

**WILDERNESS AND
INNER SPACE**

**THE EXHIBITION
CATALOGUE**



for Dave Reason
intrepid explorer of uncharted territory

**WILDERNESS AND INNER SPACE:
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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE EXHIBITION

Wilderness occupies a prime site in contemporary everyday life. It is of very special interest to a significant section of the global general public who remain fascinated by the wilds – or raw nature untrammelled by humans – and are terrified that this will imminently disappear in the relentless advance of all that conveniently trades under the name of progress. Wilderness is equally of vital concern to a number of professional and interest groups who share a passion for the wild and unrestrained in nature, but have a very different practical involvement with it: in particular, conservationists, ecologists, naturalists, explorers, park rangers – as ‘wilderness’ is a category of national park in the USA – and creative and academic professionals involved with the constructed, non-constructed, or deconstructed environment, such as landscape architects, urban designers, land artists, and art historians. Finally, there are all those aficionados devoted to the wilds in human nature – in particular, those that follow solitary journeys into the wilderness to confront everything raw and boundary-less inside and outside themselves in order to discover a ‘true’ or ‘authentic’ ground to continue living. This journey through the wilderness has been variously recounted and immortalized by the major world religions, psychoanalysis, epic literature, and more recently, cinema.

Strangely, until now, this motley array of wilderness fans have never managed to gather under the same roof before – never mind the same firmament! – even though it is very evident that they have much to share, and there is great future potential in their collaboration. A first thing for them to share is the celebration of wilderness in all its cultural diversity. Visually, for example, wilderness ranges from the depiction of a rich and verdant hinterland between the urban and rural landscapes (such as in 15 century European painting), to a non-plant, non-animal, non-human, totally barren desert – as ‘wilderness’ is translated in some of God’s languages (such as French) by the word desert. Then there are the huge basic life-questions and core-assumptions that underlie these different perspectives on wilderness: for example, is there indeed any non-human wild nature that is unmediated by human perception, with all its linguistic and cultural coding? Or does this current concern for wilderness actually in fact constitute a post mortem following the loss of any real untouched landscape? Perhaps all the wildness on the planet is currently in transformation into a commodity, and all-inclusive package tours to visit it lie just round the corner? Or perhaps, alternatively, the wild in nature forever persists no matter how aggressively humans attempt to construct over or through it, just as plants naturally re-occupy bombsites, or insects re-inhabit toxic waste? Then there remain all the residual hinterland questions that also poignantly haunt wilderness: for example, is this basic non-human inhospitable space we equally call wilderness simply a dumping ground for all the trash generated by human excess and exploitation, where catastrophe forever lies hidden, and lurks in some virtual wild way – like the slag heap at Aberfan, Ground Zero in Manhattan, or the abandoned apartment blocks at Chernobyl? Is the allure of such places not generated principally by guilt (about human pollution), and anxiety

(about the death of the planet), rather than by some sublime transport before the unknown and infinite expanse of wild nature?

The Wilderness and Inner Space Exhibition forms part of a multi-faceted event designed to feed these contrasting celebratory and critical aspects of wilderness. The Exhibition contains original artwork (principally by the members of the organizing group). It is supplemented by an installation featuring fine art and photographic representations of wilderness; a sound work; various special interest presentations; and a two-day conference on the theme including lectures by prominent speakers that cover the (landscape) architecture, art (historical), psychoanalytic, (eco) psychological, and religious (practice/studies) dimensions of this wild terrain.

The Exhibition opens with *Strawberry Hill* (1986), a previously un-exhibited print/poem by the celebrated Scottish artist, Ian Hamilton Finlay (1925-2006). Finlay's print/poem provocatively highlights the elemental tensions unleashed in any creative engagement with wilderness: first of all, the role of creative insight in opening 'aspects of the natural world hitherto inaccessible to conventional perception' (to follow Stephen Bann's commentary); then the vistas opened by artistic and cultural tradition – *Strawberry Hill* formally re-visits Hugh Walpole's 18 century encounters with the Savoy mountain wilds; then the special place of the garden – as the fusion of the poetic, the sculptural, and natural landscape – in any creative negotiation of the wild in nature; and finally, the political dimension – wilderness is an ever-endangered place. It is poignant, in this context, that *Strawberry Hill*'s exploration in wilderness emerged at the very same time as a local authority order to levy a commercial tax on Little Sparta (Finlay's creative garden), and his garden responded appropriately by including stone nuclear submarines, modern warships, and aircraft carriers in its artistic display.

The other three artists displayed in the exhibition – Tessa Adams, Kevin Jones, and Marianne Sevray – also take up particular and challenging views of wilderness. In this catalogue, they each further explore the wild terrain of their exhibited work in a free-associative reconnoiter of their principal concerns, linking them in particular to the main themes of the Wilderness and Inner Space event as a whole. Finally, these main themes are further supplemented and documented by general introductory articles on inner wilderness and cultural wasteland by Martin Stanton and Anastasios Gaitanidis.

WILDERNESS AND INNER SPACE

MARTIN STANTON

Why is wilderness a prime site for voyages of self-discovery? What indeed is there to be discovered? Clearly it is not just something out there, like an unknown animal or plant species, or a unique rock formation, but rather some primal resonance between the raw and wild in nature and the inner world of human beings.

A key primal resonance is the unknown. Wilderness may be any wild terrain - a desert, a mountain, a tropical forest, or even by metaphorical extension, the wild quarters of a city; but central to them all is the fact that you do not know what you will encounter. In some basic way, you start out lost, and remain unsure of your bearings and on which grounds to proceed. Similarly, in the inner world wilderness, you confront the unknown. Wild things happen to you that defy any prior knowledge you may have. You may totally lose your bearings, even come to question the reality of what you see and feel, and come to diagnose yourself (or be diagnosed) as 'mad'. But this living wilderness offers the only access to wild human nature beyond knowledge. This unknown wild inner world currently trades under the name of the unconscious. As it is beyond knowledge, it remains residually unconscious, and is only known through its various disruptive effects on everyday life. The unconscious wilderness confronts, collides, and invades the inner world, and its on-going resonances undo and transform conscious thought processes. People hear voices, see visions, and dream momentous dreams in the wilderness. In this way, they come to carry wild resonances that may not readily fit back into reality.

Language lies at the centre of this on-going resonant process. First step in finding bearings in the wilderness naturally comes through words. We believe we fix, locate, and explain where we are in words - that is how we principally think - but wild unconscious resonances always disrupt and complicate this sense of meaning. Words carry different associations for different people and come to generate their own 'wild' links: either they contain a familiar dual register - such as words like 'cock' or 'pussy' - where a random cross-over to the other meaning may unleash a wild resonance that makes others laugh; or something 'wild' provokes a word to jump register and transform into something totally different - like the word 'three' could potentially transform into a 'tree', especially if uttered mellifluously by an Irishman. Words also shift their material form from speech to handwriting to print. They ebb and flow in different ways, and their phrases and sentences shorten and lengthen, according to context. They can become graphic, solidify or be set in stone - like Finlay's concrete poems are set in the wilds of Little Sparta.

