

ETYMOLOGY IS DERIVED FROM THE GREEK WORD FOR TRUTH

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Autumn 2013

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Story (noun)

“account of some happening,” early thirteenth century, “narrative of important events or celebrated persons of the past,” from Old French *estorie*, from Late Latin *storia* and Latin *historia* “history, account, tale, story” Meaning “recital of true events” first recorded late fourteenth century: sense of “narrative fictitious events meant to entertain” is from *circa* 1500. Not differentiated from history until the 1500s. As a euphemism for “a lie” it dates from the 1690s.

Tale (noun)

Old English *talu* “story, tale, the action of telling”, from Proto Germanic **talu* (cf. Dutch *taal* “speech language”),

from PIE root **del-* “to recount, count”. The secondary English sense of “number, numerical reckoning” (*circa* 1200) probably was the primary one in Germanic; cf. *teller* and Old Frisian *tale*, Middle Dutch *tal* “number”, Old Saxon *tala* “number”, Old High German *zala*, German *Zahl* “number”. The ground sense of the Modern English word in its main meaning, then, might have been “an account of things in their due order”. Related to ‘talk’ and ‘tell’. Meaning “things divulged that were given secretly, gossip” is from the mid fourteenth century: first record of *talebearer* “tattletale” is late fifteenth century.

Narrative (noun)

“a tale, story”, 1560s, from Middle French *narrative* and from *narrative* (adj.).

Narrative (adjective)

Mid fifteenth century from Middle French *narratif*. From Late Latin *narrativus* “suited to narration”, from Latin *narrat-*, stem of *narrare*.

History (noun)

Late fourteenth century, “relation of incidents” (true or false), from Old French *estoire*, *estorie* “chronicle, history, story” (twelfth century, Modern French *histoire*), from Latin *historia* “narrative of past events, account, tale, story”, from Greek *historia* “a learning or knowing by inquiry; an account of one’s inquiries, history, record, narrative,” from *historain* “inquire, from *histor* “wise man, judge”, from PIE **wid-tor*, from root **weid-* “to know”, literally “to see”. Related to Green *idein* “to see”, and to *eidenai* “to know”. In Middle English, not differentiated from *story*: sense of “record of past events” probably first attested late fifteenth century. As a branch of knowledge, from 1842. Sense of “systematic account (without reference to time) a set of natural phenomena” (1560s) is now obsolete except in *natural history*.

☒

“One difference between history and imaginative literature... is that history neither anticipates nor satisfies our curiosity, whereas literature does”.
Guy Davenport, “*Wheel Ruts*”, 1996.



Group portrait taken before the launch of Cedar 3, 1962.
Image from the Lebanese Rocket Society Archive.

ON THE LEBANESE ROCKET SOCIETY

Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige

◇ It begins with an image we discover in a book. The image is of a stamp with a rocket on it. The rocket bears the colours of the Lebanese flag—an image we don't recognise, we don't understand. It does not belong to our imaginary.

What does it show—a weapon, a missile, a rocket for space exploration? Is it serious or just a fantasy? Did the Lebanese really dream of participating in the conquest of space? It's hard to believe and rather surreal. We ask our parents, our friends... No one remembers anything, no one knows what we're talking about.

It is 2009 and we begin our research. A web search for "Lebanese rocket" yields only images of war, specifically missiles targeting Israel and Israeli missiles targeting Lebanon. When we search for "rocket" or "conquest of space", we find many images, but no trace of our Lebanese rocket. But we do find some information.

The adventure began in the early 1960s, when a group of students from Armenian University in Beirut, Haigazian, led by their mathematics professor Manoug Manougian, designed and launched rockets into the Lebanese sky. They produced the first rocket in the region. While the United States was preparing to send its first Apollo rocket into space, while the USSR was on the verge of launching the first manned spaceflight, Manougian and his students began their research on rocket propulsion. A challenge for a tiny country!

We go through the daily newspapers from that period. At first, we find very few details about Manougian's rocket research, except for the dates on which his rockets were launched. More than ten rockets were launched, each one more powerful than the last; their range increased from 12 kilometres to 450 and even 600 kilometres, reaching the stratosphere. The state and the army helped with logistics and financing and provided the scientists with a permanent launching base in Dbayah. The Lebanese Rocket Society was born. A stamp—the very one we had seen—was issued to celebrate the event on the occasion of independence day in 1964.

