For all those interested in the perfidy of critique, let me recall an event, an intervention, a date. January 3rd, 2009—in which I, Ludwig Fischer, was less a collaborator than an accomplice, a participant in a kind of cerebral crime. Through a mixture of friendship, convenience and comradesly commitment, Mattin solicited myself and one L.F. to play the part of the critic, to be responsible for introducing a critical incision into his performance with Drunkdriver at the Silent Barn.

The occasion for this reflection is the recent release of Mattin’s and Drunkdriver’s album, *List of Profound Insecurities* by Philadelphia’s Badmaster label—a potent document of their shared commitment to those sonic experiments that trouble classificatory regimes and demineralize the obvious. However, despite its many virtues, it could not but be a hopeless substitute for the insecurity and the prevailing sense of threat that pervaded their performances—an impossible record of their essential cruelty, their hunger after life and cosmic strictness, to which I lent a pitiful foot. The many joys of the album poorly convey the sheer effort of their collaboration, its difficulty and antagonism.

Let us recall, invoking one of my many masters, that effort means cruelty, existence through effort is cruel.

It is important not to let the antagonism engendered and internalized between Mattin and Drunkdriver, whose fateful echo can be heard on the recording only with immense effort, fade into indifference.

Let this little text, however insufficiently, serve to amplify this echo.

For those familiar with Drunkdriver’s refined malevolence, doubtless know that the brute materiality of their performance buries all pretension, especially to sense, forcing language to reside somewhere between thought and gesticulation. Michael Berden’s microphone seems an extension of a striking fist, a weapon that he frequently swings like a ball and chain or hurls into the crowd, convinced that a performance, like a nerve spasm that suddenly cut short the life of the organism, opening the band to unforeseen contingencies. This simple exercise shifted control from the band to the audience and suddenly Drunkdriver (Mattin included) had to confront head on the intensities that their sound had engendered. By suddenly cutting all amplification except to the microphone, the band’s sovereign, Michael Berden, was cut loose and had to feel independently of the muscular exercise of the foot—a blow I delivered like a nerve spasm that suddenly cut short the life of the organism, opening the band to unforeseen contingencies. This simple exercise shifted control from the band to the audience and suddenly Drunkdriver (Mattin included) had to confront head on the intensities that their sound had engendered.

By ratcheting up the cruelty to ascetic proportions, Mattin designed a perilous situation, letting loose the forces that the band itself could not endure. The drummer broke his commitment to follow the parameters. He began to drum, deploying a ritualistic and clichéd drumrole to anchor Berden’s chaotic meanderings. Mattin, struck in the head by the swinging microphone and bleeding, dramatically animated all screaming audience members with his blood. The performance continued, but now under conditions that were unpredictable, flawed, botched.

The collaboration went awry. But by maintaining oneself within this prolonged laceration something was touched upon that no party could really sustain or maintain. Mattin was less a transient member of the ensemble than a rogue particle, a foreign agent that must be expelled by its host. The violent intensity that their collaboration fomented could neither be sustained by Mattin or Drunkdriver, for it was bent on their mutual annihilation. Such is the end of all vital collaborations.

Mattin’s interventions, like my own, proceed at times with surgical precision and others with the crudeness of a cranial blow from a battleaxe. There are no doubt times and situations appropriate to both actions. At the Silent Barn, beyond the view of the axe. Yet, the failure of the performance exposed the radical difficulty, the inhuman effort required of us critics who seek to question structures of mastery. I for one share the conviction that the present state of society is iniquitous and ought to be destroyed. If Mattin’s unflinching commitment to improvisation is a certain gust of fresh air, situating his experiments in the interstices between performance, punk-rock, noise and electro-acoustic improv, it no doubt due to the innocence with which he leaves formal concerns to the aesthetes, to those eardrum sophisticates whose erstwhile commitments amount to little more than the institution of a new form of decorum. With an untroubled insistence Mattin refuses the autonomy of the auditory, inscribing it at all times within a social apparatus, a question whether consciously or unconsciously performed.

Decorum is not merely an external ornament, but an affective regime that one internalizes and then performs. And music, as with all of the arts, is worth little if cannot interrupt this process that leads to new forms of consensual judgment, to new forms of mastery, serving as a new stimulus to good taste, confirming rather than challenging the established order. It is thus above all in the performance that Mattin seeks to dislocate, disturb, or at a minimum impose the mechanics of aesthetic refinement, reminding himself as much as his listeners of that now ancient adage: To be done with judgment!

