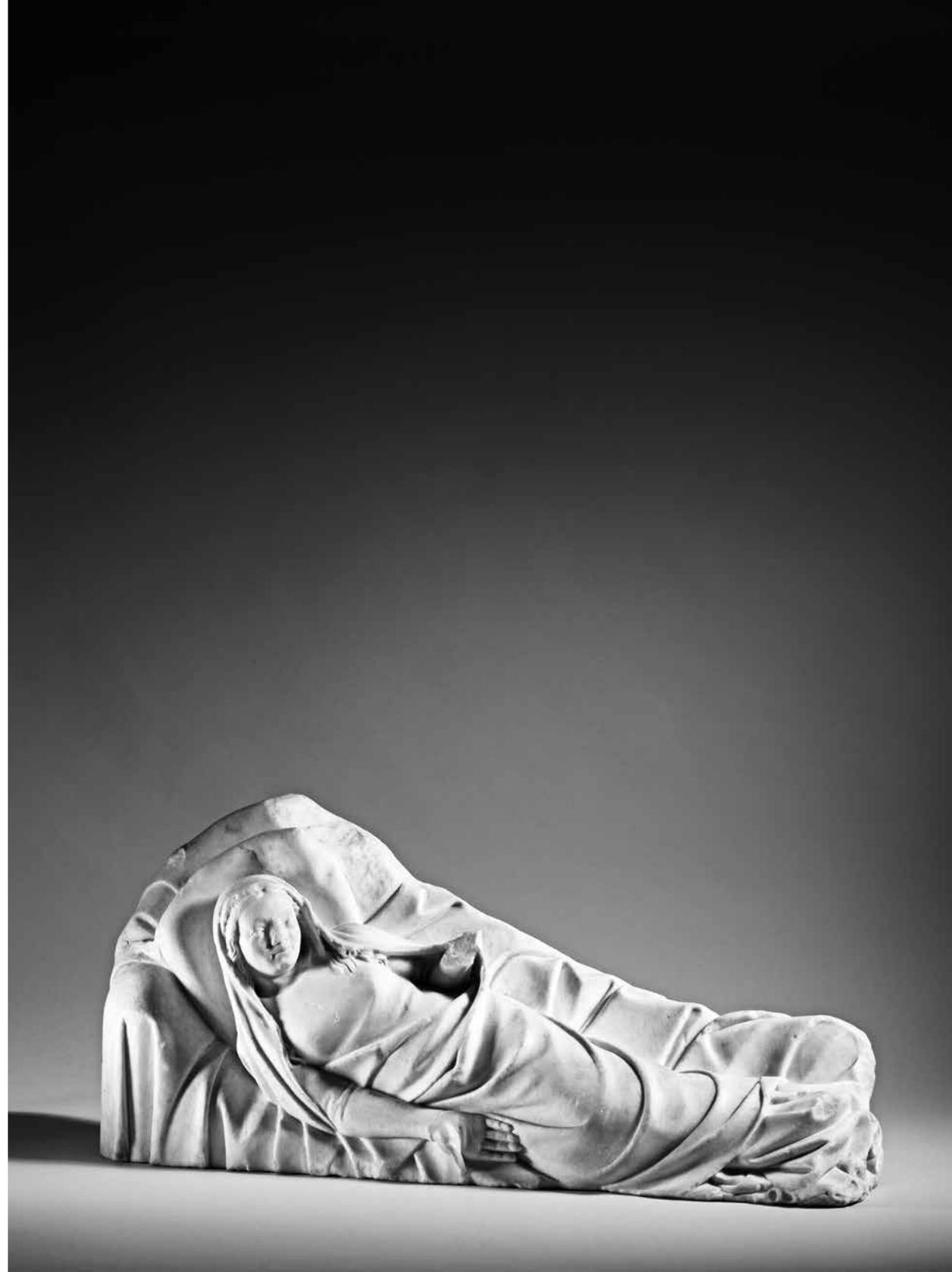




1 *Relief with Mary Magdalene Reading*, 1634. Courtesy Daniel Katz Limited *previous page*

2 *The Virgin of the Nativity*, third quarter 14th century. Courtesy Sam Fogg Limited







4 Etruscan funerary figure, 3rd century BC. Courtesy Rupert Wace Ancient Art Limited



La Grande

Horizontale

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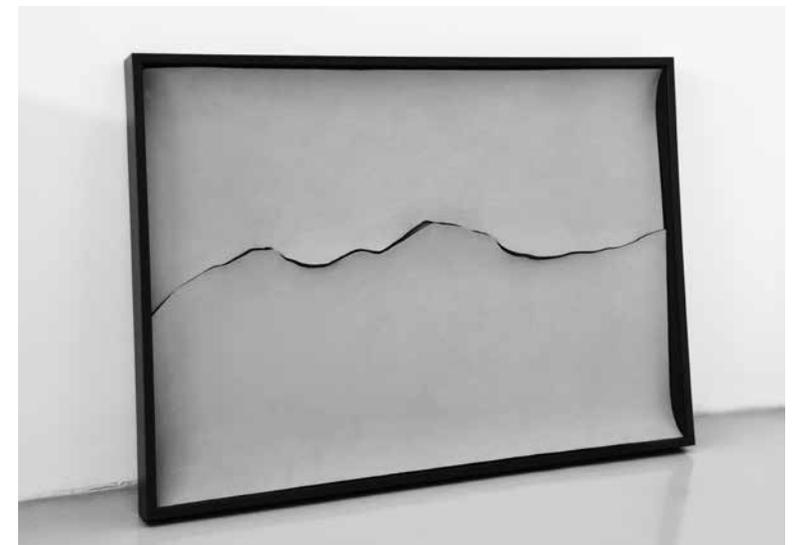
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La Grande horizontale: between heaven and earth by Penelope Curtis

In 20th-century art, the Reclining Figure, as a phrase, and as a form, became indelibly associated with the sculpture of Henry Moore, whose first 'Reclining Figure' dates back to 1929. But the success of Moore's reclining figures can be understood in terms of their deep roots in many cultures, Western and non-Western. In his own discussion of the stimuli for his work, Moore delineated some very simple and common visual and tactile experiences. These included his mother's body, tombs in a nearby church, the hills of Yorkshire, and the Mexican carvings he saw in the British Museum. This short list does a lot to account for the form's compelling attraction: it is human, it is natural, it is historical. It speaks of death, and of life: of things familiar, and of things unknown.

When he was growing up in the Abruzzi, Ettore Spalletti could see, from his window, the mountain range known locally as La Bella Addormentata, or the Sleeping Beauty. In his early work he tried, over and over again, to capture the form of the woman in the hills, veiled or illuminated by morning or evening light. For an artist so inextricably



part of his immediate locality, Spalletti has come a long way, but his art, despite its increasing abstraction, nearly always evokes the body in the landscape, extracting its form, light, and carnality, to create object-images which are both corporeal and evanescent.

I would argue that Spalletti is unusual in finding a near perfect equilibrium between the figure and the landscape, and that his work is precisely neither one nor the other. For me he was key to compiling this section, which I wanted not only to touch on the long history and continuing presence of this artistic form, but also to assert that it is not just about the figure, but also about the land, and not just about figuration, but also about abstraction.

The horizon line features heavily in classical literature, operating most usually as the place of destination. Its near ubiquitous presence is perhaps understandable when one remembers how much more common boats and ships were as a means of transport. The horizon line, with its promise of safe harbour and deliverance is as real as well as a metaphorical objective. Sunrise and sunset, artistic commonplaces which have become clichés, operated in the historic world as necessities. The sight of the coast line ensures deliverance.

The reclining figure has a small canon of variations. The form itself may be more or less horizontal. The effigy form found on medieval tombs is very different from the recumbent form beloved of the early modern period, in which it reprised the Classical. The effigy is completely quiescent, with any action or movement associated only with the power of prayer. Henry Moore, indeed, much preferred the apparently living to the obviously dead, and normally chose a posture which would indicate frontal address. As Daria Santini outlines in her essay here, this goes back most obviously to the Etruscan and Classical forms denoting conversation and conviviality.

This kind of proper collegiality is far from the use of the form to denote sexual abandon. The more undulating the form, the more naked, the more expressive of sexual availability. While innumerable artists have traced the profile of the reclining female form, few have allowed it to melt into the near formlessness of Rodin and Schiele. The promise of plenty can be seen to reside within the reclining figure, male or female, and most typically as an allegory of water. The decoration of fountains is often constituted by reclining figures who can be seen to represent, in their potential merging with the land or the sea, a kind of natural home and conjunction of figure and landscape, agency and resource. The sedimentary rocks and tufa of the Roman basin allowed the figure almost literally to arise out of the ground. The earth as a female form, fertile and ready for insemination, is conjured up very

succinctly in the image of Danaë receiving the shower of gold unleashed by Zeus in his passion. This very painterly image may be the trigger for modern-day treatments of the theme; it certainly echoes them.

The readiness with which we connect the reclining female with the objectified figure of male desire is all too apparent, and continues to be the subject of investigation. Velazquez's reclining Venus was the considered choice of one of the English suffragettes, in a violent plea for the parity of woman's bodies with those of men. Now the reclining nude is the subject of art historical revisionism, a central subject for those who enquire into the forms of modernism, and for those who ask how the reclining female form can be allowed to hold such unquestioned dominance. In many ways Moore is still the field of operation, for he made the form so central to the mid-20th century modern, to its relationship with architecture, to the evocation of nature, and the adornment of the city. Moore's apparent lack of aggression may make his chosen form only more of an irritant to those who ask how it can have assumed such centrality.

The reclining figure can well be understood as something of a competitive arena, because, within certain shared parameters, a lot can happen. The room for manoeuvre depends partly on the plinth, which can be more or less natural (the rocky grotto, the hill): more or less man-made (the bed or divan). Even slight adjustments to the figure and its support can register very differently. The degradation and debasement of the form (which is indeed usually female) might be seen to push it beyond acceptable limits, and yet we ask for more.

Despite its wide range of modes – alert or asleep, proactive or reactive, alive or dead – the reclining form is remarkably contained. In this it is not unlike another much-worked form, the portrait. But unlike the portrait, painted or sculpted, the reclining form has a protean life which allows it to exceed its material limits. On show here are just some of the ways in which the form has been worked and re-worked (for it often becomes a trope), more or less sceptically and cerebrally, or with more or less affection.

Penelope Curtis is a curator and historian of sculpture based in Lisbon

Death and Dining. The Reclining Figure from a Literary Perspective by Daria Santini

At the beginning of the *Iliad* Achilles, enraged at Agamemnon, refuses to fight against the Trojans and instead sits idly in his tent, sulking. Toward the end of the poem, distraught by the death of his best friend Patroclus, Achilles lies on the shore groaning loudly, then sinks down exhausted after witnessing the ritual burning of Patroclus' body on the funeral pyre. In a parallel gesture of despair Andromache, Hector's wife, swoons backwards and is unable to stand upright when she sees her dead husband being dragged outside the city's walls, pulled by the enemies' horses.



Centuries later, in a humorous reversal of similar postures, the Greek dramatist Aristophanes wrote a comedy, *The Wasps* (422 BC), in which the protagonist, determined to cure his father of an all-consuming obsession with legal disputes, teaches the old man the art of conviviality and instructs him as to the best way to lie down to eat, as was the custom in the ancient world ('Extend your knees, and let yourself / with practised ease subside along the cushions').¹

Later still, the Greek poet Theocritus depicted light-hearted exchanges between goatherds and shepherds, who sang to each other while reposing on riverbanks under leafy trees. In the Latin world, the opening of Virgil's *Eclogues* (37 BC) famously evokes Theocritus' enchanted landscape and features a shepherd, Tityrus, lying under the shade of a beech tree and playing music on his flute. Yet Virgil's vision is ambivalent, the bucolic sphere is no longer wholly peaceful and Tityrus is troubled by the thought of his friend Meliboeus' imminent exile.