It was a scientific project, not a military one. Manoug and his students wanted to be part of the scientific research going on at the time, when the great powers were vying for the conquest of space. The period from 1960 to 1967 (when the Lebanese space project came to an end) was considered by many to be a time of revolutions and possible alternatives as the pan-Arabism of Egyptian President Abdel Nasser, before the Arab defeat in the 1967 war. Lebanon was just emerging from a civil conflict between Nasserists and pro-Western groups, which in 1958 had led to the landing of 15,000 Marines to support the latter. When elected President, General Fouad Chehab needed to bring society together under a strong and centralised state, which might have made the space project convenient for the political interests of the time. This made for two opposing strategies: On the one hand, the state could use the project as a symbol for its army, which hoped to weaponise the project. On the other hand, the scientists from Haigaz-

ian University, mainly Armenians who came to Lebanon from all over the Arab world (Palestine, Jordan, Syria, Iraq, and so on—Manougian himself was born and grew up in Jerusalem) were convinced that only through research and education could peace be built. Therefore, the media coverage was very important at the time and the Lebanese Rocket Society was highly popular.

Strangely, this project has totally disappeared from individual and collective memory. No one really remembers it. There is no trace of it in our imaginary. This absence surprised us. It is like a secret, a hidden, forgotten story. As artists who have built a great part of our work on stories buried or otherwise kept secret, we are interested in this type of narrative and the way it resisted the dominant imaginary.

We begin to work on the film, using as a starting point the absence of images, latency, evocation which we often introduce in our work. But very soon the situation changes. We end up finding images of the Lebanese rockets in Tampa, Florida, with Manoug Manougian, the professor who started the project before leaving Lebanon, never to return to the region again. From the smallest to the largest rocket—from Cedar 1 to Cedar 8—Manoug kept all the films and photo archives! He saved everything for over fifty years.

Even when we see these images, we do not completely recognise them. The history of that period was written without them. Artists of our generation have often investigated the writing of history and the difficulty of sharing it. For certain cultures, permanency stems from the act of redoing, destroying, and reconstructing. But in a country where amnesia prevailed, what does it mean to save traces, archives? If we need history, how can it be written without our being mesmerised by memory, whether individual or collective? How to think about history, about its manipulation, its rewriting, its function, while trying to understand which representation of ourselves we choose, or which we allow to be chosen for us? Our research on the space project is in a way a possible reflection around those years and those mythologies that changed after the war of 1967. But maybe what has gradually,

but steadily, changed the most is the image that we have of ourselves, of our dreams, our possibilities after the begin-

What is required is not to communicate but to experiment, to discover, to search without knowing the ultimate result.

ning of a kind of disenchantment.

Faced with the absence of any record of the adventure of the Lebanese rockets, we desire to rethink it in the present. While we are working on the film, we have the idea of redoing these gestures in the form of various performances and art installations. We attempt to tell the story, to extend the gesture of the Lebanese Rocket Society into the present, to activate the chain of transmission. It means somehow respecting the archives when narrating this story, and at the same time eluding their excessive authority, as well as the charm of the photographic process, avoid fetishising the image. What is at stake is not conformity to an original. The gesture (of rebuilding the rocket as it was as a sculpture (), or restaging its passage through the city ()) does not refer to the past. The gesture recalls it, but happens in the present, reaching for the possibility of conquering a new imaginary.

What is required is not to communicate but to experiment, to discover, to search without knowing the ultimate result. The possibility of failure always exists. Above all it is a matter of experience but also of negotiating with reality, within reality, aiming at creating new situations, new contexts, new meanings. Such an experiment is a sort of resistance to existing powers, a strategy of opposition and contestation.

What is performed in the Lebanese Rocket Society is the gesture of dreamers, the will to push against limits, to consider that science and art are the place of this possibility. In such a case, the rocket appears no longer as an object of war but refers to a scientific and artistic project. Such an action should not be a collective one that could be seen as an instrument of patriotism or nationalism. It is a personal and singular experience, an individual effort, a singularity which attempts to reconfigure and link itself to history. It does not stem

from a place of power or of knowledge, from a place of certainties, but rather from a place of doubts in the face of the unknown and the future. It is also a recognition of filiation, a tribute.

These various tributes to dreamers are individual attempts to, as Hannah Arendt says it, move in this breach between past and future. Like a game of reference and historical crossings... That is maybe where history, past, present, but also science fiction and anticipation, can be questioned, where we can project ourselves into a future, even an uncertain one. ◇

Text taken from
"The Lebanese Rocket Society",
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Joana Hadjithomas' and Khalil Joreige's film *The Lebanese Rocket Society, The Strange Tale of The Lebanese Space Race* will be released in the UK 18 October 2013.