One must treat *List of Profound* as a literal record, a document not simply to be listened to, but read. If most improvisation labours over the introduction of a little necessity into contingency, obsessing over compositions perilously perched at the very edge of disappearance, Mattin perverts this procedure, accelerating the contingent, the random, the chaotic in order to make thought coincide with actions. One should attend to those moments in the record when the machinic crackle of a laptop obliterates the difference between foreground and background, the structure swelling that which it structures, the master exposing his bloody head.

In such rare moments the guiding proposition of Drunkdriver’s and Mattin’s collaboration, but intensely agonistic collaboration becomes discernable: *Ah, that’s it, that’s life! Well, it’s a mess.*

–Ludwig Fischer
Leaving No Maggot Lonely: Bruce Nauman at the PMA

Currently on exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art are the two site-sound installations, “Days” and “Giorni” (2009), that debuted at Bruce Nauman’s installation ‘Topological Gardens’, which won the Golden Lion at the 53rd Venice Biennale and was organized by Carlos Basualdo and Michael Taylor of the PMA. One can only admire the wit, rigor and humor of Bruce Nauman's work, the strange and untimely vitality of which is fore-grounded by the presence of such early works as ‘The true artist helps the world by revealing mystical truths’ (1967) and ‘Slow Angle Walk (Beckett Walk)’ (1968). Through these varied media (video, neon and sound installation) Nauman persistently returns to the problem of how sense and meaning is effaced by the literality or materiality of its performance, inscription or utterance.

The great intelligence of ‘The true artist helps the world by revealing mystical truths’ (1967) lies in the economy of its critical gesture. The sense of the neon sign, what is written, is short-circuited by means of how the language is literally presented. The media—the neon sign whose chief referent lies not in art but in the commercial realm—serves to pervert, even negate, what is signified. The cliché and hackneyed romantic notion of the artist as sage is exposed as an idea that serves commercial interests (the peddling of artistic wares). What is expressed (the artist as genius) is thus precisely the inverse of what is literal written; the literality of the linguistic presentation serves to debase the value of what is expressed; the meaning of the content negated by its means of expression (the reduction of art to commercially produced sign of itself). The mystical truth that is here revealed by the artist Nauman is that there is no mystical truth. Art like all other forms of sense is inscribed within a social context that imperils its signification. Such a brutal demythologization of artistic practice and the role of artistic subjectivity was equally explored in works such as “Failing to Levitate in the Studio” (1966). In “Slow Angle Walk (Beckett Walk)” (1968), one of the Philadelphia Museum’s recent acquisitions also currently on display, Nauman painstakingly and repetitively walks with a hyperbolically stilted gait. Precisely choreographed, Nauman lifts each leg, straightening it before letting it drop. Rather than walking, gravity seems to force him to lunge forward, propelled along by physical forces rather than some shadowy will. His balance is always precarious, as if each step did not take place within, but displaced space with each step. The strangeness of the walk is heightened by the position of the camera, which is laid on its side, creating the illusion that Nauman is slowly traversing the wall of his studio. The glorious illusion of the weightless artist is shattered by the crude matter of factness of its presentation and the grueling nature of Nauman’s performance. Similarly to “The True Artist…”, in “Slow Angle Walk” the literal performance of means serves to undermine the purpose or meaning of the act; here the walk serves to destabilize the one who acts, just as the content of the signified in “The True artist…” was undermined by its manner of presentation.

As in these previous works, Nauman in ‘Days’ and ‘Giorni’ redeploy the strategy of forcing signification to plunge back into the materiality of the means of its expression. The site-specific installation, whose dimensions vary depending upon where it is installed, is composed of a columnade of disembodied voices that repeatedly repeat in shifting cadences and accents the days of the week. As the spectator proceeds through the passageway, the structure and sense composed by the iteration of the first set of voices collides with a second and then a third, etc. The structure and its meaning quickly becomes unstable, chaotic. Sense is revealed to be a comforting, and yet nonetheless tenuous, artifice. As the various utterances intersect, the structure is complicated and the sense made more tenuous. The repetition of the days of the week, which at first seems to provide a secure structure through its continued reiteration, seems to be threatened rather than secured by this proliferation.