Literary representations of the recumbent position often associate pleasure with the threat of change. In the *Fasti* (8 AD), a poem about myths and legends associated with the Roman calendar, Ovid recounts

how the priestess Rhea Silvia lies down to rest under shady willows on her return from the fountain when, surrounded by the sounds of singing birds and running water, she falls asleep. The sight of her languid beauty inflames the god Mars with desire and he rapes her, so that a heavy feeling weighs on the girl when she awakes, for she has unknowingly conceived the twins Romulus and Remus, future founders of Rome.

In Hindu mythology the great god Vishnu is portrayed reclining on a sleeping serpent floating in a formless space, the cosmic ocean, during the interval between two phases of creation. And the protagonist of one of the oldest Sanskrit plays, Kālidasa's *Shakuntala* (fifth century AD), falls in love with the graceful heroine of the title when he sees her reclining on a stone bench strewn with flowers.



Shakespeare's Hamlet, on the other hand, is shown lying at Ophelia's feet, and Ophelia herself will lie 'i'th' earth²² after her death. Moreover, in his exchange with the gravediggers, Hamlet engages in a bout of wordplay on the double meaning of the word 'lie', and a correlation is established between standing upright and moral integrity, as opposed to the link between a 'lie' as untruth and the recumbent position.

In nineteenth-century Russia, Oblomov, the protagonist of Ivan Goncharov's eponymous novel (1859), spends his time lying on his sofa in a state of apathy. Keen to escape everyday reality, he dreams of a secluded existence in a faraway land and wishes for a peaceful life in communion with nature. Oblomov's melancholia is a regressive psychological condition as well as a sign of the futility of the pastoral quest in the modern world, and his preference for the couch over an upright position is a symptom of a wider social and cultural crisis.

Around the same time in France, the hedonistic qualities associated with the recumbent pose inspired an elaborate decadent fantasy in Baudelaire's poem *Jewels* (1857). This dazzling text presents a courtesan reclining on a couch wearing only sonorous jewellery and 'allowing herself to be adored',³ while she smiles down beguilingly at her male admirer. The image is partly reminiscent of the reclining female nudes in Renaissance paintings, and its aim is not to give a faithful portrait of reality, but to celebrate aesthetic values. The model is detached from the world around her, becomes a vessel for symbolic meanings and, like the static *tableaux* of bucolic settings, almost stands for art itself.

In Victorian England, the erotic implications of the reclining female figure were less conspicuous, but they were not ignored. A depiction of the recumbent woman as an ambiguous metaphor for the combination of lifelessness and vitality, chastity and desire, is to be found in George Eliot's *Middlemarch* (1871–72). In one of the novel's pivotal scenes two men, Will Ladislaw and his artist friend Naumann, admire the chaste beauty of the protagonist, Dorothea, as she stands next to a languorous statue of Ariadne – at the time also believed to be the dying Cleopatra – in the Vatican Museum.



In the early twentieth century the pose follows familiar patterns, yet also assumes darker connotations. On the one hand, for example, the Japanese author Yosano Akiko (1878–1942) renewed the association between the reclining figure, romantic love and idyllic imagery in a poem in which a man, reclining near a brook at night and surrounded by the scent of flowers, is asked by his lover not to leave his ‘low pillow’.⁴ On the other hand, German-speaking writers explored the more disturbing aspects of the same motif. In a memorable example of the dangers of the supine position, the protagonist of Franz Kafka’s *Metamorphosis* (1915), Gregor Samsa, awakes one morning from troubled dreams to find himself transformed into a monstrous insect. As he struggles to get up, Gregor fears that his parents may accuse him of idleness, yet also hopes, vainly, that by staying in bed a little longer things might return to normal. Yet the recumbent position is the prelude to his death at the end of the story. In another key text of European modernism, Thomas Mann’s *The Magic Mountain* (1924), the novel’s young hero, Hans Castorp, is irresistibly drawn to the timeless world of a remote sanatorium in the Swiss Alps. Here, the rest cure prescribed to tubercular patients, who spend most of their days in bed or reclining on a lounge chair, condemns them to become, in Castorp’s own words, ‘the horizontals’.⁵ The horizontal state symbolises sleep and repose, but also the two poles of erotic passion and the permanent stillness of the grave.

When people recline they resist the rules of normal behaviour. Bound to a condition of immobility, they are unable to act purposefully and often inhabit a half-world between reality and dream. Supine figures can be associated with different states of mind – from melancholia to lust, from conviviality to exhaustion, from serenity to suffering – but these often wildly conflicting moods share a significant common feature: a lack of action, a weakness of the will.

There is a difference between being recumbent and reclining. Whereas the former is more closely associated with death and conditions of complete stillness, the latter indicates the half-sitting position on one’s side usually linked to mythical figures, to the sociability of a shared meal in ancient times, and to the languid poses of erotic seduction. Yet it is difficult to make a clear distinction between the two, and their symbolic meanings often coincide.

Throughout the classical world men of higher status used to lie down on couches to drink, eat and converse. The origin of the Greek verb for this posture goes back to the terms for reclining (*κλίνω*) and dining couch (*κλίνη*), from which the Latin word *triclinium* (a dining-room with couches along three sides) also derives. As a social gathering where men drank and conversed, the Greek *symposium* (literally ‘drinking together’)

differed somewhat from the Roman *convivium* (‘living together’), which was primarily a banquet. Yet both customs evoke a world of luxury and leisure, in which men talked while lying on one side, resting on cushions, their torso slightly raised and supported on their lower elbow. The Romans associated these times of relaxation and sociability with ‘otium’ (leisure, idleness), a concept set against the world of politics and business, which – in a word that expresses the absence of ‘otium’ – they called ‘negotia’ (affairs).

The Greek *symposium* was primarily a male institution, although women were occasionally represented as reclining figures on funerary monuments and were included in Roman banquets. In fact, the Romans were well aware of the erotic implications of the reclining posture, and in Latin comedy loose women are sometimes represented as sharing a couch with their lovers. Plautus’ *Bacchides* (c. 189 BC), for example, the story of two brothers in love with two prostitutes, includes several references to lying on a double couch with one’s girlfriend. Both *symposia* and *convivia* were associated with pleasure. The Greek author Athenaeus, who in the third century BC wrote a book entitled *The Learned Banqueteers*, also commented on the hedonism connected with the habit of reclining during a symposium, and has one of his characters observe that the Greeks were led into a life of dissipation and luxury when ‘they slipped off their chairs onto couches’.⁶



In suggesting lasciviousness, inactivity and disengagement from the business of everyday life, the opulent world of these gatherings is, at the same time, mysteriously connected to death. The link between the reclining feast and mourning rites has been emphasised by the great scholar of ancient Greek religion Walter Burkert, who argued that the custom of lying down to eat may have derived from the habit of lying on *stibades* (rustic cushions) during funerary banquets. One of the most poignant literary examples of the way in which reclining at a sumptuous meal can be associated with the recumbent posture of the dead is Ovid's account of Hercules' death and apotheosis.

In the ninth book of the *Metamorphoses* Ovid recounts how the hero, enveloped in flames because of the poisoned cloak given to him unwittingly by his wife Deianira, cuts down some trees to build his own funeral pyre:

And as the pyre began to kindle with the greedy flames, you spread the Nemean lion's skin on the top and, with your club for pillow, laid you down with peaceful countenance, as if, amid cups of generous wine and crowned with garlands, you were reclining on a banquet couch.⁷

The rich symbolism of the pose explains the reason why the author of the *Iliad* associated Achilles' sullenness and his refusal to fight with a reclining position. It also explains why, in the same poem, the recumbent image is often linked to painful emotions. Throughout the *Iliad*, the verbs which illustrate the actions for sitting idle, lying down to rest and reclining (ἦμαι, κείμαι and κλίνω) are also used to show characters as they mourn (for example Achilles lamenting Patroclus' death), lie dead (as in the passage in which Cassandra sees Hector's corpse lying on the bier in a mule cart), or lie down in despair (as when Hecuba cries over her son's dead body).

In the second half of the twentieth century, the link between death and the recumbent pose inspired two powerful meditations on funerary monuments: Philip Larkin's *An Arundel Tomb* (1964) and Thom Gunn's *Her Pet* (1992). In both texts, the mystery of mortality is read against the static nature of sculpted reclining figures. Larkin's lines on the medieval effigies of a noble couple in Chichester Cathedral juxtapose the permanence of stone with the fleetingness of time, and his poem oscillates between the physical reality of a monument that fixes husband and wife in a 'supine, stationary voyage',⁸ and the abstraction of the feeling that unites them across the centuries ('What will survive of us is love').⁹

In Gunn's poem, too, the description of an actual work of art – the tomb of Valentine Balbiani by the French Renaissance sculptor Germain Pilon – inspires a meditation on the meanings hidden within the calm features of a recumbent subject. In this case, however, the tomb shows two images of the deceased, and the contrast between life and death, art and nature, is startling and for all to see. Whereas the upper section of the monument depicts a composed, elegant young lady, gracefully stretched out on a blanket, with a dog at her feet, her head resting on one hand and a book in the other ('She is reclining, reading, on her tomb'),¹⁰ a relief on the lower part of the sculpture presents the viewer with a realistic depiction of the dead woman alone, half-naked and ravaged by age ('Her breasts are low knobs through the unbound dress').¹¹ Both the poem and the artwork that inspired it contain a drastic reversal of the traditional, idealised versions of the reclining female nude. They are also a compelling reminder of the continued relevance of the theme.