Even the word 'wilderness' itself displays distinct, and markedly different, 'wild' resonances. In Old English, the word *Wildeornes* compounds 'wild' with 'deornes' - a deer - and connotes a place accessible to humans but not cultivated by them, and where animals run 'wild', or are untended. So 'wildeornes' sets out a borderline between the inhabited or urban space, and the rural surrounds, where nature takes its

course without human intervention. In Old English, this borderline experiences significant incursions from both sides. In particular, Christ's visit to the wilderness takes a distinct urban twist round and up the temple, and the perceived threat to him issues not from untrammelled nature, but from one particular fallen angel.

These resonances are not carried over into other languages. First of all, there is no direct equivalent for 'wilderness' in some languages, who regularly render this complex English terrain as a 'desert' - as in *le desert* (French), *deserto* (Italian), and *desierto* (Spanish). In contrast, in German, there is a direct connection between 'wildness' and 'illegality' which is significantly absent in the English 'wilderness'. This is encapsulated in German expressions like *wildes Parken* (to park illegally), *wilde Taxis* (unlicensed taxicabs), or in *wilder Ehe leben* (to live in sin). In English, the unrestrained, unknown, and profuse associations of 'wild' are not formally balanced against, or mediated by the law, though a 'wild' person may be vaguely or very generally associated with 'unruly' or 'anti-authority' attitudes. In German, wilderness has a separate name - *die Wüste* - which means 'waste' or 'wasteland'. This is a totally negative, empty, and inhospitable place - and 'In die Wüste schicken' poignantly means 'to give someone the push'.

What then can these words, with all their complex resonances, tell us about the place and function of the 'wild' in inner space? First and foremost, beyond the layered rhetoric generated by these different associations of 'wild', lies a common non-human terrain, formed by nature unknown or untouched by humans, or nature outside human control. Inner space explorers therefore turn to this place as a base to discover life outside human control - not least the control of the ego. The wild here involves discovering a natural inner space that is prior to thought and independent of it. This wilderness is coextensive with the infinite natural universe that exists outside the terms of human perception, and so either comes into being before or after words.

The question then is: which direction do we take to find this wild non-human inner space? Do we go back before words - that is, regress to a pre-ego state? Or do we go forward after words - or disentangle the thicket of word associations to uncover primal roots/routes to the unconscious?

The regression route to wilderness involves the return to earlier stages in development to re-discover an essential source to living. In most cases, this regression is not the product of choice, but is rather provoked by an unconscious process that automatically throws you back into the wilds. Some people, however, endeavour to get there by prescription, and take hallucinogenic drugs, or seclude themselves for ages in isolation tanks (see *Altered States* [Russell, 1980]). The Hungarian psychoanalyst, Sandor Ferenczi wrote a huge analogical poem on this essential regressive force in life, which he called *Thalassa* after the primordial Greek sea goddess (Ferenczi, 1912). For Ferenczi, the thalassal route through the inner wilderness goes to a place before sexual differentiation, across the inter-uterine state, back to the primal evolutionary waters, whence (following Darwin) we all came. As the regression deepens, words and thoughts loosen their grip, and eventually fall away. The inner space of this wilderness then becomes fluid and abstract - like the very best of contemporary art. Unfortunately,

though, this thalassal trip through the inner wilderness was not always revelatory or cathartic. In malign regressions, some travellers totally lose the plot, and never fully return from the wilderness to a fixed 'reality' that is built of words and thoughts.

The inspirational and maverick American psychoanalyst, Harold Searles, adds a further ecological dimension to this regressive wilderness route. Searles believes that the massive technological take-over of all aspects of contemporary everyday life has fundamentally alienated people both in their relationship to nature and to other human beings (Searles, 1960; 1972). He maintains that even contemporary psychology displays this alienation by focussing predominantly on inter-personal relationships as the key to mental and social health, as opposed to appreciating the primary developmental role of the relationship between the individual and the non-human environment. For Searles, children's relation to nature (such as [wild] animals, plants, or trees) and surrounding non-human spaces (such as houses/home or gardens), is as vital and formative for them as their relationship to their mother or other human beings. They need to be in the wilds of nature to be able to differentiate themselves from it as part of their normal human development. Losing this direct contact with the wilds of nature then progressively pollutes and destroys all potential mental and social health. It also blocks all the creative routes forward that enable us to cherish and nurture our non-human environment: 'A technology-dominated, over-populated world has brought with it so reduced a capacity in us to cope with the losses a life must bring with it to be a truly human life that we become increasingly drawn into polluting our planet to ensure that we shall have nothing to lose in our eventual dying' (Searles, 1972, pp366-367). In Searles' view, humans faced with this overwhelming psychic impoverishment naturally and sometimes automatically seek to return to the wilds of nature to re-vitalize themselves. In the automatic cases - traditionally diagnosed as schizophrenia - people regress to a state where they de-differentiate (remove the differentiation/ separation operated by thought) partly or entirely from the non-human environment: '...they regress even further to an animal, vegetable, or even inorganic state' (Searles, 1960, p.182). People lost in this wilderness may come to hallucinate that they are transformed into a horse (see *Equus* [Shaffer, 1973]), a bird (see *Birdy* [Parker, 1984]), or a tree (like the *Log Lady* merges with her log and believes that all truth resides in the woods surrounding *Twin Peaks* [Lynch, 1990]).

In contrast, the classic progressive - as opposed to the regressive - route towards wilderness involves dreams. Freud famously calls dreams the *via regia* (royal road) to the unconscious. Dreams form dense complex constructions that lie on the built-up boundaries of *wildeornes*. Language occupies a regal place in them because they are both essentially recounted in memory (afterwards turned into words), and carry inherent linguistic configurations (words are variously exchanged within them). Words become 'wild' in dreams when they become incongruent - they seemingly do not fit in or do not make sense in the context of on-going dream-narrative. Or they become 'wild' (in the German sense) when they break the law, and evoke some sense of 'living in sin' (in *wilder Ehe leben*), with all the sexual and religious associations that may involve.

Freud's royal way forward here is to break the 'wild' out of words by on-going play with their incongruence and exploration of their transgression. This wilderness-exploration-technique is called free association – following a wild diagnostic trail mapped out by Jung. This involves taking words that stick out for some reason in someone's account of their dream, and asking them to say whatever associations come to mind. As the associations unfurl, raw feelings will emerge, attached to hidden places and scenes. For Freud, these places are hidden and unconscious because they involve conflicts and feelings that the person cannot consciously resolve, so they get trapped in some discrete way in words. The wilderness in dreams then forms a complex space between the primary sensorial/affect world and the place where humans construct their everyday lives in words and thoughts. Images take pride of place in this complex space because they stand directly between the sensorial/affect and word registers, and negotiate (or resonate with) the pressures between the two. The 'wilder' the tension between the two, the more the image will resonate, and the greater will be its allure. The most 'wild' images – the awesome incandescent ones packed with strong feelings and hidden meanings – attain a special status in free association, and are called imagos.