The late Harold Pinter famously praised Samuel Beckett for his courage and remorselessness. Pinter’s following description is apt for Nauman—a great admirer of Beckett—as it is for Beckett himself: “the more he wipes my nose in the shit, the more I am grateful to him. He’s not fucking me about, he’s not flogging me a remedy or a path leading me up any garden path, he’s not slipping more he wipes my nose in the shit, the more I am...”

-Alexi Kukuljevic

Margin of Utility

Aesthetics of Historicity

In the first installment of this column on the aesthetics of politics, I proposed an analysis of five key terms acting as so many lynchpins in the contemporary political imaginary: globalization, democracy, terrorism, freedom and economic prosperity. The goal of this analysis was to dismantle the image of a globalized world in which the positive forces of democracy battle the evils of terrorism in order to encourage freedom and integrate around the world. In the second installment, entitled “The Revolution Is Televised,” I examined the unique aestheticization of politics operative in Barack Obama’s rise to the presidency and recent acquisition of the Nobel Peace Prize. I dismantled the “image of change” as being little more than a logo used to assure the public into believing that business as usual is much more palatable when it is repackaged by an eloquent leader than when it is shoved down their throats by a belligerent half-wit.

For this third installment, I would like to concentrate on another aesthetic dimension of politics: the spectacular, presentist images of political, social and economic events that detach the instantaneous present from its historical inscription. Just as I invited the reader to break with the contemporary political imaginary and demand real change as opposed to the pseudo-novely of the political marketplace, I would here like to encourage the reader to break with the myopic mentality of the media industry and the short-sighted agendas of political coups de force in the name of re-inscribing the present in the historical trajectories that give it meaning. Excavating and foregrounding the depths of time can, as we will see, be an important source of critique.

State Consolidation of Class Power

The widespread discussion of the possible “end” of the “economic crisis” should encourage us to return to its supposed “beginning” and reflect more generally on the role of this crisis. In the summer of 2008, president Bush repeated on numerous occasions that the foundations of the economy were solid, only to be singlehandedly undermined in the fateful month of September, as if we were faced with an “economic hurricane” that was more or less unexpected, he demanded 700 billion dollars to avoid a severe economic meltdown. It was, as the public was incessantly reminded,
TERROR AT LAGUARDIA

Hero cop tells Michael Daly: ‘He closed his eyes and hit it ... It felt like sticks of dynamite. I felt I had a bomb’

Suicide Bomb Scare!

loonery-toon bomber had ticket to... the FUTURE details on pages 4-5
The natural history of consumer culture is on display in Washington D.C. The fossilized plastic of Samsonite suitcases takes on the form of archaic animals vaguely resembling alligators, ostriches and armadillos. Plastic trash cans repose in an enormous tortoise-like shell. A unique assemblage of white plastic chairs forms the apparent skeleton of a gigantic whale. The artifacts and remnants from our world are exhibited as so many monolithic monsters from the past in an astounding show at the National Museum of the American Indian. As with the dinosaurs, the question of their extinction remains unresolved.

Fossils from Our Future

What are we to make of the Native American imagery that punctuates his work? Jüngen carefully avoids the pastoral or nostalgic appeal to the purity of the Native American, and seems to question the multicultural valorization of true Indian culture. At the same time, he is clearly not playfully recycling indigenous forms to celebrate the apothecary of postmodernism and the idea that “everything can be played with.” Jüngen walks a very fine line between mythological purity and postmodern playfulness, rejecting both the idea of unsullied indigenous culture and the embrace of cultural relativity. He is clearly critical of the commodification of culture and the ways in which it serves both the tourist industry and the world of sports. There is a firm and refreshing critical edge to his work, as well as an astute precision and honest craft, that avoid the puerile playfulness often categorized as postmodernism. What, then, is this critical edge?

Jüngen takes us to the heart of some of the most profound metaphysical questions of our times: who are our gods? Have the athletic stars of media spectacles become the shamans of contemporary culture? What will remain of “our” civilization? Will our remnants, when compared to those of the dinosaurs, amount to enormous deposits of synthetic materials left over from the ecological disaster they helped produce? In raising these questions, Jüngen takes us into deep history: the history of eons and ages rather than the microscopic time of human existence. He turns “our” culture into an assemblage of comfortably strange artifacts seen from afar, as if an anthropologist had unearthed them in the year 4026 and raised the questions: who are these people? What were their values? How did they treat their fellow human beings?