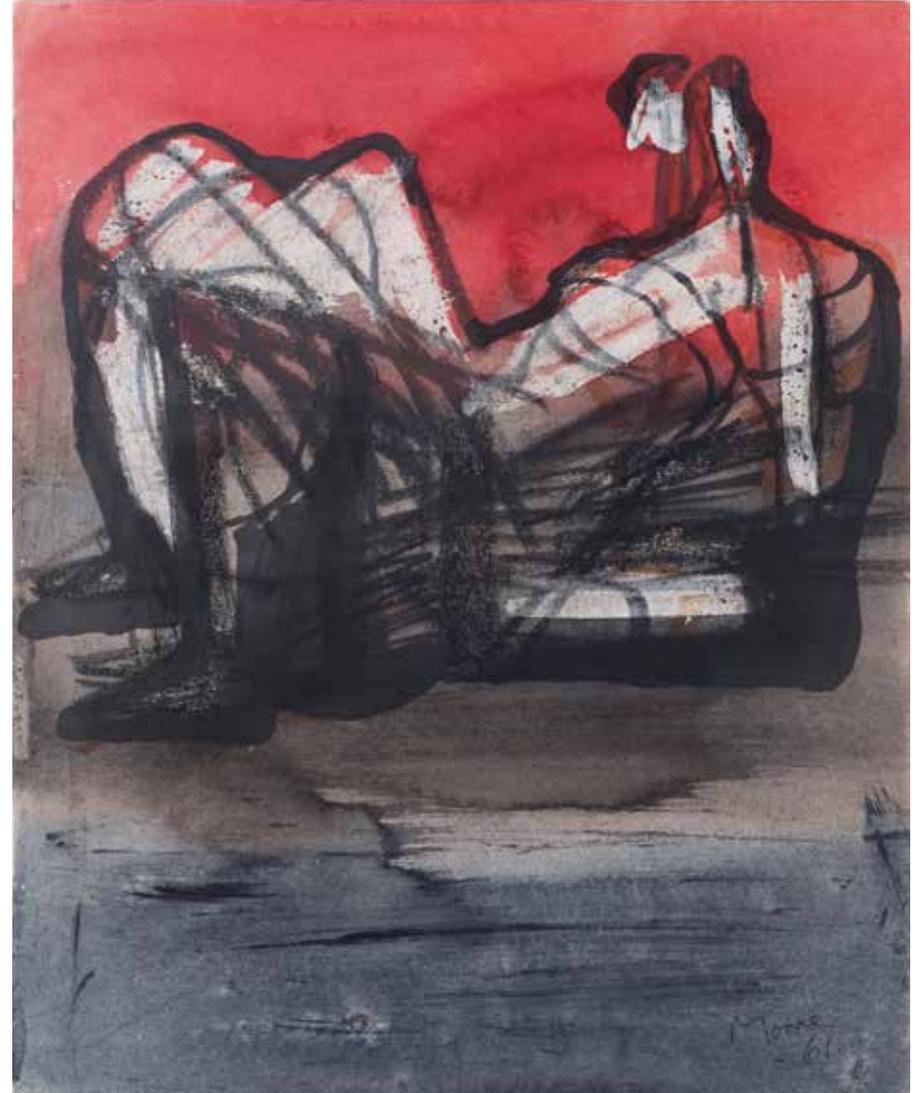


In literature, as in the visual arts, reclining and recumbent characters verge toward abstraction, for they are usually oblivious of time and estranged from the world. Yet they are also deeply human, because they embody mortality and the contradictions of existence. It is thus not surprising that two modern works whose titles openly refer to this motif – Wallace Stevens' poem *So-and-So Reclining on Her Couch* (1943) and Michel Deguy's collection *Recumbents* (1985) – celebrate the poses through images that are at once real and ideal. In Stevens' poem, the reclining woman ('On her side, reclining on her elbow')¹² becomes the archetypal work of art, embodying both sides of the creative process, its technical

aspect as well as its transcendent qualities (she is both a ‘mechanism’ and an ‘apparition’). Deguy’s texts, on the other hand, are traversed by a strong sense of the recumbent figure’s humanising, regenerative powers. In a world flattened by mass media, the evocation of these fleeting images of death and desire symbolises a resurgence of art, and the poet’s ultimate task is ‘to make of *recumbents* a resurrection’.¹³

Daria Santini is an historian of German literature based in London

- 1 Ar. *Vesp.* 1212–13 (transl. Benjamin Bickley Rogers)
- 2 *Hamlet* v, 1: 232
- 3 Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal*, transl. Richard Howard (Boston: David R. Godine, 1982), p.26
- 4 Quoted from Janine Beichmann, *Embracing the Firebird. Yosano Akiko and the Birth of the Female Voice in Modern Japanese Poetry* (Honolulu: University of Hawai’i Press, 1997), p.235
- 5 Thomas Mann, *The Magic Mountain*, transl. John E. Woods (New York: Vintage, 1996), p.71
- 6 Ath. *Deipn.* x, 428
- 7 Ov. *Met.* ix, 234–238 (transl. Frank Justus Miller)
- 8 Philip Larkin, *The Complete Poems*, (London: Faber and Faber, 2012), p.71
- 9 *Ibidem*, p.72
- 10 Thom Gunn, *Collected Poems*, (London: Faber and Faber, 1993), p.475
- 11 *Ibidem*
- 12 Wallace Stevens, *Collected Poetry and Prose* (New York: The Library of America, 1997), p.262
- 13 Michel Deguy, *Recumbents. Poems*, transl. Wilson Baldrige (Middletown CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2005), p.47



La Grande Horizontale I

Ernst Wilhelm Nay

Nay (1902–68) studied painting at the Berlin Academy for Fine Arts under Carl Hofer, and by the end of the 1920s his semi-Surrealist, semi-Expressionist work began to be purchased by major German museums. Like many German modern painters in the 1930s he experienced increasing levels of persecution under National Socialism and two of his paintings were included in the notorious exhibition of banned art, *Entartete Kunst*, in 1937. Two trips to the Lofoten Islands in Norway in 1937 and 1938, financed by a stipend from Edvard Munch, enabled his painting style to find its way to an awakened sense of strong primary colour in the *Lofoten* works.

In 1942 Nay was stationed in Le Mans as a soldier and cartographer. A French sculptor placed his atelier at Nay's disposal and enabled him to continue working in secret. His often small intense works on paper are reminiscent of Altdorfer and Grünewald. After 1945 Nay returned to Germany and took a studio in a small town near Frankfurt, where he worked through his war-time and post-war experiences, featuring motifs from myth, legend and poetry in the *Hekate Paintings*, which were followed by the fiery and entwined forms of the *Fugal Paintings* (1949–51).

In 1950 the Kestner Gesellschaft in Hannover mounted a first retrospective of Nay's work. The following year the artist moved to Cologne, where he developed

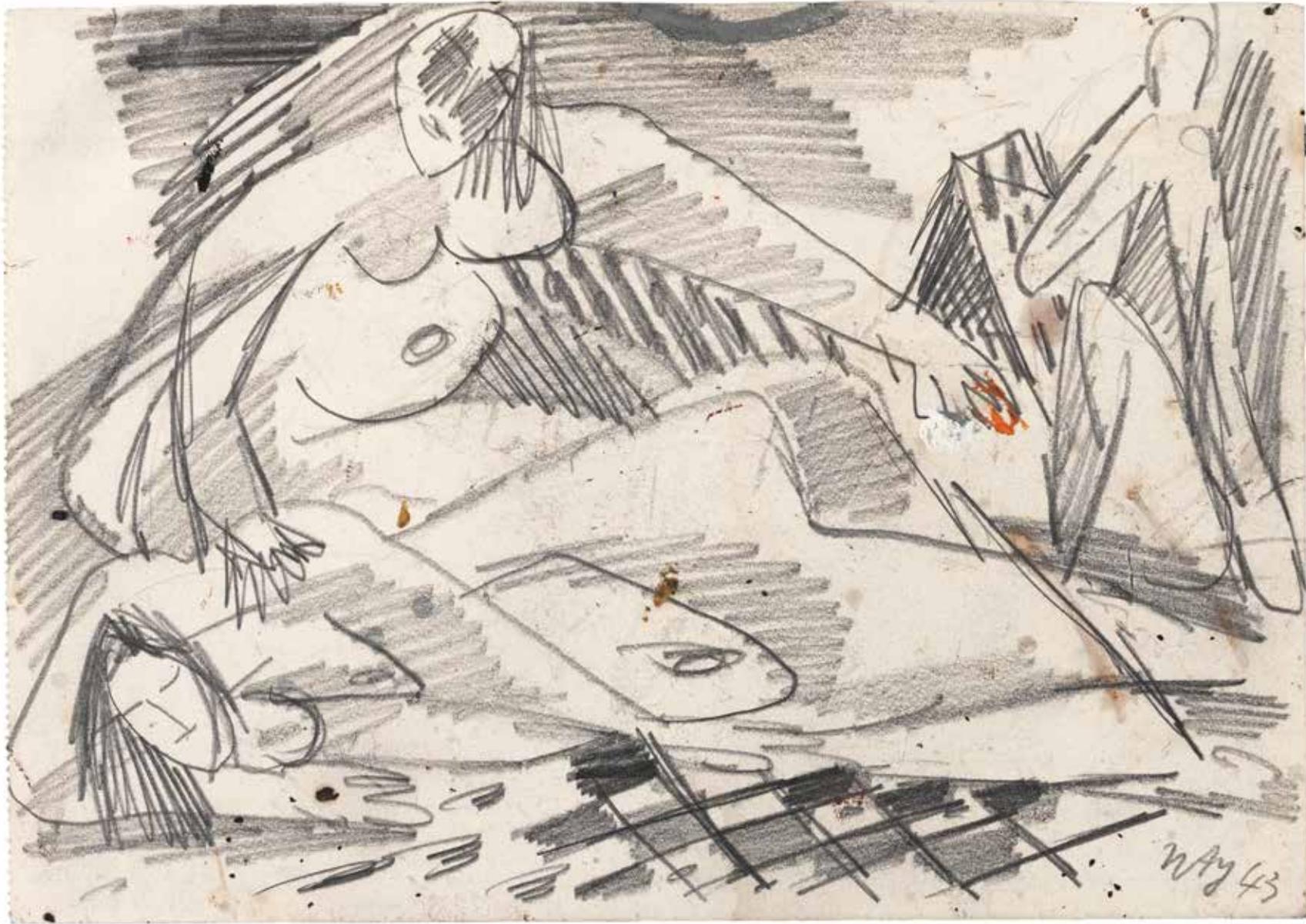
an abstract language combining a highly expressive graphic style and a deep sensitivity to colour and tonality. In his *Rhythmic Paintings* (1952–1954) Nay took the final step towards entirely non-representational painting. Showing in the USA at the Kleeman Galleries and at Knoedler, representing Germany at the 1956 Venice Biennale and exhibiting at the Kassel *documenta* (1955, 1959 and 1964) are milestones that mark Nay's breakthrough on the international scene, which was marked by many awards. His *Disc Paintings* (1955–1963) were especially appreciated, and later developed into the *Eye Paintings*. At *documenta 3* in Kassel 1964 he showed six large-format paintings, of which his three famous 4 × 4 m *documenta* paintings were presented – unusual at the time – in an installation called *Drei Bilder im Raum* (*Three Pictures in Space*). They kindled a heated debate among critics in the German media. The following winter 1964/65 Nay began to develop his late style in his atelier in Bavaria: using simplified forms and daring colour combinations to create spaceless compositions. Nay's *Late Paintings* are characterized by dynamic two-dimensional forms and clear colours which transcend the pictorial space.



13 Ernst Wilhelm Nay, *Reclining Figure (Sleeping Woman)*, 1942. Courtesy Aurel Scheibler









17 Ernst Wilhelm Nay, *Night of Dreams*, 1942. Courtesy Aurel Scheibler

Thomas Schütte

Thomas Schütte (b. 1954, lives and works in Düsseldorf) is often considered to be Germany's most important contemporary sculptor. Over the course of more than thirty years he has created a highly individual, enigmatic and disturbingly diverse oeuvre – including sculpture, installation, drawing and printing, painting, photography and architecture – beyond the realm of fashion. His multi-faceted work encompasses classic materials like bronze, steel, ceramic and wood but also more unusual materials such as Murano glass, miniature toy figurines, used textiles, card-board boxes or Fimo modelling clay. These poetic creations combine critical comment and aesthetic grandeur with humour and sarcasm. Schütte's early work was affected by the techniques of theatre design, and he continues to find the use of scale a useful tool, as he does many craft specialisms and traditional procedures.