Imagos form the wild peaks of any inner-world journey in the wilderness. The voyager will discover some particular object there with a very special 'wild' resonance, be it revelation or solace or laughter. In his wilderness, St Jerome becomes very attached to his lion – or his lion becomes very attached to him. Anyway, the lion comes to follow him around everywhere, even into the many Renaissance portraits of the saint, where a yellow leonine presence always glows magically. In a colder, more recent wilderness – Alaska – Timothy Treadwell discovers true natural revelation/regeneration in wild grizzly bears, and basks in their magic until one day it dramatically breaks, and he is consumed by his vision (Grizzly Man, Herzog, 2005). Withdrawn into the same Alaskan wilderness to find raw natural life outside bitter cold family conflict, Christopher McCandless finds solace in a derelict bus, which magically shelters him well, until misdiagnosis of a plant protractedly ends the story (Into the Wild, Penn, 2007). No matter whether the imago be an animal (lion or bear) or an item from the ambient non-human environment (a bus), there is some potential 'wild' danger or threat unconsciously encapsulated in it. The image incorporates some constant intimation of the underlying tensions that may crack or destroy it. In this way, beautiful and magical things found in the wilderness may not only just regenerate the traveller, but also wound or kill them.

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IAN HAMILTON FINLAY'S STRAWBERRY HILL

STEPHEN BANN

In 1739, at the age of 22, Horace Walpole set out for his Grand Tour of the Continent. He had already spent a relatively undistinguished period as an undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge. As Clive Wainwright has reminded us, he was at this stage 'more interested in Palladianism than in any earlier style'. That is to say, he appreciated the style of the great mansion that his father, the Prime Minister Sir Robert Walpole, had built on the family estate at Houghton in Norfolk. He had also learned to appreciate the magnificent collection of paintings assembled at Houghton, which would subsequently be sold to Catherine the Great of Russia when the great days of Sir Robert's political supremacy were long past. Walpole's Grand Tour did not pass without incident, notably when he quarrelled and parted with his travelling companion, the poet Thomas Gray. But it undoubtedly opened his eyes to a world of new sights and sounds: to the wonders of the natural world as experienced in crossing the Alps, and to the cultural legacy of the Ancient World as prodigally displayed throughout the great cities of Italy. As a younger son, Horace had no particular stake in Houghton. It was in 1747, a few years after his return from the Continent, that he purchased for himself the small country house on the Thames near Twickenham, known as Strawberry Hill.

What has all this to do with Ian Hamilton Finlay? Since his death at the age of 80 in 2006, Finlay has achieved a celebrity in his native Scotland and in the wider world that would have been inconceivable two decades ago, when his 'Strawberry Hill' poem/print was published. It has been reported recently that there are more of his works on display at 10 Downing St, than of any other artist. But it is certainly not this timely patronage bestowed on him by a Scottish Prime Minister that forms the link. The first, and most obvious, reason for Finlay's interest in Horace Walpole would be the specially influential character of the two places that they respectively tended and cultivated throughout their lives, with the result that both of them now constitute enduring memorials. At Strawberry Hill, Walpole's extension and development of the original house into a unique object of cultural study has become a timely theme once again, as an extensive restoration is currently taking place, in view of what is bound to be a spectacular reopening in 2009. The garden surveying the Thames that Walpole created has, all the same, been considerably cut down in size over the intervening years. In Finlay's case, the converse is true. The hillside stading of Stonypath that was his home for forty years never formed an integral of his 'improvements' - he used to quote with amusement the remark of a visitor: 'I see it all stops at the house'. On the other hand, everything but the house - including the farm buildings - was incorporated into the garden of Little Sparta (so named because of Finlay's long-standing opposition to the cultural authorities in Edinburgh, 'the Athens of the North'). Little Sparta, which was conveyed to a Trust during Finlay's life-time, survives as a place no less profoundly marked with the individual style of its progenitor than Strawberry Hill. In his early years at Stonypath, Finlay valued the comparison of his gardening activities with those of the eighteenth-century poet

William Shenstone at the Leasowes in Staffordshire. Shenstone had won international celebrity for a garden that was modest in scale, and created beside a dwelling that ranked as no more than a 'ferme ornée'. Strawberry Hill was a good deal grander than that. But it was nonetheless a highly personal creation, far removed from the Palladian splendours of Houghton, and above all it was a creation that betokened a fundamental shift in style, which would have momentous implications for poetry and literature, as well as for the ensuing history of architecture.

Finlay himself had worked as a poet and writer before he settled down with his family at Stonypath in 1966. He had already developed an international reputation for his own poetry, as well as for the publications of the Wild Hawthorn Press, which he founded with Jessie McGuffie in 1961. His own writing had begun to undergo a drastic shift in the early 1960s when he began to compose 'concrete' poems: as he explained it in a letter to Pierre Garnier, "'concrete" began for me with the extraordinary (since wholly unexpected sense that the syntax I had been using, the movement of language in me, at a physical level, was no longer there – so it had to be replaced with something else, with a syntax and a movement that would be true of the new feeling'. An evident sign of this search for a new syntax was his preoccupation with the compositional structures and stylistic affiliations of the plastic arts. Rapel (1963), his first concrete publication, was announced as a collection of 'fauve and suprematist' poems, To an increasing degree, however, he was attracted by the Cubist strategy of collage. Among his most favoured artists during this early period was the Cubist Juan Gris. The Cubist precedent of working in a shallow pictorial space, with fragmented planes and newspaper cuttings forming a discontinuous surface, provided a congenial parallel for his arrangement of disjunctive words and phrases on the page.

The five capitalised words that lie just below the title of this work, 'Strawberry Hill', are thus meaningful on two different levels. They form part of a collage of quotations, signalled by the variations in typography, and so can be related to the new syntax that Finlay had begun to develop in the 1960s. But they are also expressive of the ways in which, at a particular historical juncture, new syntax could be used to communicate new feelings. Deriving as they do from one of Horace Walpole's letters, written 'among the Mountains of Savoy', they epitomise the young English aristocrat's awe at the magnificent scenery of the Alps. Their very disjunctive character – PRECIPICES, MOUNTAINS, TORRENTS, WOLVES, RUMBLINGS – seems to be a testimony to the new and powerful feelings that have been stirred in him. But, as we realise, the abandonment of conventional syntax is in itself a literary ploy. Horace Walpole does not simply register an emotion. He recognises that a new style of writing is necessary to convey it. We know, of course, that in 1764 he will emerge as the author of *The Castle of Otranto*, which is universally accepted as the first major example of the 'Gothic' writing that would spread like wild-fire throughout Europe in the remaining decades of the century. *Otranto* has relatively little in the way of landscape. But by 1801, a story like Nathan Drake's 'Captive of the Banditti' will be regaling the public with scenes reminiscent of Walpole's lacunary description, such as this one: 'the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads; furiously along the bottom

of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of rock, ran a dark and swollen torrent ...' Wilderness, in the sense of an aspect of the natural world hitherto inaccessible to conventional perceptions, has been captured by a literary genre.