His critical edge consists in raising fundamental questions concerning the bare bones of “our” culture: how have we survived in the past (and at what expense)? How will we survive in the future? Will we survive in the future? What are the metaphysical underpinnings of the world we have created? And, perhaps most importantly: what will remain of us once we are gone?

- Theodore Tucker
'Here it is, this is the only place for me!' This group was known to some as the 'family'; my own name for it was the 'tribe.' Things went on like that for just a little while, not long at all, but such moments are precious in life, and distinctly rare.

-Jean Michel Menson, The Tribe: Contributions to the History of the Situationist International and Its Time, Vol. 1

We all know that it's a bitch to survive in this town. This being the case, there are ways to get around the unstable employment dilemma and still be able to live in a thriving art scene. Real estate on the edges of the city is cheap and artists have been working in these areas in converted factories and warehouses for decades. The affordable architectural landscape seems to have been internalized into the sinews and bones of many of the artists that live and work in the area.

The gallery Little Berlin is housed in a large renovated warehouse at 119 W. Montgomery Avenue. This building has been the home of many notable artists working in Philadelphia. The footprint of the place is massive, and it has made it possible for the artists who've resided there to produce large ambitious works and make a lot of noise. In the 90's this building provided a safe haven and vital environment for Bardo Pond.

Bardo Pond has a legacy of being the city's 'premier lurching noisemakers' and has been beating the Gamelan-like central drum for this assemblage of creative individuals in many ways. Its strain of American psychedelic rock is loud and durational. Through extended songs that rely on high volume repetition, one is lulled (or beaten) into a state of passive acceptance until Isabel Sollenberger vocally sucker punches the audience out from its sleepiness and into a state of temporary ecstasis. It is a palpable and visceral experience. Many of the artists that are associated with this scene have generated works that provide similar effects in the visual field.

Much of the work in Little Berlin's 'Heaven and Earth' exhibition has been wrought by the aforementioned coalition of friends and colleagues. This is a genuine arts community that has drawn from one another for more than ten years. Communities have the ability to buffer the influence of the ubiquitous and hegemonic international art crowd that can be found sprouting up around the planet in biennials and art fairs. A narrow margin of blue chip artists and art magazines with pages of full color glossy art magazines, and their ripple effects can be found in the derivative gestures of art students and career minded social climbers. In contrast to this state of affairs, some of the work in this show is incredibly strong and gives form to themes that are unique to this city.

What themes and articulations in the realm of the sensible are unique to Philly?

In 2003, Sid Sachs, the director and curator of the Rosenwald Wolff gallery assembled a historicizing exhibition titled 'The Other Tradition' that tried to outline what sets Philadelphia artists apart from the dominant trends of the New York-centric artworld. A large group of artists worked together, a web of friends from 119 W. Montgomery Ave. were in the show. In trying to pin down an intergenerational thread that stretches from Robert Crumb to Joy Feasly, Sachs states that 'Philadelphia has an underground figurative tradition based on comics, graffiti, Duchamp, and a true raw sense of the absurd' and that 'there is also a dark, almost comics, graffiti, Duchamp, and a true raw sense of the absurd sensibility going back to Charles Bukowski, the absurd' and that 'there is also a dark, almost comics, graffiti, Duchamp, and a true raw sense of

Philadelphia has a slower architectural turnover than New York, and many of the other anomalous buildings, facades and signs of long extant business adventures are hanging on like ghosts in the shadow of urban redevelopment. These buildings have populated the psycho-geographic imaginary for the cultural producers who’ve resided within the city limits. If one cares to look for it, a sort of dark magic can still be found in the city’s alleys and neglected streets or even in the dusty bookstall at the Reading Terminal.

Another exhibition with artists from the same community is the ‘None More Black’ show at Vox Populi. A standout from the show was Paul Swenbeck’s suite of blood drawings. Swenbeck doesn’t work with paint and ink but with blood. This blood was used in a manner similar to ink that was transferred to paper with brushes and pens. Swenbeck borrows images from the book of Solomon to create talismans that hopefully will ward off any evil that may surround the artist’s work with blood. This fascination began with a sanguine fluid drawing made from a high school biology blood test that the artist has carried in his wallet for more than 20 years for good luck. These drawings are generous and frightening. In an altruistic gesture, Swenbeck donated the blood that could provide nutrients and oxygen to his muscles and brain for the production of drawings that are to be consumed by others. Still, the occult symbols with their Faustian connotations are troublesome with their lack of intelligibility or supplementary written texts, leaving one to guess who the intended recipient of the talismans may be.