The artist has been working with ceramic sketches focussing on the female body since 1997, and the playful investigation of small or life-size models permeates this entire series of works, in which ludic invention is both stimulated and constrained by self-imposed time-limits. The over-size female sculptures (*Frauen*), executed in

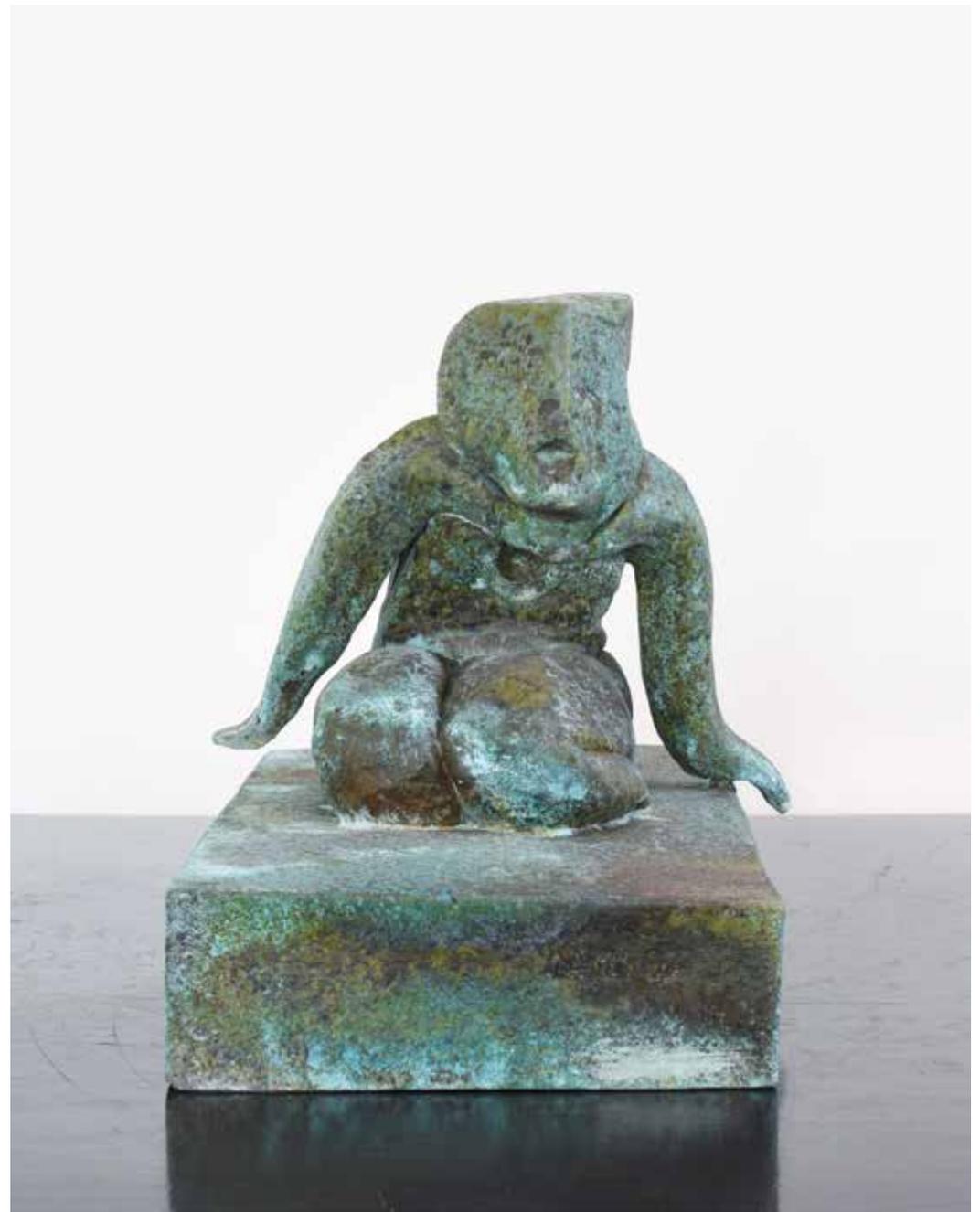
bronze and steel (and in aluminum for the artist's copies) have been created since 1998 and are accompanied by a graphic portfolio. In 1997 Thomas Schütte started to cast reclining nude women (*Liegende Frau*) as bronze models. Presenting the patinated small-size sculptures on steel pedestals, Schütte can combine these inventive works with delicate watercolours in ways that bring to mind the history of Modern sculpture from Rodin onwards, though Moore may well be the dominant association. Schütte's figures are equally monumental, equally mute, but convey a disturbing savagery which is never found in Moore.

Thomas Schütte showed three times at the *documenta* in Kassel and won the prestigious Golden Lion for best individual artist at the Venice Biennale of 2005. His works are to be found in the collections of, among others, Centre Pompidou, DIA Center for the Arts, MoMA, Tate, the Hirshhorn, the Kunstmuseum Winterthur, the Fondation Beyeler and the Museum Folkwang in Essen.



18, 19 Thomas Schütte, *Frau IV*, 2015 (*opposite*) and *Frau I*, 2007 (*overleaf*).
Courtesy Konrad Fischer Galerie









21 Thomas Schütte, *Frau VI*, 2016. Courtesy Konrad Fischer Galerie

Sadie Murdoch

Sadie Murdoch (b. 1965) explores the nature of the photographic 'document'. Trained as a painter, she works with drawing, collage and photography in a performative process which employs re-staging and emulation, using elaborately hand-made spaces, altered props and cosmetics. Murdoch's focus is the way in which Modernism frames and presents the gendered body: Charlotte Perriand, Eileen Gray, Kiki de Montparnasse, Josephine Baker, Sophie Taueber-Arp and Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, all appear in implied or directly referenced forms. In the work on show here, Murdoch replaces Perriand at the centre of an image often associated exclusively with Corbusier, at once remaking and unmaking the image in a sensuous yet defiant project about authorship. The woman lies on a famous recliner which she has helped to design, in a promotional image which she has helped to create, but from which she has been excluded.

In other works, photographic documentation of pieces by Man Ray and Marcel Duchamp, such as *Dust Breeding*, *Etant donnés* and the *Rotary Glass Plates*, are reconfigured to generate new meanings. Many of Murdoch's works approximate to the appearance of black and white photography, without recourse to digital manipulation. She uses the photographic register to generate charged relationships between the photograph and the photographed, physically as well as figuratively 'inhabiting' her archival material, her own body often placed as an element of collage in a constructed ensemble.

As Given 1–5 (2013), *Not a She* (2015) and *She's Not* (2015) are part of a limited edition series of colour photographs in which the artist's hand appears to probe, caress and 'wear' Marcel Duchamp's *Not a Shoe, Female Fig Leaf, Objet D'art* and the *Wedge of Chastity*. Enlarged photographs of these pieces, which were intimately connected to the construction of *Etant donnés* (1946–1966), merge with the corporeal reality of the artist's body in a reciprocal exchange. Though largely working with lens-based media, drawing remains an integral part of her *oeuvre*, part of her positioning of the photographic negative as 'spectral' after-image.

Murdoch's solo exhibition *SSS-MM*, at the Museum Haus Konstruktiv in Zürich (2016), re-staged images, objects and places relating to women involved in the New York and Zürich Dada movement. In *Rosebushwheels 1, 2 and 3*, (2015) and *Dada Kopf* (2015) themes of the rebellious female body, self-representation and self-fashioning recur. These works were shown alongside black and white and colour photographs, in which archival images of Sophie Taueber-Arp's designs for the Aubette Building in Strasbourg appear to be inhabited by the artist's hands and arms. The exhibition was accompanied by an artist's book *Omnipulsepunslide*, published by Artphilein Editions.



22 Sadie Murdoch, *Mirrored Photomontage Part 1*, 2007. Courtesy Roberto Polo Gallery



23 Sadie Murdoch, *Mirrored Photomontage Part 2*, 2007. Courtesy Roberto Polo Gallery



24, 25, 26 Sadie Murdoch, *Study for "Modelling Charlotte Perriand" 2 (top), 3 (middle) and 4 (below)*, 2007.
Courtesy Roberto Polo Gallery



27 Sadie Murdoch, *Mirrored Self-Portrait*, 2006. Courtesy Roberto Polo Gallery





On the Reclining Form by David Ward

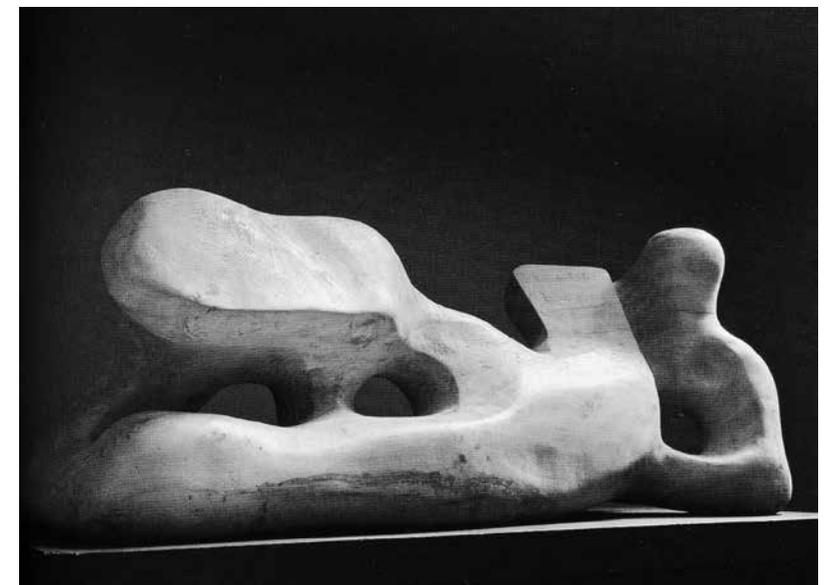
He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked ...

James Joyce, *Ulysses*

I am not the spectator, I am involved, and it is my involvement in a point of view which makes possible both the finiteness of my perception and its opening out upon the complete world as a horizon of every perception.

Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenology of Perception*

In the Henry Moore exhibition at Tate Britain in 2010,¹ the final room was occupied by four closely related sculptures. The very large elmwood carvings, elevated on plinths, were all reclining figures. One of these, 'Reclining Figure' (1959–64) exerted a strong physical and emotional effect on me, inducing affects that were not generated by the three other related works. Seeing this particular sculpture was a compelling experience of an intensity that was quite unexpected. I had seen the sculpture before but never like this. This essay reflects on the subjectivity of the experience and attempts to cast some light on the reclining figure and how we might relate to these forms, such significant presences, from the art of historical traditions to the art of our own time.



Translate – to move or carry from one place or position to another

In 1983, in the essay *Richard Serra: A Translation*,² Rosalind Krauss wrote about the work of Richard Serra for a French audience. She did this through the lens of the work of a great French philosopher of perception, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, in particular through his book *The Phenomenology of Perception*.³ She addresses the different effects of his ideas in relation to Alberto Giacometti in Europe in the 1940s (when the book was first published, in French), and then to Richard Serra in the USA in the 1960s (when it was translated into English for the first time).

The essay employs this historical and cultural ‘gap’, of time and place, together with the act of translation, as a way of articulating a phenomenology of Serra’s sculpture. Via the filter of Merleau-Ponty’s ideas about the body, Krauss explores the significant differences between Giacometti and Serra, including figuration and abstraction, distance and proximity and scale, elaborating, in other words, the very different effects on these artists of the same philosophical work.

What is of particular interest here, in thinking about a phenomenology of the reclining figure, is the profound difference between the emphatic *verticality* of Giacometti’s post-war sculptures, his standing and walking figures, and the extreme *horizontality* of the works of Serra’s that Krauss chooses to discuss, especially the landscape work ‘Shift’ of 1970–72.

Elsewhere, on numerous occasions and in very different contexts, Krauss places considerable significance on physical and perceptual relationships between the vertical and horizontal: here from an analysis of Anthony Caro’s 1962 sculpture ‘Early One Morning’:

*The axis along which one relates to the work as object is turned ninety degrees to the axis which establishes its meaning as image. The change from horizontal to vertical is expressed as a change of condition or being.*⁴

And again, talking about a shift in the photographic works of Cindy Sherman:

*...one of her most powerful weapons... is the rotation of the image out of the axis of the vertical and onto the horizontal of the informe.*⁵

Merleau-Ponty himself places great emphasis on the idea that our perceptions of the world, ‘le monde perçu’, are orientated in relation to our upright posture, a concept central to Gestalt psychology. It is this Gestalt that appears to bring a particular dynamic to our experience of the reclining figure. And this turn, this rotation, this shift, between vertical and horizontal is itself a form of translation.