Yet this very point explains why Finlay's 'Strawberry Hill' is not simply a celebration of Horace Walpole. Between 1966, the date of his arrival at Stonypath, and 1986, when this poem/print was published, his activity as a poet, publisher and gardener had been prodigious, and at the same time he had been sorely tried and tested by adversity. The optimistic phase of the early 1960s, when he took part in the international concrete poetry movement, was succeeded by a period of relative isolation, when progress in the garden had to be measured against general indifference and sometimes hostility to his work in the art world. In 1978, he withdrew his travelling exhibition from the Scottish Arts Council Gallery in Edinburgh, and simultaneously embarked on the 'Five Hellenisation Plan' for the garden, which he also described in terms of 'neo-classical rearmament'. In 1984-5, the 'Little Spartan War' took place, as a result of his refusal to accept the regional rating authority's decision to levy a commercial rate on his Garden Temple. Concomitant with these developments was a gradual transition in his garden imagery from the fishing boat as a privileged visual symbol to the increasing installation of modern fighting ships as garden features. An aircraft-carrier was mobilised for a stone bird-bath. A slate monolith representing the 'sail', or conning tower, of a nuclear submarine was placed beside the new lake. Finlay could point to the precedent of contemporary fighting ships being installed in the sculptural décor of Renaissance gardens like the Villa d'Este. But his motivation did not lie in historicism. It derived from the acute feeling that Little Sparta was endangered, and had to be defended.

It is in this context that we may understand why it is that those 'carrier-borne aircraft of World War Two' have been added to Horace Walpole's list. Their titles, 'Wildcats, Corsairs', were drawn from other zones of meaning, where originally they would have carried messages of menace. The new usage as names denoting types of aircraft still carries a vestigial charge as a result, referring obliquely as it does to the wild beasts of the forest and the marauding sailors on treacherous seas. If Horace Walpole has pride of place as a progenitor of the Gothic, Ian Hamilton Finlay should be considered as a Neoclassicist with a contemporary edge – an edge which he was to symbolise around 1990 with the blade of the guillotine. The poem/print 'Strawberry Hill' may, at first sight, seem to be a polite work. It has been lovingly printed in the appropriate fonts, and published by the Eccentric Press in Minneapolis, on a hand-laid, deckle-edged buff paper that supplies just the right, mildly sinister touch. But this gracious act of homage to an earlier artistic achievement cannot be divorced from the testimony of an embattled poet.

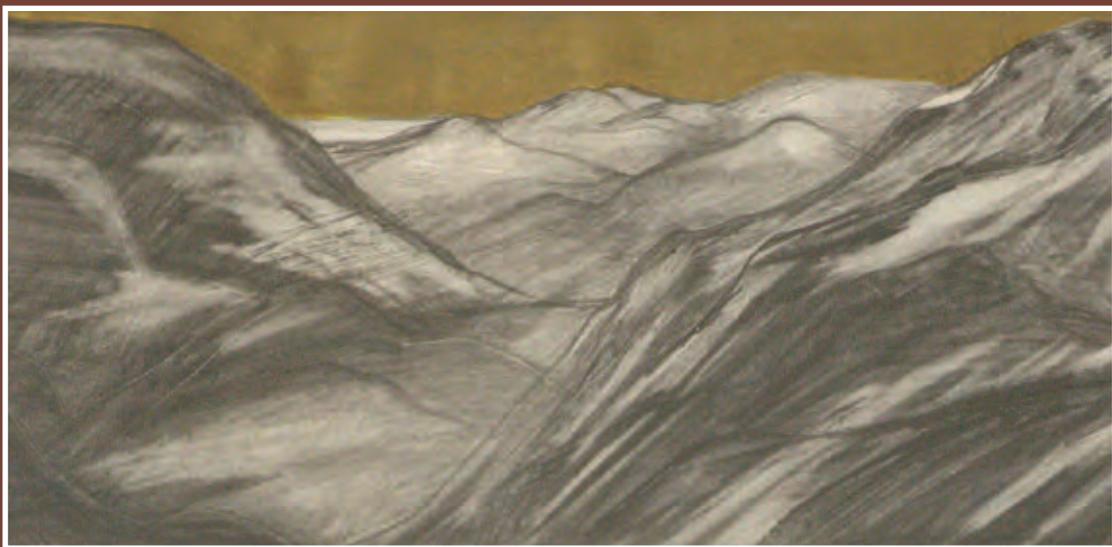
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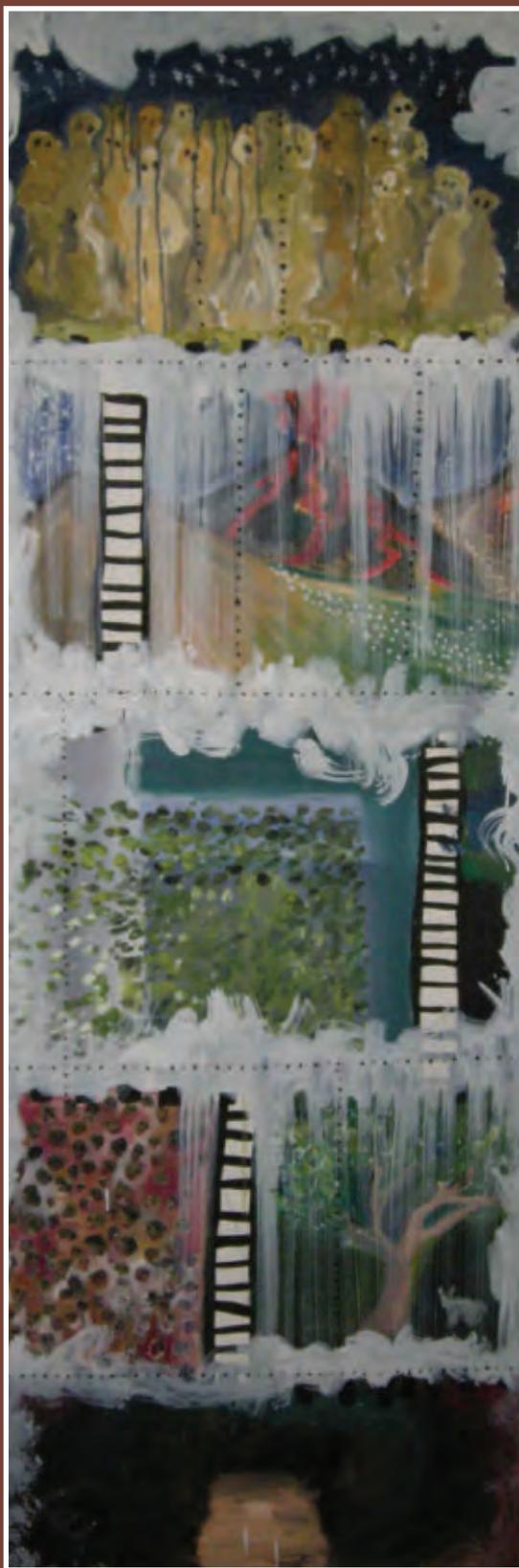




