDavia, leBANon, calcUTta, alASKa

'16 Floors on the wall', 1996
pastel on wall
installation City Gallery, Wellington
450 x 400 x 360 cm
courtesy the artist
(WEL; p. 153)

Bill Viola

'The City of Man', 1989
video/ sound installation
Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie, Karlsruhe
(AMS; p. 82)

Ruth Watson

'Lingua Geografica', 1996
(Geographic Tongue)
ilfachrome photographs, metal pins and plaque
160 x 160 cm and small wall text
collection of the artist and the Jonathan Smart Gallery, Christchurch
(AMS; p. 40)

'Lingua Geografica', 1996
(Geographic Tongue)
ilfachrome photographs, metal pins and plaque
160 x 160 cm
courtesy the artist and the Jonathan Smart Gallery, Christchurch
(WEL; p. 41)

exhibition**concept**

Wystan Curnow, Dorine Mignot

**organisation and installation
Wellington**

Elizabeth O'Loughlin with assistance
from Mark Roach, Allan Smith,
Claire Regnault, Leon van den Eijkel,
Mark Kent, Phillip Robertson,
Mary-Jane Duffy and Jill Ramsden

Amsterdam

Dorine Mignot with assistance from
Arnold Kerpentier and his crew,
Robert van Halm, Janneke Köhler,
Rob Schoelitz, Pieter Witteman,
Johan Schmelz, Saar Groenevelt and
Carolien de Bruijn

website installation

Hylke Sprangers, with assistance of
Johan Schmelz

design website

Willem Velthoven

interactive documentation

Barry Fenn

dates of exhibition

Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam

June 29 - August 18, 1996

City Gallery Wellington

June 6 - August 18, 1996

catalogue**editors**

Wystan Curnow, Dorine Mignot

assistance

Frits Keers, Saar Groenevelt

design

Mevis & Van Deursen

photographers

John Brash (p. 149), Courtesy City
Gallery Wellington (pp. 37, 79, 62-63),

D. James Dee (pp. 36-37), Jodokus

Driessen (sky pictures), Courtesy

The Kelton Foundation (pp. 146, 150),

Suchan Kinoshita (p. 56), Courtesy

Kunsthalle Bern (p. 128), Kira Perov

(p. 82), Gert Jan van Rooij (pp. 58, 59,

60, 64-65, 66-67, 69, 70, 154, 155),

Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam (pp.

50, 52, 53, 130), Courtesy Michael

Werner Gallery, Cologne and New

York (pp. 28, 31)

translators

Jim Boekbinder, Amsterdam

(Dutch-English),

Beth O'Brien, Eindhoven

(Dutch-English)

lithographs and printer

Snoeck Ducaju & Zoon NV, Gent

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Tonny Daalder, Stedelijk Museum,

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belastingadviseurs

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Visser Bay Anders Toscani

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