

# dumbfounded





5. Rendering of Bananas.—In Fig. 6 is shown an illustration of a banana. It has a smooth, kid-glove texture and the shading lines should be very regular and delicately graduated. To prevent too fine and black tinting at the tapering ends of the banana, the number of the tinting lines was reduced by offsetting, as just described. The rounded edge toward the high light is produced by white-ink lines crossing the black lines. An object may be rendered in many ways, as each artist has his own style of technique; but the technique selected should always give the surface of the object illustrated as natural an appearance as possible.



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May 1 – 30, 1999

Battersea Arts Centre

phyllida barlow

nicholas bolton

carmel buckley

david burrows

david cheeseman

lynn fulton

leila galloway

paul granjon

mark harris

susan hiller

janette parris

yinka shonibare

john wigley

lucy wood

2 Installation Photographs

5 *Dialogue between an umbrella and a sewing machine* by David Burrows

10 Artists/Works in Exhibition

28 *Ways of Communicating* by Alison Green

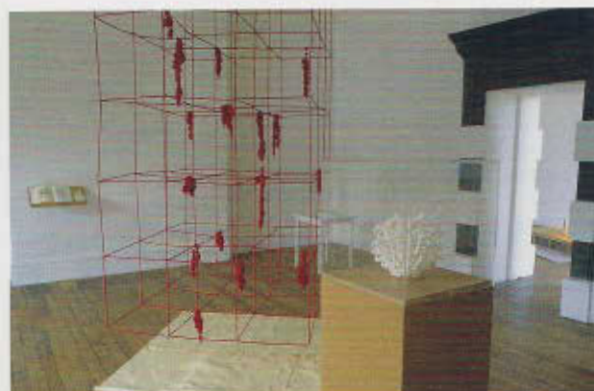
42 Biographies





Room 1 Burrows, Fulton, Bolton  
Fulton, Bolton, Hiller

Room 2 Barlow, Wigley, Wood, Granjon,  
Parris, Shonibare, Buckley



Room 2 Wigley, Granjon, Wood  
Harris, Galloway, Cheeseman, Buckley

## *Conclusion*

On November 9, 1923, in the fourth year of its existence, the National Socialist German Workers' Party was dissolved and prohibited in the whole Reich territory. Today in November, 1926, it stands again free before us, stronger and inwardly firmer than ever before.

All the persecutions of the movement and its individual leaders, all vilifications and slanders, were powerless to harm it. The correctness of its ideas, the purity of its will, its supporters' spirit of self-sacrifice, have caused it to issue from all representations stronger than ever.

If, in the world of our present parliamentary corruption, it becomes more and more aware of the profoundest essence of its struggle, feels itself to be the purest embodiment of the value of race and personality and conducts itself accordingly, it will with almost mathematical certainty some day emerge victorious from its struggle. Just as Germany must inevitably win her rightful position on this earth if she is led and organised according to the same principles.

A state which in this age of racial poisoning dedicates itself to the care of its best racial elements must some day become lord of the earth.

May the adherents of our movement never forget this if ever the magnitude of the sacrifices should beguile them to an anxious comparison with the possible results.



## Preface

When one has travelled among many countries and books and men, one feels at times the need to settle down for once.

For twelve years I lived at 4, rue de Savoie, Paris VI; but I have always had, and still have, several other domiciles in France and abroad. Number 4, rue de Savoie served as a kind of storehouse: I would arrive there between trains, between boats, and empty my suitcases or drop someone off, or consult a book. Each time I left in a rush, my head busy but my heart and hands free...

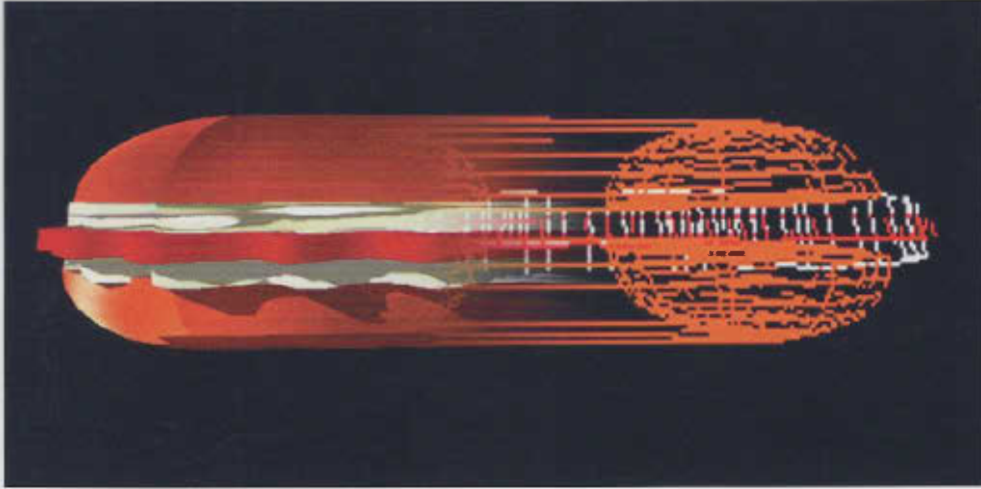
In the Isle de France country there is an old steeple. Below the steeple, a little house. In this house, an attic under lock and key. Behind the locked door, a trunk with a secret compartment. In the false bottom there is a Pravaz syringe; in the trunk itself, manuscripts. The syringe, the manuscripts, the trunk were left behind by a prisoner, a prisoner in Spain; but I am not a victim of the famous swindle of the Spanish prisoner's trunk.