If it snowed
Oil on Canvas
2007



The last time I saw P
Oil on Canvas
2008



Untitled
Oil on Canvas
2008

THE MOUNTAIN SUBLIME

TESSA ADAMS

Mountains have been the environment of wonder and fear. Countries divide borders with mountain ranges. The Alps nestle between Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Switzerland. Each country pays homage to this phenomenal range causing language to change at each pass. Everest, the world's highest peak 8,850m (29,035ft), remained unconquered until 1953 when Edmund Hillary and Tensing Norgay succeeded, over-shadowing the legacy of the many deaths of the climbers it had formerly claimed. Of that moment, where battling the effects of high altitude and bad weather nearly stopped him reaching the peak Hillary stated, 'To my great delight I realised we were on top of Mount Everest and that the whole world was spread out below us'. Hillary was knighted by the Queen for this achievement for, at that moment, Hillary and Tensing were literally 'on top of the world'. Descending, from the summit, on meeting his friend George Lowe, Hillary exclaimed with joy 'We've got the bastard'. A boast that George Mallory, some thirty years earlier, could not voice since, although it was believed that he may have achieved the ascent, he died on the mountain joining those who had accepted the prospect of death on the highest peak as potentially inevitable. Yet it is Mallory who is remembered for his iconic phrase that encapsulated the purpose of taking such risk, in replying to the question as to why he was obsessed with conquering Everest, he simply answered, 'because it's there'. Little is known about what heralded Mallory and his climbing companion's downfall during their attempted ascent in 1924. It is said that he was last seen 'high on the north-east ridge of Everest, within striking distance of the summit.' The British public were shocked that a mystery surrounded these two experienced climbers' demise, which was further intensified when Mallory's bleached body was discovered in 1999. Of Mallory, Hillary tells us (in the wake of the contemporary commercialisation of Himalayan climbing expeditions), 'I had always regarded George Leigh Mallory as a heroic figure. He bought Mount Everest to the notice of the world, explored most of its routes, and finally disappeared when heading for the summit on the north side. What happened to him has always been a puzzle. Did he die before reaching the summit or on the descent? Nobody knows, and to me it has been of small consequence: He was still a great man.'

One of Mallory's earlier attempts in September 1921 is recorded in letters to his wife and we read how poetically he tells her of his defeat, before taking the later fatal journey: 'The powdery fresh snow on the great face of Everest was being swept along in unbroken spindrift and the very ridge where our route lay was marked out to receive its unmitigated fury. To see, in fact, was enough; the wind had settled the question; it would have been folly to go on'. But three years later he went on to lay down his life for this giant of his imagination.

One of the significant factors of mountaineering is that it is in descent of challenging peaks that the larger proportion of climbers fall, as if the sublime purpose of the ascent

fuses the urgency to reach the summit with an intuitive understanding of the demands of the terrain. In descent the demand is much lessened since the direct ascent far exceeds in difficulty than the route by which climbers return to base. It is as if the passion for the mountain ebbs in retreat to a degree that attention can be diverted. Thus, when Mallory reported his obsession for scaling the world's highest peak as simply being 'because it's there', this reason in itself became a moment to think about all that is done just 'because it's there', since a sublime purpose cannot fully be explained. Hillary, in contrast personifies the power of the mountain in his phrase 'We've got the bastard' as if Everest was fighting a literal dual in order to avoid Hillary's intentional bid for capture. This, of course, reflects the literary view of the power and control of the mountain of which various ancient texts speak. We have the Psalms for instance, that tell of knowing hills that can either reject or accept the wilderness wanderer, asking a question such as 'Why leap ye high ye hills?' (Ps.68). Or, in contrast, speaking of hills as the agency of comfort by suggesting that their power can be pacified, such as, 'let the hills be joyful together before the Lord'. (Ps 98). Then there is the I Ching (the Book of Changes) in which the mountains operate as signifiers to service the symbolic meaning of the hexagrams. For example, it suggests that not only is there virtue in the mountain 'keeping still' ('Ken'), which is seen as 'the youngest son of the Creative - the representative of heaven and earth, but also that this mountain stillness sublimely dispenses 'the blessings of heaven'. (Hexagram 15). In this context we are invited to identify with the mountain's higher purpose in order to release ourselves from the conflicts of human desire.

Perhaps it is just this ambition for a sublime, rather than a material, purpose that led Caspar David Friedrich to paint the hills and to walk among them. The 'Wanderer above the Mists' (c.1817 -18.) for example, portrays an image of a man (probably a representation of himself) in a frock coat standing, back to the viewer, embracing the awe and terror of the power of Nature. It is said that Friedrich's work was intentionally challenging the rationality of the Enlightenment by taking up landscape as the object of sublime transcendence. 'The Wanderer above the Mists' is striking in this respect since it indicates both the omnipotence of the mountain terrain amidst mist and winds, yet the male figure portrayed is equally powerful in terms of the command of his position. For Friedrich has centrally situated 'The Wanderer' who is standing on the summit of a rocky cliff with an implied confluence of distant opposing mountain ridges meeting at the centre of his torso. The impression is that of ultimate achievement indicating that all earthly obstacles have the potential to be overcome. Friedrich's life is reported as contemplative and it is clear that he valued spiritual contemplation as the agency for inspiration. He indicated that deep introspection was essential for the sublime purpose of his work in advising artists to, 'Close your bodily eye, so that you may see your picture first with your spiritual eye.' He further suggests that this process is in the service of the viewer by stating, 'then bring to the light of day that which you have seen in the darkness so that it may react on others from the outside inwards.' For Friedrich landscape had a spiritual significance that led him to become single-minded about his intentions. He mainly worked in Dresden with occasional trips to the

mountains and shunned the Italian influences that occupied certain of his compatriots. Of the artist, he spelt his view in explaining that, 'Just as the pious man prays without speaking a word and the Almighty hearkens unto him, so the artist with true feelings paints and the sensitive man understands and recognises it.'