Drawing with blood, and the use of the body’s humors has a long history in pagan, alchemical and satanic rituals. The images bear a striking resemblance to Joseph Beuys’s iodine paintings on paper. Beuys’s was interested in Alchemy and the re-sacralization of life. This lineage can be traced through the work of Joan Jonas in the artist’s attempts to neutralize the effects of technology and instrumental reason by evoking the senses of the sublimated counter histories of secret societies and initiatory rites of passage. Swenbeck’s drawings reflect the darker side of this art historical trajectory, as well as embodying Sach’s description of a local ethos that is both dark and abject.

There is no apparent investment in critical theory in any of these works, nor do they bear the mark of a vanguard miming of current art world trends. Most of the artists in this informal community came into their own in the early to mid 90’s, a moment when French theory was being censored down throats of resentful art students throughout the country. It appears that their work is part of a generational rejection of the era’s theoretical trends. These artists work with the tropes of the uncanny, inside out, and funny. In the Little Berlin exhibition, with a work titled ‘The Manager’s’ Harrod provides a trompe loeil image of a life sized rectangular hole in the floor of the space (on the actual floor) with a fearsome set of steps leading to a basement for unaware gallery goers to stumble down and meet their untimely demise. The work consists of large format laser jet prints that have been glued together and highlighted with off white paint. At the bottom of the steps is a short log with scissors impaled into its cross section. The illusion is not convincing, but one still feels a little wary walking around it. To reinforce the sense of vertical depth, Harrod has run a string from the floor to the ceiling thus literalizing the name of the exhibition.

The title of Harrod’s floor work could have been taken directly from Kafka or Maurice Blanchot.

In Blanchot’s most Kafkaesque novel Aminadab, the protagonist Thomas wanders into a house that he has infinite rooms with an ever-changing set of rules and hierarchically distributed roles for the antagonist Thomas wanders into a house that he has infinite rooms with an ever-changing set of rules and hierarchically distributed roles for the...
It is hard to write anymore about representation. The essay form itself, with its unending self-consciousness, seems to drive me to want to talk about myself from the start. Perhaps also it is another form of self-consciousness, which is to say a narcissism, when the topic of representation is broached. Wasn’t it that we supposed to stop representing them a long time ago. Wasn’t this the age of the differend, when my job was to make space for other voices, make visible new languages in order to efface myself?

Or did it turn out that that was not the so-subtle modernist/postmodernist project after all? Didn’t Schelling want it to be a different kind of representation and others remains paramount for contemporary art. The essential aspect of Slought Foundation’s project, one which Gayatri Spivak has recently considered (implicitly) as “learning to learn from the subaltern,” then the quandary of representation and others... penned by William IX of Aquitane? If representation was then to be a more active project, one which Schelling wants to rule out validation or empathy as a tool of representation, what is given in experience.

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Machete Interviews Jacques Rancière
Second Installment

Farewell to Artistic and Political Impotence

Machete: What is the role of the critic, the interpreter, the theorist in drawing out or highlighting the political elements in works of art or artistic endeavors? I know that you’ve been very critical of certain conceptions of committed art or politicized art that try to reduce the political dimension of art to the artist’s intention. What, then, is the role at the opposite end of the spectrum, i.e. not with the producer of works of art but with their reception by the interpreter, the theorist, the active spectator if you will. Do they play a role in articulating the political power of works of art? Or is this power somehow inherent in works as they stand?

Jacques Rancière: No, I don’t think that the power is inherent in the work as it stands because for me the problem is that there is no politics of art; there is a politics of aesthetics. This means that what is important is not the idea that the work can have this or that effect. In fact, the work is an implementation of an idea of the artist, which means that the work is an implementation of the relation of an artist to politics. But this does not mean at all that the artist can anticipate political effects of the work. Thus, the effect, the aesthetic effect, is not the effect of a work in the sense that a work should produce this energy for action or this particular form of deliberation about the situation. It’s about creating forms of perception, forms of interpretation. The role of the critic—which is a controversial name for me—is to draw the outlines of the kind of common world that the work is producing or a kind of common world of things the work is a product. For me, the role of the critic is to say, “this is the world that this work proposes.” It is to try to explain the forms—as well as the possible shifts in the forms—of perception, description and interpretation of a world that are inherent in the work.