HIGH - HIGHS

HIGH - HIGHS

LOW - LOWS

LOW - LOWS

THE NO-SEE-UMS

Bik Van der Pol

◇ We love the life we live. We are able to fulfil our individualistic needs, praise mobility, and go on holidays. We benefit from the free transport of goods across our planet. We buy our clothes, expensive or cheap from Hennes & Mauritz, Donna Karan, Nike, Calvin Klein. Our cars are produced all over the world, and our governments secure the oil that is needed to drive them. We happily enjoy all these aspects of globalism and we consider it as normal. Our right.

The goods that fulfil our needs are produced in cheap labour countries like China, India, Korea, and that is exactly what makes them within reach for everyone. At the same time we fear the increasing growing economies of these countries. We appreciate the free market for many reasons but are less sympathetic when certain aspects of this same free market become manifest.

This (shared) reporter-ship, sometimes partly driven by fiction, becomes a kind of documentary imagination with an activating participatory potential, a carrier with a promise of change.

Exactly all the things that we do not like so much for different reasons make these sought-after products we demand for our comfort within reach. Capitalism and democracy are apparently highly intertwined and that is becoming an increasing global problem. Because, if we allow ourselves to be a bit cynical: are we really engaged? Do we really reject a competitive society? Or do we only reject such a society because we do not want to see that within our small confinements, and is it ok when we do not see or feel the consequences? Where does our engagement with others end? For who should democracy be a good system: for us or for others as well? Is everybody really everybody? Or is everybody just us?

Realism, that nineteenth century movement that manifested itself in all layers of culture in Western Europe, coincided with the introduction of photography. It was suddenly possible to produce views that were 'objective' and 'real'. Subjects could be depicted as they appeared in everyday life, without interpretation. Realism had the potential, the immanent power to become a tool for social and political reforms, to create a break-through. It was a movement that turned against the aristocracy and exploitation of the people. Representation of everyday life did, as one could expect, accelerate democratic developments: showing and telling the truth made social abuses unbearable in a society that considered itself highly civilised.

Now, after more than a century of developments in interrelated 'recording' media we know that these media do not necessarily represent the 'real'. They can be as easily manipulated and interpreted as any other medium, depending on what is at stake. Photography does not suffice anymore as a weapon against social inequality. On the contrary, images of human suffering seem to have a decreasing impact: we seem to be touched by them less and less, or at least, little political action seems to be generated by them. What then could potentially arouse action? Can the notion of the eyewitness be productively stretched beyond this domain of representation? Can we expect from artists, cultural producers,

that they create ways of access to the domain of representation? What can they add to the flow of images?

In the 1990s, artists developed a practice which Nicolas Bourriaud defined as 'relational aesthetics'. Relational art establishes interaction, meetings and encounters, activities that literally take place in the production of the work or in the viewer's reception of it. In relational art, meaning is elaborated collectively rather than in the space of individual consumption.

Though today relational aesthetics is by some critics impatiently judged as 'ineffective', something very valuable came out of this attempt to re-establish an intense relationship between artist, artwork and viewer. The position of the eye-witness used to be to 'prove' his/her engagement with the situation they were in, by means of representation through which he/she reports to us what was happening, it is exactly through the discourse of 'relational aesthetics' that this position can be considered potentially enlarged. It is here that this position becomes political: opening-up the work of art to the field of 'building relationships with public, co-actors, participants' enables direct, dynamic encounters. The act of 'reporting' is now no longer limited to the eye-witness. Those observed and those who observe become 'part of the deal': they become co-authors. The work of art is created by, literally, a sharing experience, from within. Sharing experience and action then becomes an 'agent' through which a language can be produced; a language that creates access that generates engagement, 'learning by doing'.

It is in this context that we propose to view the work of Libia Castro and Ólafur Ólafsson. Currently living in Rotterdam, they both originate from another country, namely Spain and Iceland. They develop many of their projects in specific locations worldwide. Usually they reside in a place for a certain period of time, they insert themselves in a local situation, and work from the ground up. By carefully observing this world that is around them, looking at a street, at the things going on, at people hanging out, they try to



Libia Castro and Ólafur Ólafsson,
Uterus Flags, 2008

understand the consequences of urban and bureaucratic planning procedures for the lives of people, their activities, their businesses and the impact of the system they are part of. It is important to imbibe their practice in the 'real'. By temporarily becoming part of a community and insisting on founding a coalition they avoid the trap of tourism.