Perhaps, it is with this openness that I approach the mountains of my own landscapes. But my intention is not to embrace 'feeling' (in Friedrich's terms), rather to tell of the experience of entering the mysteries of all that which remains always outside environmental control. Even with passes, footpaths, sheep tracks and roads, evening in the hills can be daunting once the track has been left and the mists descend. Mallory with all his experience veered off the route and it is significant that it took seventy-five years for his body to be discovered by a party aiming to conquer that sublime mountain which had vanquished both his ambition and his life. I have climbed and have met the omnipotence of the hills, finding a dead sheep at a base of a rock having fallen in the same way as many who have wanted to own the summit of even the lowest of ridges. My work is a homage to that which excites me, namely the land reaching out to the sky and the valley ascent that invites all of us to dare to be set loose in the wilderness of time.

WILDERNESS MANIFESTO

MARIANNE SEVRAY

Landscape Architecture is a multi-disciplinary profession that incorporates engineering, ecology, architecture, art, sociology, psychology, anthropology, and horticulture. It is a post-modern profession. Landscape architecture is the art of being patient, the art of constant change and constant movement. Landscape architects encourage nature to continue its artistic evolution. We are hybrid landscape architects, creating authentic new radical thought-provoking spaces. We explore space in all its forms and all its currents through the use of plants, materials, shapes or any language or flux.

We always consider anthropology, sociology, psychology and ethnology when we approach a site. We are the chaotic elements in the 'cybernetics of the construction industry'. We are the entropic forces within the structures of regulatory systems.

Our living spaces should be hybrids consisting of both mechanical and vegetal materials. Ecology/planting/landscape - whatever you call it - is integrated into our houses and daily lives. Look at green walls, green roofs, any recycled material, and any organic matter. Our houses are also becoming part of a living process where the building when built is considered only at the start of its life. The building becomes a bio-diverse dome open to multiple uses and interchangeable features. The habitat can be moved around over time, enabling the inhabitants progressively to change the look of their house.

This is a crucial turning point in the history of construction, a renaissance where we embrace the contradictions/barbaric/chaotic/entropic aspects of nature, in order to live in harmony with it, to live with the elements not against them. Before now, humans in cities have always rejected nature or fought against it. We now surf the chaotic yet ordered wave. We embrace the revolutions of nature. Engineers work towards solutions that should play and use wild elements such as the wind, the rain, and the currents of the oceans.

Cities are made for humans by humans. We are now integrating nature within cities. The 19th century Victorian developments were fighting against elements (notably water) but now it is the contrary. We are integrating whole living systems and taking the elements into consideration, making them central to our habitats. We have solar panels, sustainable urban drainage systems, wind turbines, and the strength of currents, kites, plants, food, and all recycled materials for our shelter.

The city becomes a hybrid of the urban and the rural. It becomes a green organism. The Garden of Eden becomes the city. The city becomes the forest. The city should be malleable. It should function like an organism. Imagine the city breathing and roaring. Close your eyes and imagine the city as an imperfect landscape full of accidents with emerging forests at each of its corners. A forest of signposts, plains of angles, mountains of lampposts, rivers of grasses, flocks of bicycles, wheat roofs, parking-lots of cabbage.

Landscape architecture should start to invent what it is not rather than what it is. It should start by assuming that it is rhizomatic rather than arborescent. It should consider horizontal development rather than hierarchical vertical development. It should pursue multi-disciplinary development. Landscape architects should become nomadic not sedentary. We should call ourselves Nomadscapers, as it would force us to question the concepts of impact and imprint.

Articles on sustainability should be composed in a humanistic way, as a spiritual demonstration. That is why I like brown fields and derelict landscapes. There is an animist side to it. Nature takes over. These places become spiritual spaces. Brown fields and wastelands become the vital spaces of our cities. We should worship them because they are what we fear. We should embrace our fears and learn from them. I see these landscapes as boundary landscapes, abandoned landscapes, eccentric landscapes where tramps build their huts out of what they find around, just like nesting birds.

We should be constructing following a narrative, not through a scientific argument, or following a pragmatic development. This is not about rationalising space, but quite the contrary. It is about romanticising space.

Every brick, every angle, every stream, and every ditch should have its own story. Just like people. To quote Italo Calvino: 'The City does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past' (*Invisible Cities*)

I want to dream about archaic cities and their narratives. We should allow the unconscious of the landscape and the unconscious forces of the buildings to speak out.

The aim of landscape architects is progressively to disappear. The aim of the landscape architect is to accept the impossible: that is, to aim for disappearance. We should explore other areas where water harvesting and recycling has a positive effect; notably in producing locally grown food. Nutrition is always a core element. If you create allotments and install food production within the landscape of the city (fill it with fruit trees and vegetables), then the city becomes a physically workable/ sculptural/eatable environment. Cities should be like huge moving tents/oases. I want to create eatable landscapes and I want to steal apples from the local streets. I want to make jams out of the local park's orchards. The city should be a space where gleaning could be made possible, picking and collecting.

My Wilderness Nomadscape

I reclaim all the trashed spaces and all the left-over of space.

I reclaim all the plastic bottles and all the empty beer cans.

I reclaim the driftwood that has landed on the London shores.

I reclaim the social waste, all those who are without a home, or a house, or a shelter.

I militate for those who do not belong anywhere and those who do not feel they have a purpose in the city, as I believe everything serves a purpose, even a pebble, even a leaf on the pavement.

I militate for the construction of tree houses in the street.

I militate for the terrorism of fruit trees.

I militate for the right of children to explore their cities and their streets without the fear of being run over by a 4x4.

I militate for the organised attack on 4x4s and the kidnapping of 4x4 drivers.

I militate for the expansion of the boundaries to our own physical limitations, and to expand our mental geographies - our mental territories.

Small things reveal the greater truth.

The city is embedded with narratives and memories, and with revenants of a world that once was.

A Babylon will be, or never will be – a utopian city of decadence.

I militate for void spaces.

I militate for wasteland and I militate for wild spaces where nature quietly operates without asking its due.

I militate to grow salads on my roof and to grow carrots on my walls.

I militate for what nature has to offer, for the spontaneous revolutions of nature, the powerful rebellion of plants against concrete, and the rebellion of birds when they nest in sophisticated administrative buildings.

I militate for the rebellion of nature against the arrogance of man.

I militate for the growth of trees on balconies and in bathrooms.

I militate for bats to nest in the cellars where wine is stored.

I militate for mice to consume the wine.

I militate for the invasion of living rooms by rabbits and snakes.

I militate for the growth of forests in kitchens and in staircases.

I militate for elephants to step through my front door and I militate for jaguars to climb on the curtains of my office.

I militate for complete chaos.

I militate for the fall of cities, their destruction and their re-construction.

I militate for the destruction of all institutions.

I militate for the re-wildernessing of our planet.

I militate of the animal which sleeps in me - is there one or am I one?