The syringe is no longer sharp. The manuscripts are in a frightful state. They constitute the works of Moravagine. But the trunk was left with me by ... by ... by the Spanish prisoner, God's truth, and I must not reveal his name...

I will not go on with this Preface, for the present book itself is a preface, a too-long preface to the Complete Works of Moravagine which I shall publish one day, but which I have not yet had time to put in order. This is why the manuscripts will continue to lie in the trunk with the false bottom, the trunk in the attic, the attic under lock and key, in the little house, at the foot of the old steeple, in a little village in the Isle de France, until I, Blaise Cendrars, no longer prowls about the world among the many lands and books and men.

As for lands, there are lands enough. As for books, here is one. As for men, I know so many and then some, and I never grow





produce (and consequently reproduce) a complex form. This, of course, identifies an ontological purpose of technology, which is to be an extension of the hand.

Paul Granjon takes technology as his subject in a series of video programmes called *2 Minutes of Experiment and Entertainment*. He pokes fun at society's fascination with innovation, but also tries repeatedly to locate identity and reality within a rapidly changing world. His programmes—in which he is the commentator—reference children's educational programming and have the production value of *Eurotrash*. The subject matter is science and technology, but the methods he uses are resourceful and his material usually recuperated from cheap and discarded stock. In the first episode, Granjon experiments with the aerodynamics of a particular doughnut available in Cardiff. His doughnut-plane will not fly. In the second, he tries, successfully this time, to create a "cybernetic parrot sausage". He ends up with a German sausage that can identify itself, via the insertion of an electronic speech recording device he borrows from a toy parrot. After two tries, the sausage says, "Ich bin ein Wurst" and twirls around in seeming ecstasy. Episode six is the most nostalgic and poignant, as Granjon returns a fish patty to its fishdom, by stripping off its batter coating, packaging it safely in a ziplock bag with a motor and propeller from a toy boat, and setting it free in the ocean off Marseilles. In a sense, Granjon is interested in the down side of progress: he's using outdated technology for its restitutive potential rather than brand new technology for revolutionary progress.

### Density

In the 1960s artists claimed to be able to reduce the meaning of a work of art to only what existed on its surface. This idea is embodied in Frank Stella's well-known quotation, "what you see is what you see". Stella, coming out of painting, tended to remain interested in what was interpreted visually, but an artist like Joseph Kosuth proposed that content could stand on its own. His main strategy was to make tautologically structured works, systems that made their procedures and internal propositions evident, and thus one and the same.

We now know that, while representing a compelling ground zero, many of these ideas could not be sustained very long. A multifarious content seemed to explode back into art within a decade of



Kosuth's and Stella's radical propositions. Along the same lines, in a work from 1998, Mark Harris questions one of Kosuth's best known and most evidently tautological works: *One and Three Chairs*. If Kosuth's work claimed to exhaust the possible definitions of a chair, Harris arrives with a counter-example, loaded with cultural baggage: the cover of the Dead Kennedys' album, *Holiday in Cambodia*, which pictures a harrowing photograph of a prisoner, tied to a tree, about to be killed by a Khmer Rouge soldier wielding a chair remarkably similar to Kosuth's. What also marks the sea-change since the sixties is that Kosuth was not only interested in his idea but willingly gave Harris a version of the original piece to use, effectively collaborating with Harris in exposing his earlier stance. The point here for Harris is to identify what is outside the so-called frame of the autonomous art object; in the case of Kosuth's chair, Harris brings into the discussion a use-factor other than what the chair was intended for, and also the cultural and historical context hidden in Kosuth's work. In *dumbfounded*, Harris has presented a book, made of reproductions of the first and last pages of 100 books. It begins with and borrows its title from Herman Hesse's *In Sight of Chaos*, which is a rumination on literature's ability to predict historical changes. The first lines of Hesse are central to the book's structure: he begins, "It appears to me that what I call the Downfall of Europe is foretold and explained with extreme clearness in Dostoevsky's works and in the most concentrated form in *The Brothers Karamazoff*". Hesse brings the historical into alignment with the creative; Harris's book extends this premise, making a complex web of literary references and artistic responses to ideas about twentieth-century history, from Freud and Nietzsche to Sontag, that ultimately indexes Harris himself.

In a certain sense, David Cheeseman effects a similar critique of hardlined Conceptual art, and also Minimalism, by introducing content back into a structured system of making objects. In an untitled piece from 1996, Cheeseman cut up a small oriental carpet into squares, and reconstituted it by placing each piece into a low rectangular grid constructed of glass. While the shape and size of the elements in the work are structurally linked and quite simple, Cheeseman was also interested in another element not so material: an illusionistic surface created by the glass' refraction of the color of the carpet. What was surface is now deep. Cheeseman played with the same illusion of depth in *Skin Deep*, where he set 300,000 or so glass capillary tubes into the surface of another carpet. He has used the same technique

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## DIAGRAM 5

THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUTONOMIC NERVOUS SYSTEM  
IN THE PRODUCTION OF SOME COMMON BODILY SYMPTOMS  
WHICH ACCOMPANY NERVOUS UPSET.