*A fallen tree is transformed into a reclining nude. The vertical has shifted through 90° to the horizontal....*⁶

This line was written by Nigel Greenwood in the catalogue essay that accompanied the Hayward Gallery Annual exhibition, curated by him in 1985 and that also included Henry Moore’s *Reclining Figure: 1959–64*, the very sculpture mentioned at the start of this essay and to which we shall now return. Greenwood identifies the profound change of state of both the tree that the carving is made from, and the human body that the carving represents. Both tree and body have *shifted through 90° to the horizontal*. There is also a powerful physicality bound up in the impact of the gravity he expresses through the image of *the fallen tree*.

Implicit in this shift and the force of gravity there is perhaps a sense of a change of gravitational response in ourselves, within our own bodies. We stand while the sculpture lies down. Do we want to give our bodies to gravity and lie down too?⁷ The reclining figure is a figure, a body that ‘reminds’ our body of that shift. My body ‘remembers’ and also anticipates, knows what the future holds. We may look forwards, with desire, or shrink with horror from a future state.

Certainly, my interaction with this Moore carving began as a visceral, bodily response. My ‘upright posture’ was put to work as the sculpture seemed to move me around the room. It positioned and fixed me and then troubled and de-stabilised me. I was impressed by its mass, and the five years of its making, yet it felt entirely un-laboured. And despite its size it felt experientially intimate and new. I was struck by its vigour and the erotic physicality of its formation and malformation, made restless by it and then settled by it. I was touched by something suddenly deeply harrowing, that afterwards reminded me of aspects of Michelangelo’s late *Slaves*. I would say that I recognised, and was seized, by the humanity of it.

Nigel Greenwood also says that he finds the sculpture ‘sympathetic’ and talks of Moore’s empathy for materials. A question then arises about such subjective experiences as empathy and sympathy in relation to the reclining figure. We may be familiar with expressions like: ‘I feel an affinity with the sculpture’. Yet my experience felt more as if the sculpture was responsive to me. What does it mean to say, to feel, that an object, a sculpture, is empathising with the viewer? To be a little more level-headed, so to speak, we would say of course that looking at the sculpture unlocks or rather releases empathy in us, forming our sense of meaningful relationship with it, fully comprehending the figure, identifying with it, perhaps, both mentally and physically.

I am proposing a kind of phenomenology of our physicality, as vertical beings, responding to the state of an object made horizontal. Sometimes Merleau-Ponty seems to be all about horizons: the horizon of the past, the horizon of the future, the internal horizon of the object, the body's horizon. And while this is in part about the extent, the delineation of perception, how far we can see, it is profoundly bound up with the body as primordial, as he says, *the ground of all experience of the relatedness of objects* and therefore with our fundamental sense of orientation in the world.

The standing figure in sculpture can be an emphatic statement of the individual self, an assertion of being in the world, of presenting, declaring: she is, he is, I am. The sculpture stands. I stand.

Merleau-Ponty suggests that to turn an object (his example is the human face) upside down, is to deprive it of its meaning. I suggest that to rotate the body image to the horizontal is to transform its meaning.

The reclining figure, in contrast to the standing figure, is open to, inflected by, associations of a different spectrum of human states and experiences, of being in the world and even absent from it: of sleep, of dream, of oblivion, of death. Of exposure and vulnerability or of display and indifference. The capacity for a viewer to identify with the work of art, to experience a sense of affinity, embrace other orders of experience, is transformed.

In that physical and emotional recognition, empathy is the flux that releases a flow of associations, or the spark that galvanises and illuminates constellations of relationships with our own experiences and other works of art. In this way, one reclining figure will draw to it recollections of others from a great trans-historical and trans-cultural 'genre', if I can use that word.

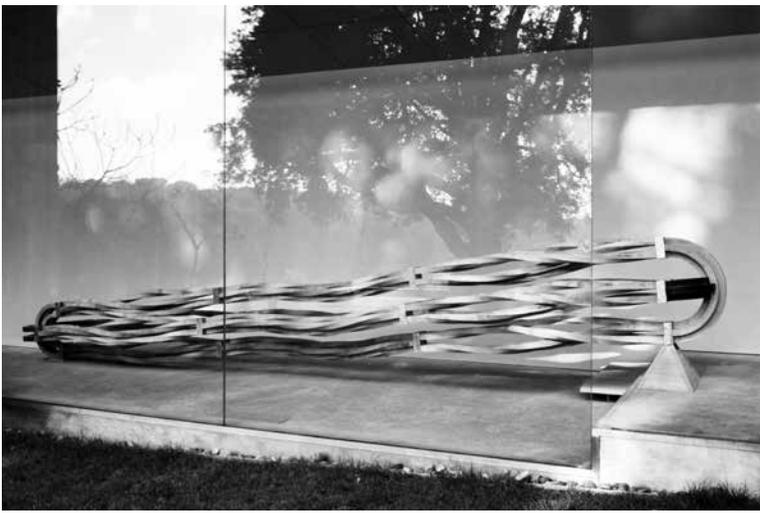
I suggest this may occur through important dimensions of formal resemblance, but also that the form is especially charged with a remarkable capacity for embodiment: to physically embody shared human experience, common states that are deeply meaningful in our lives. Of interiority, intimacy, emotion, loss, desire. It is this capacity for the embodiment of shared experience that brings about a luminous reciprocal identification with the reclining figure, on the part of the viewer:

Figure reclined : Vertical tree, fallen or felled : Vertical human form reclines, or inclines : Towards being parallel to horizon or ground plane : Supine, on the back, flat-out, face up, palms facing up : Declined, sloped down, a declivity, as on a hill : Prone, prostrate, face down, flat-out : Collapsed as in illness : As presented in death : Body displayed : As in sleep : Pieta : Vulnerable : Confident : Exposed : Exhausted : In desire : In abandon : Abandoned : Accepting gravity : Laid down, laying down : In repose, leaning back as when resting, in comfort, as when afloat

After seeing the Moore sculpture, other works of art began to cascade by association, leading me first to a late 15th-century religious carving of a recumbent figure of Jesse⁹ from the church of St Mary, Abergavenny in Wales seen here as an idol, supported on a plinth made by Richard Deacon in the exhibition *Image and Idol: Medieval Sculpture* curated by Deacon and Phillip Lindley at Tate Britain in 2001.



Beyond this lies *Orinoco*,¹⁰ a streaming flow of worked wood that is a Richard Deacon sculpture, remarkably reminiscent of the robust carving of the beard and robes of the Jesse figure, which is itself turbulent, like currents of water. The structure is supported, or rather propped, on a small wooden pyramidal object. The sculpture is not a representation of a human form in any way and yet it does relate, to my mind, with the formal structure of the reclining figure in the sculptural tradition. The geometry of the prop is an echo of the triangular shape typically made by the crooked elbow of an arm that frequently supports the torso of a reclining body in sculpture, as is the case in Moore's reclining figure.



Merleau-Ponty, in the script of his 1948 French Radio broadcast series *World of Perception* wrote:

One of the greatest achievements of modern art and philosophy has been to allow us to rediscover the world in which we live, yet which we are prone to forget.

This quiet line seems to anticipate the more charged, sensual language of Susan Sontag in her polemical essay *Against Interpretation* of 1964,¹¹ when she concludes her text saying:

What is important now is to recover our senses. We must learn to see more, to hear more, to feel more.

She ends with a single, short sentence:

In place of a hermeneutics we need an erotics of art.

Perhaps, in turn, we may conclude by returning to Nigel Greenwood's image of the felled tree, but now afloat, and cast off with James Joyce's description of Leopold Bloom taking his morning bath:¹²

He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his trunk and limbs ripples over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow: his navel, bud of flesh: and saw the dark tangled curls of his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower.

David Ward is an artist based in Wiltshire, England

- 1 Henry Moore – Tate Britain 24 February–8 August 2010
- 2 Rosalind E. Krauss, *The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths*, The MIT Press, 1985
- 3 Maurice Merleau-Ponty: *The Phenomenology of Perception*, Routledge, 1962
- 4 Quoted from Krauss' *Passages in Modern Sculpture*, 1977 by Jon Thompson in *Gravity and Grace*, South Bank Centre, 1993, p.15
- 5 Yve-Alain Bois, Rosalind E. Krauss, *Formless: A User's Guide*, Zone Books, 1997, p.103
- 6 Nigel Greenwood, *A Journey Through Contemporary Art with Nigel Greenwood*, Hayward Gallery, 1985, p.2
- 7 A recent exhibition by sculptor Daphne Wright included her work *Stallion* (2009), a cast of a dead horse, lying on its back on the gallery floor, itself a powerful and moving reclining figure. Some visitors to the exhibition were to be seen lying down, close to the cast of the dead animal. *Daphne Wright: Emotional Archaeology*, Arnolfini, Bristol: 30 September–31 December 2016
- 8 Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenology of Perception*, Routledge, 2012
- 9 Richard Deacon designed all the plinths, supports and barriers for the exhibits. See: *Image and Idol: Medieval Sculpture* Richard Deacon and Phillip Lindley – Tate Britain 2001
- 10 The sculpture was first exhibited in: *Orinoco: Richard Deacon and David Ward* at the New Art Centre, Roche Court, Wiltshire 2007 – showing works made in relation to the artists' experiences of travelling on the Upper Orinoco River in Southern Venezuela
- 11 Susan Sontag, *Against Interpretation* (1964) – *A Susan Sontag Reader*, Penguin Books, 1983, p.104
- 12 James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Bodley Head, 1993, p.71

La Grande Horizontale II

Charlotte Dumas

The notion that the state of humanity can be read by the way in which we relate to animals is a vital thread in Charlotte Dumas' work. Her choice of subject relates directly to the way we use and define specific animals. It is her belief that the disappearance of animals as a given in our society greatly affects how we experience life and sustain empathy. She has been observing different animals, mostly horses and dogs, within specific positions, for over a decade. She is particularly interested in how we define value when it comes to animals as well as how we attribute value to ourselves and others. The gap that exists between animals as a food resource on one hand and the anthropomorphic use of them on the other (as they are often depicted visually) contributes to an increasingly contradictory relationship. The more we lose perspective as to the true capacity of animals, so we lose sight of what they mean to us and vice versa.

Her latest work focuses on series of animals in relation to human beings: search dogs who in the aftermath of the 9/11 attacks searched day and night for survivors at the Pentagon and World Trade Center; horses living in the wild, close to the towns of Nevada or in Japan on small islands, breeds that are almost extinct because of the loss of practical purpose. Her series ANIMA features the caisson horses of the Arlington National Cemetery in the United States, the national burial ground of U.S. service members, located

outside Washington, DC. These animals are among the few left to perform a duty for mankind that dates back centuries. No longer used in warfare as such, they now have the sole and exclusive privilege of accompanying soldiers to their final resting place. Charlotte Dumas photographed these horses when their working day was done, as they were falling asleep in front of her eyes and camera. The horses not only convey their vulnerability at rest, but also reflect a loss of consciousness. Dumas wrote: 'As I spent time with them at night I felt this was maybe one of the most intimate and private moments to witness: the gap between wakefulness and slumber, a space for dreaming and reverie.' Her work bears surprising affinities with more traditional art, especially 18th and 19th-century sculpture, representing the reclining animal, notably the horse and dog.