In a time when space and public space have become institutionalised, sold, rented, overused, disused, there is one big administration of streets, museums, art galleries, traffic lights, tube stations, shopping centres, boulevards, roundabouts, parking lots, red-light-districts, prostitutes, perverts, sewers, elevators, escalators, bulldozers, taxi drivers, ATMs in the walls, trees cracking pavements, bus drivers and conifers, tinted glass and dysfunctional interphones. There is a rational language of focal nodes, bus stops, commercial streets, parks, residential buildings, connective tissues, semi-residential-private-commercial-connected spaces. There is sustainable urban drainage, topographic surveys, local amenities, the main platform, the mind-the-gap of historic parks. There are interconnected paving blocks of super natural concrete, interdisciplinary wind-turbines braising the pre-cast foundations of the Green Wall. There are the castles of sand and the fragments of time.

We are living in policed states where planners happily plan for the inhabitants of a community. This is indirect passive control. What do these planners want? I give them trash. They give me trash. I give them trash.

I militate for city dwellers to become nomads.

I militate for the revenants of the city and gather the fruits of the given.

The more I desire the more I produce. I am a machine.

I militate for the dreams of my city. I militate for what it is not.

A policy is involved here that goes beyond, and controls any economic management.

It is not by creating ECO Cities in the middle of nowhere that you will reach cultural sustainability. ECO ECO ECO ECO EGO EGO ECO EGO ECO ECO EGOLOGY ECOOLOGY....

I militate for the first stone of a city being laid with the thought that the city is already a myth.

A city is a narrative with no end.

A city of narratives with different means of moving, where narratives navigate by thoughts, by poetry, by bus, by train, by foot, by tears, by joy...

A city should always be expanding its limits and not restrict itself to its limits.

Suburban - this is what I want. I want the limits of the city: between the urban and the city-rural.

The suburban: the sensitive epidermal boundary. A boundary made of segments, individual segments.

The city with many entrances and exits. The ever changing territories of the city, the ever disappearing boundaries, the infinite maps and geographic records, the disappearing and re-appearing imprints and fragments of memories and footsteps. The ever expanding means and ways of recording the city and the landscape. Sounds, smells, words, images, shapes, colours, memories. Something invisible. The inexplicable beauty of our world.

The suburban is the skin of the city and the first approach to the city. It is in between the void of the rural landscape and the dense, organ-like heart- beating centre. Hence it should be the direct mirror of the city, reflecting the craters of the skin, the wrinkles, the beauty marks, the breasts and so on. By considering that the suburban is already at the limit of the city, we place it at the limit of ourselves.

Wilderness lies outside this boundary and should be explored as an essential somewhere else of ourselves that however belongs to us. It is the wasteland of our cities. We should then nourish our suburban landscapes and the in-between.

I militate to give up the mastery of my space, my home, my nation. I am a ghost. I am a passenger, a revenant.

Let us rather consider the city as a decadent self-sufficient organism.

THE WILD IN MY ART

KEVIN JONES

I came across the concepts of Deterritorialization and Reterritorialization from Massumi who originally borrowed them from Deleuze and Guattari (Massumi 1992:8). Deleuze saw concepts as a 'tool box', according to Massumi, with the question being not are the concepts 'true' but rather, are they useful for experiencing new thoughts, perceptions and possibilities in the world? I am trying out these tools and some of the processes that characterise their use and am approaching the wilderness event as a territory in relation to other territories.

The concept/tools originate from the work of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, particularly their books 'Anti - Oedipus (1972) and 'A Thousand Plateaus' (1980), volumes one and two of Capitalism and Schizophrenia. Deleuze was a professor of philosophy at the University of Paris V111 and Guattari a psychoanalyst and militant political activist. The books, written after their participation in and experience of May 1968 in Paris, have been an influential exploration of the relationships between the driving force of desire, the social unconscious and the transformation of society (Goodchild 1996:5). For Deleuze and Guattari, Deterritorialization and Reterritorialization are important processes for understanding social change. (Patton 2005: 70).

For Guattari, a territory is the place or the systems where one lives and works in relation to others, with Territorialization being that process through which one brings the different elements of your 'home territory' together and sensed as a 'whole'. (Guattari 2006: 421) The Wilderness event brings together at least three territories, Landscape Architecture, Art and Artists and Psychoanalysis and the Psychotherapies.

Deterritorialization is a process of change implicit within the possibilities of a territory. It implies an ongoing interaction between different elements within the territory, an interaction that can lead to disequilibrium provoking movement and change. Deterritorialization can be followed by Reterritorialization, the formation of new combinations of the elements that made up the original territory. The directions in which these movements then tend are 'lines of flight' leading to 'desiring productions' that enable transformations in the 'social field'. (Tamsin 2005: 145) Lines of flight can result in connections, leading to new ways of acting and feeling, or conjugations, lines which make a link but close in on themselves, closing off possibilities.

The aim of the wilderness event is to initiate a 'process' in which the lines of flight within these different interdisciplinary territories can be released to interact with each other. In agreeing to participate, each territory has opened itself to the possibility of a process of deterritorialization which may or may not lead to a reterritorialization, or the making of a new 'dwelling place'.

Guattari gives capitalism as the example of a 'permanent system of reterritorialization': the capitalist class tries to master all the deterritorialization processes in the order of

production and social relations and submit them to the reproduction of capital. For example, we could say that since the explosive deterritorializations of May 1968, a social democratic economic consensus has been deterritorialized and reterritorialized by neo liberal regulation of the market. Desire and the social unconscious are now subject to the deterritorialization processes of increased micro management and regulation whether in schools, welfare policy and the work place and now, for counselling, psychoanalysis and psychotherapy, state regulation.

In this context, how does wilderness figure as a geographical and a metaphorical territory, subject to the processes of capitalist deterritorialization and reterritorialization? In response to these pressures of deterritorialization, the desire of the wilderness event organisers has been to open a 'wild' space and release lines of flight from the interdisciplinary territories in the hope of connection and new desiring production rather than a repetition of the closed circles of capitalist conjugations.

Deterritorialization and reterritorialization may lead to absolute deterritorialization, or as Goodchild suggests, the 'crossing of a threshold' and the creation of completely new territories (Goodchild 1996: 217), a 'new earth and new peoples' (Patton: 71). The end point of absolute deterritorialization would be a transformation of the relationships between wilderness, the non human and the human.

Territories, Borders and Frontiers.

A dream brought to me by a client in verbal psychotherapy led to my images of psychotherapy as a territory on the border between the domestic and the wild (see above figs 1-3). Making the images marked a deterritorialization of my own relation to word and image leading to lines of flight across the borders between art and psychotherapy, domestic and political space. The lines converged at the place of the wild in psychotherapy.

The dream had stayed with me, and, after the session, I did what I would do as an art psychotherapist and explored the dream through drawing. I began to see the personal material which had resonated with the client's dream. Seeing the drawings, my supervisor described the image of the insect as wild, a comment which, again, left me puzzled. (see fig1&2). In psychotherapeutic terms, this describes an unremarkable moment of counter-transference, highlighting the therapist's personal response to material brought by the client. The use of the image deterritorialized the counter-transference, understood as a 'psychotherapeutic territory' over-coded by the word. The supervisor's comment then opened up a line of flight in which the insect travelled with(in) me.