They are interested in people who live their life and, with their labour, make the system of democratic capitalism work, a system that is becoming increasingly global, and of which we are all, in one way or another, willingly or unwillingly, part of: the people working at the fish factories, in the kitchens of our restaurants, on the fringes of our societies. These are the people we do not see.

However, Libia Castro and Ólafur Ólafsson do not stay at a distance, they do not just observe. Temporarily they set themselves to become part of a community; they 'nest', and create the position of the embedded eyewitness as a position that anyone and everyone can (and will) take. Through processes of collaboration and in some cases a total fusion, they develop an artistic language that makes the 'no-see-ums'

visible. Their visual language is an operating system that creates a shared experience for the viewer and becomes theirs as well. And slowly, step-by-step, the awareness of the consequences of what we think is normal for us but may not be normal for others, increases.

While photography and its ability to reach and inform the public was at the centre of the development of Realism in the nineteenth century, this embedded eye-witness-position is, we feel, of similar importance today. This (shared) reporter-ship, sometimes partly driven by fiction, becomes a kind of documentary imagination with an activating participatory potential, a carrier with a promise of change. Performed through processes that involve all players of a temporary community, these processes simultaneously shape the artistic language. It all becomes part of a platform where democratic values can be tested, interrogated, abused and experienced directly. Here, representation becomes politics.



Excerpt from "The No-See-Ums", text for the catalogue accompanying the show of Libia Pérez de Siles de Castro and Ólafur Árni Ólafsson at CAC Málaga in Spain, 2007.





Anetta Mona Chi a and Lucia Tká ová
Nom de guerre (detail)

THIS IS NOT AN ACCIDENT

Sarah Rifky

◇ "Be yourself! (It pays)"

Tiqqun's Young-Girl is always cursive.

The Young-Girl's triumph originates in the failure of feminism.

A. and L. could have said that, too. Inflatable manicured fists we raise: This is our revolution.

I had the most bourgeois dream about the end of capitalism: I came across a Christian Dior display, and realised the line had turned from *haute couture* to 'basic' merchandise (an assortment of tampons and a Braun-produced female epilator, the old model, rebranded as Christian Dior). When asked why—in the dream—I was told that's the only thing women could still afford to buy: the essentials.

Tiqqun also made final warnings to the Imaginary Party. A. and L. were also there for that meeting. Anagrammatically inspiring constitutions, for a future, that confuses work with sentiment.

It's not *just* pop. It's ironic hope. It's not Schopenhauerian pessimism as B. would say. There is no confusion of desire and probability here, or at least, I don't think so.

It's a lot of work. Up-cycling philosophy, books, ideas... *doing something useful with capitalism*. The work speaks of an omitted phrase in Article 3 of a constitution regarding public space. Art spaces are made for laughing politics. Incidentally, it's the only way of dealing with the violence of capitalism. The interplay is serious.

Gold necklace charms chase superstitions in language all the way out of finance. Orthography is dead. We watch the Young Girl re-staging herself, and *Either Way, We Lose*. In that loss, there is a gain. We just don't know it yet.

Maybe Marcel saved us. This refusal to work, is re-performed, and made feminine. There is no myth to art. Futility in its own realm is revolutionary.

There is a side bowing of political affiliation, which is like poetry salvation (Bifo), giving new life to language, but in this case, also to form. Art in that sense if not purely constative (descriptive, in the simple sense), but actually "does something." It does something without doing something.

She [The Young-Girl] calls happiness everything they chain her to.

It is not surprising that there is an anagrammatic [...] *chAin* [...], and chain of events.

Oh trinkets! It's about these games, the true-and-false, the interplay between truth and power, and the relationship they have to one another.

Gestures, jokes, and works, words that become form: this complete aesthetics-of-self-technique (accidentally very Foucault). And there's a *Freedom Trash-can*, of course.

Fished out of the inbox, Charlotte Noack writes:

Total power means peace! Because, to have power of an object is a tautology. The means, the term power only functions in between subjects. I have power over another if he [she] needs me more than I need him. The incident of violence is the loss of power (not to be misunderstood for the thread of violence)! Total power is if the other does what one wants by his free will. Power means peace! And the absence of power means conflict.

Between brackets she adds:

I do not feel able to choose between peace and conflict, therefore I am an anti-community, because working with communism should mean peace, and anti-capitalist, because capitalism is so powerful I cannot find any tool against it.