Charlotte Dumas (b.1977, lives New York / Amsterdam) had solo exhibitions at Museum De Pont, Tilburg (2015); The Photographers' Gallery in London (2015); Gallery 916 Tokyo (2016 and 2014), Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, DC (2012); FO.KU.S., Innsbruck (2010), Foam Fotografiemuseum Amsterdam (2009) and most recently at the andriess eyck galerie.



33 Charlotte Dumas, *Major II*, Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, 2012.
Courtesy Andriess Eyck Gallery

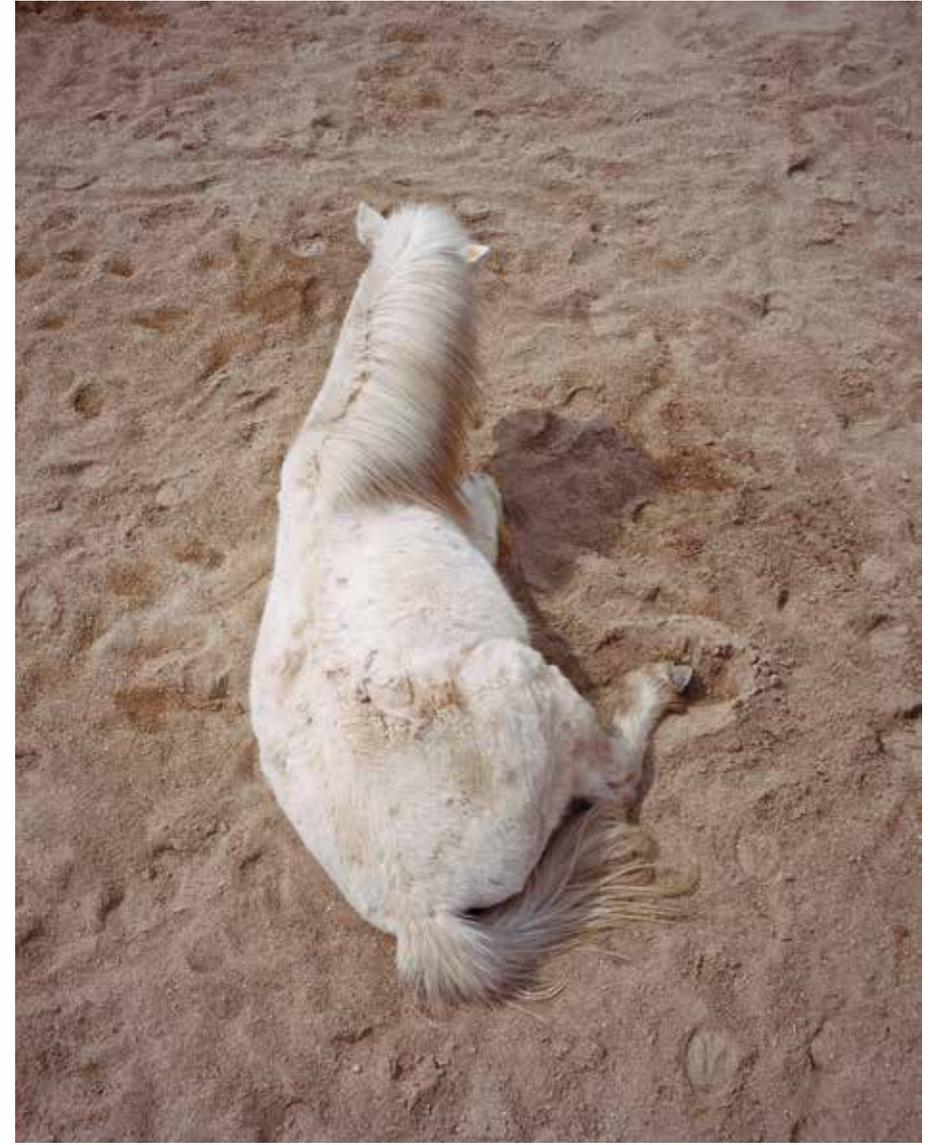


34, 35 Charlotte Dumas, *Repose* (above) and *Peter*, Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, 2012.
Courtesy Andriess Eyck Gallery



36 Charlotte Dumas, *Ringo, Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia*, 2012.
Courtesy Andriess Eyck Gallery





Suchan Kinoshita

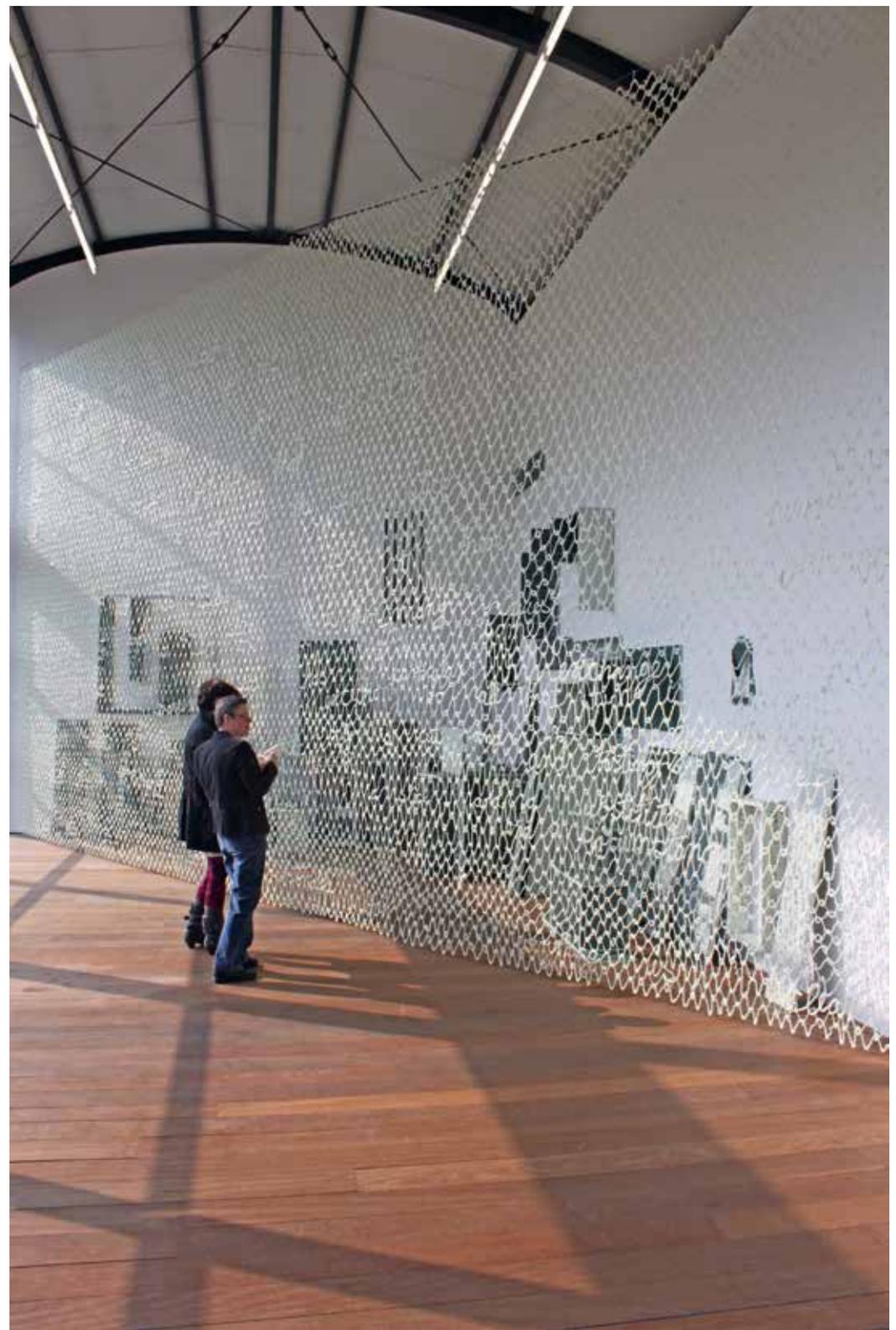
Born (1960) and raised in Japan, Suchan Kinoshita was twenty years old when she went to Cologne to study music with the composer Maurizio Kagel. Later, she worked for a theatre company where the members alternated between the roles of actor, set builder and director. It is therefore not a coincidence that her work is always on the borderline: both inside and outside the walls of an exhibition space, with or without the public's active participation, recognisable as an artwork or camouflaged. Kinoshita's works are a fusion.

Throughout her oeuvre, we find elements from theatre and experimental music, two fields in which she was active for quite some time. Duration (time) and the conscious approach to the spectator are two of the most important aspects in her creations. According to Kinoshita, 'the notion of being an artist is so loaded with meaning, we're sort of pretentious in a way. I prefer this notion of the musician, the worker, or the dancer. Being perhaps the director or the creator of the piece, but also the player.' In fact, she also wants to 'shift the role of the visitor into that of a player' and vice versa. Kinoshita proceeds beyond the penetration of visual arts by the theatre. She explores the borderlines between

dreams, imagination, and reality. In her installations, she uses superimposition or the interplay between live-transmission, film projection, and framed realities, to experiment with different levels of reality, demonstrating also how we look, how we focus, and how we find the horizon.

Kinoshita's interdisciplinary installations have been regularly displayed since the end of the 1980s, in contexts such as the 4th Biennale of Istanbul (1995), the 11th Biennale of Sydney (1998), *Skulptur Projekte Münster* (2007), the 8th Biennale de Sharjah (2007), the 7th Biennale of Shanghai (2008), the 5th Moscow Biennale of Contemporary Art (2013). Significant monographic exhibitions were presented at the Muhka, Antwerpen (2002), Ikon Gallery, Birmingham (2007), Museum Ludwig Köln (2010), Mudam Luxembourg (2011).