The line of flight led straight to the relationship between Freud and his dogs, which he would often have in his consulting room when seeing clients. Gordon-White describes the dog as an animal living on the borders between wildness and domesticity, and their privileged position is in being allowed to freely pass between the domestic hearth and the wild outside (Gordon-White 1991). In allowing his dogs into the domestic setting of the consulting room Freud highlights psychoanalysis as a space on the border

between both the domestic and wild, and the wild within psychoanalysis. There is both Freud, the original 'wild analyst' and the couch, now guarded by the dog, the place of the primal scene and the incestuous Oedipal drama of loving and hating, the wild, unconscious accompaniment to family life and the domestic hearth.

The dog provoked another line of flight for me: In *One or Several Wolves*, Deleuze and Guattari play very roughly with Freud and his interpretation of the dream of one of his most famous cases, the Wolfman. Deleuze and Guattari open their article with a visual cartoon in which Freud's head is superimposed on all of the wolves which had appeared in a drawing made by the wolfman of his original dream. They castigate Freud who, in his desire to find castration and the father, is unable to see the wolf in relation to the pack. Free association is brought to heel in Freud's concern to Oedipalize his client and return meaning to the domestic scene of Mommy- Daddy- Me. Their line of flight finds the wolf pack running through the interpretation of the next analyst to work with the wolfman, Ruth Mack Brunswick, who now connects the dream with the wolfman's childhood; the wolf pack in relation to the Bolsheviks; and the effects of the Russian Revolution on his family's fortunes (Deleuze and Guattari 1977).

In the examples above, the dream and the image act as 'wild cards' bringing several processes of deterritorialization and reterritorialization into play. The client's images deterritorialize the borders between who is dreaming who and provoke particular strategies of reterritorialization in the psychotherapist. For Freud, the dream image leads to an Oedipal over-coding of content, undone by Deleuze and Guattari through a visual joke. In both cases, however, the aesthetic quality of the image is quickly conjugated and does not generate further lines of flight. In contrast, the insect and the dog deterritorialize both the verbal and visual and the borders of my therapeutic identities, allowing lines of flight from the exhibition images to make connections, reterritorializing the frontier between art and psychotherapy.

The dream images also move between a domesticated space, which psychoanalytically is always also wild, and a public space, where the domestic is given a historical and social location, in the wolfman's case in relation to collective working class action. The dream also travels on a frontier, deterritorializing the personal and the political.

Paradoxically, these calls of the psychotherapeutic wild require the careful cultivation of psychotherapeutic practices and spaces. The challenge ahead will involve the growth of psychotherapeutic cultures in confrontation with the deterritorialization and reterritorialization processes of state regulation of the psychotherapies.

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WILD MOUNTAINS AND CULTURAL WASTELAND

ANASTASIOS GAITANIDIS

One should become increasingly suspicious of the current attempts to preserve wilderness in all its glory and sublime otherness. This is because the more our contemporary culture preserves 'unspoiled' nature, the more implacably the latter is controlled. Today we can afford to encompass ever greater units of nature and to leave the interior of such tracts apparently intact, while previously the 'domestication' of nature still testified to the violence underlying our desire to conquer it. The rationalization of culture, which opens a window to nature, thereby completely absorbs it and eliminates along with difference also the principle of culture, the possibility of reconciling culture with nature.

In this respect, what is extremely significant about this exhibition is not so much the depiction of sublime, wild landscapes as the fact that they appear as if the artist's hand has not left a trace in them. This relates above all to the depiction of mountains. These are always immediately blasted out of the landscape, and the more successful the representation of their roughness and volume, the more relationless and violent their presence stands in contrast to the tamed, 'civilised' environment of the exhibition hall. Because they know no gentle footpaths, no connections with the valleys below, they lack that which is mild and softened, on which artistic hands have worked. It is as if no-one had touched them. They are disconsolate and inconsolable.

In this respect, these melancholic, grief-stricken depictions of mountains function as allegories of our dysfunctional world of 'non-places' – our super-modern global cities where intersubjective interaction has been replaced by the consumer worlds of shopping malls and TV/internet monitors. The ideological 'serenity' of our past encounters with nature and 'the other' has given way to darker elements, to shouting, boasting, fighting, testing the limits of pleasure and the 'transgressive' as we come of age to the mechanised rhythms of the postmodern condition.

On the other hand, we crave for intimacy and attempt to morph into one with the other, struggle to become organically conjoined, or mirror one another. Bisected, isolated beings search among the swarming masses for our other halves, seeking the severed segments of our very selves – to "make one of two" in the words of Plato's Symposium. Erratic entities, with time hot on our heels, endlessly seek in love an assurance that life goes on so as to hang on in our flight.

Yet the effort of two to become one is ultimately futile. Sex has become a solo affair in toilets. Occasionally, the yearning for unity sees two people fleetingly meet in an attempt to light each other's desire before they separate again. This is reminiscent of Jean Genet's iconic film *Un Chant d'Amour* (1950), where prisoners escape the confines of their captivity by blowing smoke into each other's mouth through a hole in the wall. But, unlike the hopeless romance of Genet, in this world there is just sex under a naked light bulb and the tristesse of a post-coital cigarette.

The effect of this arid cultural and psychological landscape is uncannily resonant of Zygmunt Bauman's deeply pessimistic thesis in his *Liquid Love: On the Frailty of Human Bonds* (2003). Bauman describes the conflicting desires of contemporary relationships, where, on the one hand, we attempt to tighten our bonds, while on the other keeping them loose. He sees this as a consequence of consumer culture, where we desire love but must remain open to more seduction. This dysfunctional world is not simply the clichéd view of the narcissistic personality, unable to establish contact with the other. As Bauman suggests, it is the ubiquitous condition of contemporary love, the desire for, but impossibility of achieving, closeness.

We run, leap, tumble, grow restless, feel awkward, brawl, masturbate, and copulate with our mattresses, crave a glance, a handshake, a caress but are left so unsatisfied by fate, by love, even by pity. We attempt to cleanse our bodies, decontaminate our psyches, recycle our body parts, only to find that our efforts have admitted us to an everlasting purgatory. We call forth pity and fear, and pass through pity and fear so as to achieve catharsis, only to realise that catharsis has taken refuge at some dry cleaner's and our life is nothing but an animated wasteland. This parody of tragedy is a most candid mirror held up to our consumer society that tends for tenderness but, lacking the necessary social structure, instead blows hot air into gaudy balloons.

It is no coincidence, therefore, that in this exhibition's artworks the sun is mostly depicted as a hot air balloon. Its light is dim and diffuse and cannot dissolve the greyness of the mountains (or the sea). But in this moment of absolute hopelessness, there exists the secret hope that one day the hot air balloon will be pierced by the spiky mountaintops and the current societal greyness will be removed as the world will appear once again in its feast-day light and regain its Sabbath peace.

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