The Young Girl knows best. The Young-Girl doesn't.

"I don't give a shit about being free, as long as I'm happy!"

There is no document of culture, which is not at the same time a document of barbarism. Benjamin's spell and the magic that lies herein when you "Good guys and bad guys only exist in stories. In reality there's only human beings and human beings", Joshua Oppenheimer is quoted saying on *The Act of Killing*.

Barbarianism revisited: *Death defeats, creates, repeats*. You can have your cake and eat it all. In reality there are only girls, and cakes.

Man-made-theory makes a come back into party. Here is to the revolution! If you can't read you can't dance. And if you can't dance, well... talk to the girls.

Vessel / Poetry

*i aM a venus,
A conch, a kiT, a Cat, a Lot
I am a vase,
a conk, a writ, a rot.*

80% OF ESSENTIAL THINGS WHICH WE
UNFORTUNATELY DO ONLY UP TO 20%

- KEEPING DEADLINES
- TALKING TO BORING IMPORTANT PEOPLE
- ACCOMPLISHING ALREADY THOUGHT OUT PROJECTS
- LETTING MEN FEEL THEY'RE GREAT
- KEEPING THE WATER INTAKE
- TAKING PART IN PROJECTS WITH HIGH BUDGET ONLY
- EXPLOITING OUR COMMUNIST CHILDHOOD IN ART
- READING DEBORD WITHOUT FALLING ASLEEP AFTER ONE PAGE
- MAKING ART THE WAY WE FEEL, WITHOUT CONSIDERING ITS POTENTIAL TO SUCCEED
- OPENING OWN EXHIBITION WITHOUT BEING THE FIRST ONES DRUNK
- FEELING COMFORTABLE WHEN HE GETS THE BILL
- BUYING ONE PAIR OF EXPENSIVE SHOES INSTEAD OF TEN UNWEARABLE CHEAP ONES
- SLEEPING WITH A MAN ONLY AFTER HE CONFESSES HE IS IN LOVE
- CALLING PARENTS REGULARLY
- FAKING ORGASM

20% OF THINGS WE DO WHICH TO 80%
AREN'T WORTH THE BOTHER

- ATTENDING OPENINGS
- DRINKING LIQUOR
- WORKING AT ART ACADEMIES
- DATING UNIMPORTANT MEN
- ARGUING WITH WAITERS, POLICEMEN, DOORKEEPERS
- EXPLAINING OUR WORKS
- EFFORTS TO MEASURE UP TO THE WHITE MALE
- SHOPPING AT H&M
- CURATING GROUP SHOWS
- TRUSTING MALE PRE-COITAL PROMISES
- EXHIBITING IN REGIONAL GALLERIES
- RESPECTING THE PRINTED WORD
- GOSSIPING IN PUBLIC
- GETTING PEOPLE USED TO THE FACT THAT OUR WORKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY
- COMPARING OURSELVES WITH OTHER ARTISTS

The portrait is political.

Majorettes march encrypted poetry of the manifesto of futurist woman.

The film is a portrait. The portrait is a poem.

Additive reasoning: Politics is a poem.

"My boyfriend's a poet."

The Young-Girl as compact political device.

From a Haiku to Japanese form English and back. If jokes get lost in translation, does politics get lost in art?

Why like the door knob,
is there a blonde?
It meaning that everyone obtains
revolution.

Now, let's imagine a public scenario. A plenary discussion would go something like this:

Moderator: As "a woman" do you worry about the commodification of your body in art?

The artist: We are not a woman. We are 1 Communist and 1 Socialist-Feminist.

The Young-Girl: No, my body isn't a commodity, it's a work tool.

Marx must not have been thinking of the Young-Girl when he wrote that "commodities cannot take themselves to the market or exchange themselves among each other."



Anetta Mona Chiša and Lucia Tkáčová
ChiTka Try again, Fail Again, Fail Better, 2011

The artist looks at herself, bursts out laughing and walks off stage.

The audience (namely you) are left startled, somewhat pissed perplexed.

And they still speak of the poverty of experience. My ***

The Young-Girl's ass is a global village.