40 Suchan Kinoshita, *Jogger's fragment 11*, 2009. Courtesy Galerie Nadja Vilenne

41 Suchan Kinoshita, *Engawa*, 2010 – *Isofollies*, 2007. Courtesy Galerie Nadja Vilenne *overleaf*



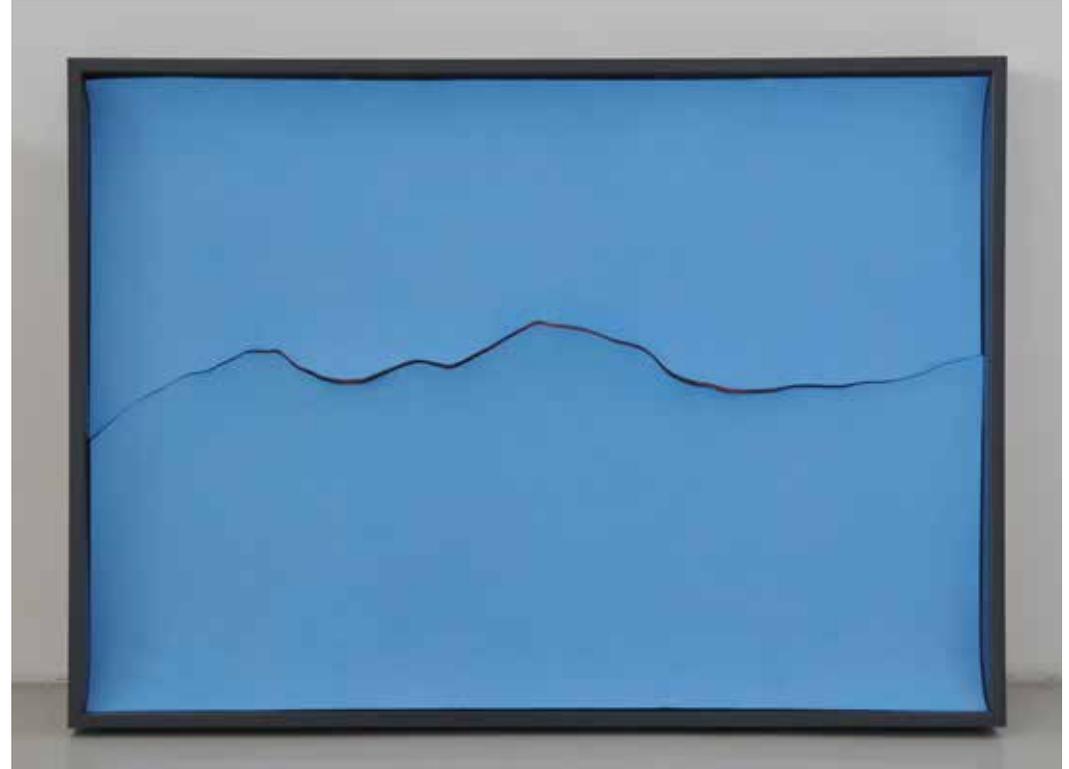


Ettore Spalletti

Despite his reserve, Ettore Spalletti (b.1940) has been a fixture of the international art circuit since the early 1980s. He took part in *documenta* in 1982 and 1992, and participated at the Venice Biennale four times. In 2014 he showed in MAXXI Rome, MADRE Naples, and GAM Turin and in 2015 at the Palazzo Cini in Venice. Spalletti emerged on the Italian art scene with the explosion of Arte Povera. While he was friends with many of these artists he nonetheless developed a singular, solitary voice and a body of work that defies regional or ideological boundaries. In this world light is the contact between painting and sculpture, colour and space. Spalletti is deeply attached to the area of the Abruzzi mountains where he has always lived, and to those views, and in many ways might be seen as endlessly attempting to capture the qualities of sky and skin in his work.

Since the beginning Spalletti has created a language suspended between painting and sculpture, an approach which is reminiscent of both modern abstract art and the geometry of Renaissance painting. His work is marked by the intense study

of surface and colour. It has developed by thinking about the skin of the object and ways of applying the colour which defines it. By means of this cutaneous aspect the emergence of presence is apparently fluid and in suspension, resisting closure and inherently fragile. The impasto, like dust, is composed of white and coloured pigment, laid over classic forms in many slow-drying layers. The colour is only revealed in the final moment of this long process when abrasion causes the decomposition of the pigments, making the surfaces powdery, transient, and magical.





44 Ettore Spalletti, *Appennino*, 1984. Courtesy Vistamare Gallery



45 Ettore Spalletti, *La bella addormentata*, 1975. Courtesy Vistamare Gallery



46 Ettore Spalletti, *Stanza azzurra. Dedicata a mio fratello che amava gli azzurri*, 2006.
Courtesy Vistamare Gallery



David Tremlett

English artist David Tremlett (b.1947) began his career as an artist-traveller, recording his journeys through time and space in a variety of ways, including postcards and sound recordings. Later he became internationally recognized for his pastels on paper and his wall drawings, often of monumental scale. For some wall drawings, he prefers to use grease instead of pastel – a very thick graphite-laden grease that is often used in heavy industry. He has made these wall drawings as commissions in private places, often in Italy, but also in public spaces like Tate Britain. They combine an instinctive appreciation for the work of early modernist constructivism, with a new and primarily aesthetic response to colour and space, meaning that the works may be geometric or curvaceously lyrical, austere or highly coloured. The work which has been chosen for Tefaf is a relatively unusual collaboration with the French artist Michel Verjux (b.1956) who since the early 1980s has used only

one medium: light, in the form of a white beam from a profile projector. The first four-handed works were shown in 2013 at the exhibition *Light from Matter, Matter from Light* in Paris. Invited to take part in Tefaf 2017, they created *Horizon*, a new work from the same family. It is made up of two parts: the black part is made with grease spread by hand and the other is a projection of light. The use of these unconventional means makes it into an extravagant artwork, which speaks of the land and the sky, the horizon-line in front of us.

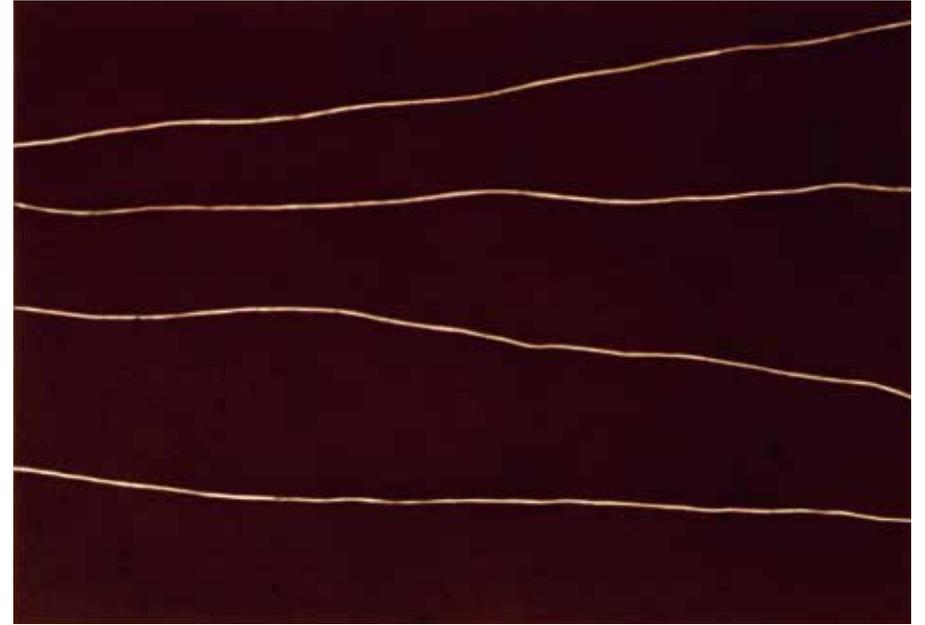




49 David Tremlett, *Drawing for a wall (ER) #18*, 1999. Courtesy Jean Brolly Gallery



50 David Tremlett, *Drawing for a wall (ER) #17*, 1999. Courtesy Jean Brolly Gallery





In answer to his prayer the River checked its current... and other poems

In answer to his prayer the River checked its current, and holding back its waves made smooth the water in the swimmer's path, and so brought him safely to land at its mouth. Odysseus bent his knees and sturdy arms, exhausted by his struggle with the sea. All his flesh was swollen and streams of brine gushed from his mouth and nostrils. Winded and speechless he lay there too weak to stir, overwhelmed by his terrible fatigue. Yet directly he got back his breath and came to life again, he unwound the goddess' veil from his waist and let it drop into the river as it rushed out to sea. The strong currents swept it downstream and before long it was in Ino's own hands. Odysseus turned his back on the river, threw himself down in the reeds and kissed the bountiful earth.

And now he grimly faced his plight, wondering, with a groan, what would happen to him next and what the end of this adventure would be. "If I stay in the river bed," he argued, "and keep awake all through the wretched night, the bitter frost and drenching dew together might well be too much for one who has nearly breathed his last through sheer exhaustion. And I know what a cold wind can blow up from a river in the early morning. If, on the other hand, I climb up the slope into the thick woods and lie down in the dense undergrowth to sleep off my chill and my fatigue, then, supposing I do go off into a sound sleep, there is the risk that I may make a meal for beasts of prey."

However, in the end he decided that this was the better course and set off towards the wooded ground. Not far from the river he found a copse with a clear space all around it. Here he crept under a pair of bushes, one an olive, the other a wild olive, which grew from the same stem with their branches so closely intertwined that when the winds blew moist not a breath could get inside, nor when the sun shone could his rays penetrate their shade, nor could the rain soak right through to the earth. Odysseus crawled into this shelter, and after all he had endured was delighted to see the ground littered with an abundance of dead leaves, enough to provide covering for two or three men in the hardest winter weather. He set to work with his hands and scraped up a roomy couch, in the middle of which he lay down and piled the leaves over himself, covering his body as carefully as a lonely crofter in the far corner of an estate buries a glowing brand under the black ashes to keep his fire alive and save himself from having to seek a light elsewhere. And now Athene filled Odysseus' eyes with sleep and sealed their lids – the surest way to relieve the exhaustion caused by so much toil.

Before sea or land, before even sky
Which contains all,
Nature wore only one mask –
Since called Chaos.
A huge agglomeration of upset.
A bolus of everything – but
As if aborted.
And the total arsenal of entropy
Already at war within it.

No sun showed one thing to another,
No moon
Played her phases in heaven,
No earth
Spun in empty air on her own magnet,
No ocean
Basked or roamed on the long beaches.

Land, sea, air, were all there
But not to be trodden, or swum in.
Air was simply darkness.
Everything fluid or vapour, form formless.
Each thing hostile
To every other thing: at every point
Hot fought cold, moist dry, soft hard, and the
weightless
Resisted weight.

God, or some such artist as resourceful,
Began to sort it out.
Land here, sky there,
And sea there.
Up there, the heavenly stratosphere.
Down here, the cloudy, the windy.
He gave to each its place,
Independent, gazing about freshly.
Also resonating –
Each one a harmonic of the others,
Just like the strings
That would resound, one day, in the dome of the
tortoise.

The fiery aspiration that makes heaven
Took it to the top.
The air, happy to be idle,
Lay between that and the earth
Which rested at the bottom
Engorged with heavy metals,
Embraced by delicate waters.

When the ingenious one
Had gained control of the mass
And decided the cosmic divisions
He rolled earth into a ball.
Then he commanded the water to spread out flat
To lift itself into waves
According to the whim of the wind,
And to hurl itself at the land's edges.
He conjured springs to rise and be manifest,
Deep and gloomy ponds,
Flashing delicious lakes.
He educated
Headstrong electrifying rivers
To observe their banks – and to pour
Part of their delight into earth's dark
And to donate the remainder to ocean
Swelling the uproar on shores.

Then he instructed the plains
How to roll sweetly to the horizon.
He directed the valleys
To go deep.
And the mountains to rear up
Humping their backs.

So now there was no suspense, but only a sweet joyfulness thrilling through the heart of Aeneas the Chieftain. He commanded every mast to be erected quickly and yard-arms to be spread with sails. Together they made sheets fast and in unison let out their canvas now on the port and now on the starboard side; and together they swung about, the yards aloft. And airs which were perfect for their need bore their fleet along. Out in front of all the others Palinurus led the close convoy and gave it its direction, for the rest had been ordered to set their course by him. By now Night with her moist air had nearly reached her point of turning in the sky, and the crews, who lay stretched on their hard seats beneath their oars, were relaxed in sweet repose, when the God of Sleep, slipping lightly down from heaven's stars, parted the misty dark and dispelled the shadows. And Palinurus, to you he went, though you had no sin, and he came carrying to you a sombre dream. Disguised as Phoebus, he took his seat high on the stern, and softly flowed his words: 'Son of Iasus, Palinurus, the sea bears the fleet onward without your aid, full square comes the breath of the breeze and the time for rest has come. Lay your head down; steal from their toil those tired eyes. Just for a little time let me take over your duties from you.' Scarcely raising his eyes, Palinurus answered him: 'Do you ask me, of all men, to be misled by the countenance of the salt sea's calm and of waves at rest? Would you have me put faith in such a demon? For see, am I, who have been deluded so often by a clear sky's treachery, to entrust Aeneas to deceitful winds?' So he spoke, and, clinging fast to the tiller, he never for a moment released his hold, and kept his gaze fixed on the stars above. But suddenly the god took a branch, dripping with Lethe's dew and drowsy from the force of death's river. And he shook it above both temples of Palinurus, and, resist as he would, released his swimming eyes. Scarcely had the unwanted repose begun to creep along his members and relax them, when Sleep bowed over him and flung him overboard into the transparent waves, still holding the tiller and also a part of the stern, which he had wrenched away with it; and he fell headlong, calling again and again on his friends in vain. The god soared lightly on his wings and he flew up in the air. And the fleet ran safely on, just as before, forging ahead with no fear, for so Father Neptune had promised. Soon it had sailed on so far that it was drawing close to the Sirens' Rocks which once were hard to pass and whitened by the bones of many men. Far out were the growl and roar of the stones where the salt surf beat unceasingly. Here the Chieftain discovered that his ship was wallowing adrift, for her steersman was lost. Therefore he steered her himself through the midnight waves with many a sigh, for he was deeply shocked by the disaster to his friend: 'Ah, Palinurus, you were too trustful of the calm sky and sea. So you will lie, a shroudless form, on a unknown strand.'