Machete: Given what you’ve said about the relationship between artistic production and the critic, as well as your attempt to redefine aesthetics outside of the discourse of modernism, how can you account for artists themselves taking up in their work a false paradigm of modernism, which therefore informs the nature of their own practice? What happens when art embodies this kind of misunderstanding? What is the role of the critic in relationship to these false historical narratives?

Jacques Rancière: I would say that there is a kind of truthful negotiation. I mean by this that the work of an artist is more or less informed by a certain attitude. It would seem that an artist situates himself as an avant-garde artist, a modern artist or a committed artist. I think that he tries to define his art in this particular frame, and the framework in general is a kind of partial view of either modernity or politics, which means that the work may have a potential that exceeds the idea of the work’s producer. Artists in the sixties, for instance, had a very strong adherence to this or that discourse, and sometimes that is very uninteresting. But what they do can nonetheless be interesting. This means that the task of the critic, if I think of myself as a critic, is also to try to create another kind of frame for this practice. With the example of Alfredo Jaar, which I brought up earlier, it’s true that his work can be drawn in the direction of the unrepresentable, but I try to draw it in another direction. To take another example, I had to write on the Irish artist James Coleman who, in a sense, is a very strong modernist, more or less dependent on a certain form of modernism linked with the minimalism of the seventies. I try to extricate from his work something that defines another way of representing social issues. He makes very sophisticated works composed of both slides and voice. He made, for instance, a work entitled ‘Photograph’ in a school in a poor neighborhood of Berlin, on the way in which kids present themselves in front of the camera. It can be viewed as an entirely formal work: how people present their image to a camera. At the same time, the sound was borrowed from a kind of kitsch 19th century poem. I did a lot of work on this project, both on the images and the sound, to reveal a certain way of dealing with questions of social identity and the way in which those who are on the other side present themselves, try to construct their image and to play for instance singers or dancers, etc. I focused on this relation of people who are supposed to be outside of art to the world of art. This is an example, but very often when I am asked to deal with the work of an artist. I try to introduce my own shift, to say that what’s interesting in this artist may come from an idea of avant-gardism, formalism, modernism, committed art or the art of the unrepresentable, but it can nonetheless produce quite a different image for instance of the poor, quite a different image of the victim (not only an image but also a different feature, a certain form of aesthetic experience out of shared experience).

The Power of History

The spectacular presentist images of “the Iranian threat” or “the economic crisis” mask deep historical developments. They favor political amnesia and the passivity of political spectators who are supposed to be outside of art to fill the shoes of Saddam Hussein; this is old news, in the same way that Iraq once distracted public opinion from Iraq, which perpetuates a faulty image of Iran as an enemy to fill the shoes of Saddam Hussein; this is the example of Alfredo Jaar, which I brought up earlier, it’s true that his work can be drawn in the direction of the unrepresentable, but I try to draw it in another direction. To take another example, I had to write on the Irish artist James Coleman who, in a sense, is a very strong modernist, more or less dependent on a certain form of modernism linked with the minimalism of the seventies. I try to extricate from his work something that defines another way of representing social issues. He makes very sophisticated works composed of both slides and voice. He made, for instance, a work entitled ‘Photograph’ in a school in a poor neighborhood of Berlin, on the way in which kids present themselves in front of the camera. It can be viewed as an entirely formal work: how people present their image to a camera. At the same time, the sound was borrowed from a kind of kitsch 19th century poem. I did a lot of work on this project, both on the images and the sound, to reveal a certain way of dealing with questions of social identity and the way in which those who are on the other side present themselves, try to construct their image and to play for instance singers or dancers, etc. I focused on this relation of people who are supposed to be outside of art to the world of art. This is an example, but very often when I am asked to deal with the work of an artist. I try to introduce my own shift, to say that what’s interesting in this artist may come from an idea of avant-gardism, formalism, modernism, committed art or the art of the unrepresentable, but it can nonetheless produce quite a different image for instance of the poor, quite a different image of the victim (not only an image but also a different feature, a certain form of aesthetic experience out of shared experience).