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits;— on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! You hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

I

The clouds have gathered, and gathered,
 and the rain falls and falls,
 The eight ply of the heavens
 are all folded into one darkness,
 And the wide, flat road stretches out.
 I stop in my room toward the East, quiet, quiet,
 I pat my new cask of wine.
 My friends are estranged, or far distant,
 I bow my head and stand still.

II

Rain, rain, and the clouds have gathered,
 The eight ply of the heavens are darkness,
 The flat land is turned into river.
 'Wine, wine, here is wine!'
 I drink by my eastern window.
 I think of talking and man,
 And no boat, no carriage, approaches.

III

The trees in my east-looking garden
 are bursting out with new twigs,
 They try to stir new affection
 And men say the sun and moon keep on moving
 because they can't find a soft seat.
 The birds flutter to rest in my tree,
 and I think I have heard them saying,
 'It is not that there are no other men
 But we like this fellow the best,
 But however we long to speak
 He can not know of our sorrow.'

What seas what shores what grey rocks and what islands
What water lapping the bow
And scent of pine and of woodthrush singing through
the fog
What images return
O my daughter

Those who sharpen the tooth of the dog, meaning
Death
Those who glitter with the glory of the humming bird,
meaning

Death
Those who sit in the sty of contentment, meaning
Death
Those who suffer the ecstasy of animals, meaning
Death

Are become unsubstantial, reduced by a wind,
A breath of pine and the woodsong fog
By this grace dissolved in place

What is this face, less clear and clearer
The pulse in the arm, less strong and stronger –
Given or lent? More distant than stars and nearer than
the eye

Whispers and small laughter between leaves and
hurrying feet
Under sleep, where all the waters meet
Bowsprit cracked with ice and paint cracked with heat.
I made this, I have forgotten
And remember.
The rigging weak and the canvas rotten
Between one June and another September.
Made this unknowing, half unconscious, unknown, my own
The garboard strake leaks, the seams need caulking.
This form, this face, this life
Living to live in a world of time beyond me; let me
Resign my own life for this life, my speech for that unspoken,
The awakened lips parted, the hope, the new ships.

What seas what shores what granite islands towards
My timbers
And woodthrush calling though the fog
My daughter.

Black boat, perfect Greek,
sail tack, sail belly full and white,
and you yourself complete in craft,
silent, spirited, flawless;
your course smooth, sorrowless, unfeeling;
they were no more skilled black ships
that Odysseus sailed over from Ithaca,
or Clanrannald over from Uist,
those on a wine-dark sea
these on a grey-green brine.

JEAN BROLLY GALLERY, PARIS

The gallery was founded in 2002, almost next door to the Centre Pompidou, and has focused above all on painting, interpreted in the broadest possible way, as demonstrated by the inclusion of Alan Charlton, Ger van Elk, François Morellet, Felice Varini, Paul-Armand Gette, Günter Umberg, Michel Verjux and Robert Zandvliet, among many others, including less well known and younger artists, both French and foreign. Jean Brolly works principally with individual artists on solo projects, developing close working relationships with them over time, first as a collector and more recently as a gallerist.

ANDRIESSE EYCK GALLERY, AMSTERDAM

In September 2014 Paul Andriess and Zsa-Zsa Eyck merged to form andriess eyck galerie, bringing together over 30 years of experience in the field of curating international contemporary exhibitions both in their galleries and on location, and representing emerging and mid-career artists.

andriess eyck galerie focuses on new projects, with a programme that features artists at the beginning of their careers, in combination with more established names in and outside the commercial gallery system. Paul Andriess and Zsa-Zsa Eyck strongly believe that the gallery is the ultimate space for collectors, regular visitors, academics and other art professionals to enjoy and discover art in an intimate setting. With this in mind, the gallery hosts events with the artists during each exhibition.

To date, andriess eyck galerie has staged shows by: Rory Pilgrim, Charlotte Dumas, Peter Struycken, Carel Blotkamp, Daan van Golden, Pieterjan Ginckels, Christien Meindertma, Jakup Ferri, Antonietta Peeters, Roland Schimmel, Gianni Caravaggio, Marijn van Kreij, Natasja Kensmil, Bert Boogaard, Cuny Janssen and Stephen Wilks. Further

projects are planned with Nicoline Timmer, Marijn van Kreij, Joe Scanlan, Helen Mirra and Thomas Struth.

2014 also saw the launch of andriess eyck publications. The first was dedicated to Daan van Golden's work about Brigitte Bardot with a short novel by Dirk van Weelden. The next contained drawings by Ann Lislegaard combined with an experimental text by Bregje Hofstede. The most recent publication, *Hellmouth*, explores a monumental mural by Natasja Kensmil that covers a wall and inner roof of a restored coach house, commissioned by a private collector.

KONRAD FISCHER GALERIE, DÜSSELDORF / BERLIN

In October 1967, when Konrad and Dorothee Fischer opened a tiny exhibition space in the centre of Düsseldorf with an exhibition of work by Carl Andre, Minimal and Conceptual Art were virtually unknown in Europe. Many artists of that period had their first European solo exhibitions at *Ausstellungen bei Konrad Fischer* and their work has been exhibited by the gallery ever since. Konrad and Dorothee Fischer's approach consisted of inviting the artists themselves to Düsseldorf rather than just having their works presented there. This not only led to the development of an international network of artists, it also contributed to the creation of site-specific sculptures, paintings and installations. Daniel Buren introduced his interventions, Gilbert & George found a platform for their 'Singing Sculpture' and Wolfgang Laib installed sculptures made of beeswax and pollen. New conceptual approaches in painting as well as photography were shown, as were Arte Povera artists almost as soon as the term had been coined.

The gallery's programme was further enlarged to include the work of artists such as Tony Cragg, Harald Klingelhöller,

Rita McBride, Thomas Ruff, Thomas Schütte, Yuji Takeoka and Jerry Zeniuk. A second and third generation of artists including Guy Ben-Ner, Peter Buggenhout, Aleana Egan, Jim Lambie, Manfred Pernice, Magnus Plessen, Wolfgang Plöger, Gregor Schneider, Paloma Varga Weisz, Edith Dekyndt, Jüergen Staack, Tatjana Valsang and Alice Channer has joined the gallery since. In 2007 Konrad Fischer Galerie opened an additional space in Berlin. Younger international artists as well as the gallery's five decades of history are featured in the exhibition programme. The gallery is now run by Berta Fischer.

ROBERTO POLO GALLERY, BRUSSELS
Roberto Polo Gallery was inaugurated in 2012. It is located in the central Sablon quarter of Brussels. The gallery, which occupies a space of 550m², specialises in modern and contemporary art. Its Artistic Director, Roberto Polo, is also an art historian and collector. The gallery represents important contemporary artists, such as Carl De Keyser, Jarosław Kozłowski, Larry Poons, and Jan Vanriet. It regularly publishes and co-publishes substantial exhibition catalogues and monographs, featuring texts by well-known authors, such as Richard Cork, Andrew Graham-Dixon, Martin Herbert, and Charlotte Mullins.

AUREL SCHEIBLER, BERLIN
Aurel Scheibler opened in Cologne in April 1991 and moved to Berlin in 2006, with a location in Charlottenburg and later in Kreuzberg. In summer 2012 the gallery moved to Schöneberger Ufer in the Tiergarten area, where it is set in a historical building created in 1911 for the Berlin Association of Female Artists, which also housed the galleries of Ferdinand Möller and the brothers Nierendorf in the 1920/30s.

Over the years, Aurel Scheibler has established an individual presence, interlacing a gallery programme of international contemporary with historically defined art. The convergence of works by emerging, and established artists – from this century as well as previous ones – in complementary and in-depth exhibitions has become one of the gallery's main features. Aurel Scheibler's exhibition activity – both in Berlin and at international art fairs – is complemented by private sales of major works to museums and collections worldwide. Besides a selected group of international contemporary artists, the gallery also works with the estates of E.W. Nay, Alice Neel, Öyvind Fahlström and Norbert Kricke.

GALERIE NADJA VILENNE, LIÈGE
Galerie Nadja Vilenne was founded in Liège (Belgium) in 1998. The gallery works closely with twenty artists, both emerging and internationally established. Alongside its exhibitions Nadja Vilenne produces publications, edits books, undertakes external curatorial projects, and participates in several international art fairs. The gallery represents Jacques Charlier, Honoré d'O, Olivier Foulon, Eleni Kamma, Suchan Kinoshita, Aglaia Konrad, Charlotte Lagro, Sophie Langohr, Jacques Lizène, Emilio López-Menchero, Jacqueline Mesmaeker, Benjamin Monti, John Murphy, Pol Pierart, Eran Schaerf, Valérie Sonnier, Jeroen Van Bergen, Raphaël Van Lerberghe, Walter Swennen, and Marie Zolamian.

VISTAMARE GALLERY, PESCARA
Located in a late seventeenth-century building in the centre of Pescara (Italy), the Vistamare gallery opened, at the initiative of Benedetta Spalletti, in 2001 with an exhibition entitled *Camera Italia*. Curated by Giacinto di Pietrantonio, the exhibition invited ten artists of various generations to produce works based on the idea of 'rooms', and of these the two permanent installations by Alberto Garutti and Ettore Spalletti can still be seen in the gallery. The gallery's work has always concentrated on artwork created expressly for the gallery's own spaces: for example, Joseph Kosuth's 2005 installation 'Un'osservazione grammaticale' and the subsequent (2007) intervention 'Tre momenti separati in una contemplazione' in which the space created by Kosuth was modified by Ettore Spalletti and by the presence of a painting by Giorgio Morandi, as well as the big wall drawing created by Sol Lewitt in 2015. Many solo shows came in the following years.

The gallery focuses on contemporary positions and, at the same time, includes historical artists within its programme. Benedetta Spalletti is interested in the works of the Italian and international avant-garde, showing artists such: Mario Airò, Giovanni Anselmo, Getulio Alviani, Pedro Barateiro, Rosa Barba, Simone Berti, Pavel Büchler, Anna Franceschini, Bethan Huws, Mimmo Jodice, Joseph Kosuth, Armin Linke, Andrea Romano, Ettore Spalletti, Haim Steinbach, Giuseppe Uncini. The project of Vistamare is to introduce Italian artists to worldwide audiences and worldwide artists to Italy, promoting a vital dialogue between artists such as Alviani and Franceschini, Nevelson and Perret, Uncini and Cornaro.

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Reclining Bacchante, 18th century. Courtesy Daniel Katz Limited *overleaf*