Anetta Mona Chiša and Lucia Tkáčová's work is deadpan. A strict regimen of taking everything from an invitation to a gallery to politics to an opportunity in its linguistic stripped-down version at what might at first appears to be "face-value". But then they dress in paper masks and this argument finds itself (fake) burning with the faint memory of historical bras in the prop-décor of a trashcan in a solo show. To speak about the work would be cocky, and it would simply yell back at you. Now, who wants to be yelled at? The only way to approach the work would be to speak to it—to speak to it very gently, to seduce it almost. How? Speak like you're rehearsing lines while queuing for a backroom audition to star in a new kind of alphabetically intellectual porn film A. and L. are about to make.

The lie of porno is that it claims to represent the obscene, and shows the vanishing point of all representation. In reality, any family dinner, any managers' meeting, is more obscene than a facial cumshot.

It's quite simple and razor-sharp. You get it when you see the work. ◇

Excerpt from

THE PILLOW BOOK OF SEI SHONAGON

☒ Things that make your heart beat fast

A sparrow with nestlings.
Going past a place where tiny children are playing.

Lighting some fine incense and then lying down alone to sleep.

Looking into a Chinese mirror that's a little clouded.

A fine gentleman pulls up in his carriage and sends in some request.

To wash your hair, apply your makeup and put clothes on that are well-scented with incense. Even if you're somewhere no one special will see you, you still feel a heady sense of pleasure inside.

On a night when you're waiting for someone to come, there's a sudden gust of rain and something rattles in the wind, making your heart suddenly beat faster.

Startling and disconcerting things

The way you feel when an ornamental comb that you're in the process of polishing happens to bump against something and suddenly snaps.

An oxcart that's suddenly overturned. You've assumed that something of such enormous bulk must of course be thoroughly stable, and you're simply stunned to see it lying there, and deeply disconcerted.

Someone bluntly saying things that are embarrassing and unpleasant for the other person.

It's horribly startling and disconcerting to stay up all night waiting, certain that someone will come, then finally begin to give up thought of him as dawn breaks, and drift off to sleep—only to wake up

with a start as the crow caws suddenly, just outside, and discover that it's broad daylight.

Someone with a letter that's to be delivered elsewhere shows it to a person who shouldn't see it.

Someone pins you down and commences laying down the law about something that means absolutely nothing to you, without your being able to get a word in edgeways.

Spilling something is always very startling and disconcerting.

Things now useless that recall a glorious past

A fine embroidery edged mat that's become threadbare.

A screen painted in the Chinese style that's now become dark and discoloured and developed a scarred surface.

A painter with poor eyesight.

A switch of false hair seven or eight feet long, that's now fading or taking on a reddish tinge.

Grape coloured fabric when the ash dye has turned.

A man who was a great lover in his day but is now old and decrepit.

A tasteful house whose garden trees have been destroyed by fire. The pond is still there, but it is now uncared for and thick with pond weed.

Things that are far yet near Paradise

The course of a boat
Relations between men and women ☒

The Pillow Book of Sei Shōnagon,
trans. Meredith McKinney,
London: Penguin, 2007.

AGENDA

AT THE GALLERY

Slavs and Tatars, Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige, Libia Castro and Ólafur Ólafsson, Rabih Mroué, Mekhitar Garabedian

Long ago, and not true anyway
5 September – 16 November 2013

Reconstitution
15 October 2013

ELSEWHERE

George Barber
Art International Istanbul
15 - 18 September 2013

The Automated Image
Le Mois de la Photo à Montréal, Canada
5 September - 5 October 2013

Karen Mirza and Brad Butler
Meeting Point: Beyond My Body
Khasma, Paris
11 October – 7 December 2013

Avoiding Utopias
Werkleitz Festival, Halle/Salle
12 – 27 October 2013

*The Museum of Non Participation:
The Guest of Citation*
Performa 13, New York
1 - 24 November 2013

The Museum of Gesture
La Capella, Barcelona
26 November 2013 – 5 January 2014

Heide Hinrichs
Süden: Villa Romana in Berlin
Kunsthalle Berlin by Deutsche Bank
27 August – 8 September 2013

Florenz
Bundeskunsthalle, Bonn
22 November - March 2014

Anetta Mona Chişa & Lucia Tkáčová

Good Girls
National Museum of Contemporary
Art, Bucharest
20 June – 29 September 2013

An I for an Eye
Austrian Cultural Forum, New York
18 September 2013 - 6 January 2014

Liquid Assets
Steirischer Herbst, Graz
20 September – 1 December 2013

Upside Down – Let's Dance
CC Strombeek, Belgium
15 November – 15 December 2013

Frederik Van Simaey
Diffractions of Destroyed Design
Network, Aalst, Belgium
15 September - 17 October 2013



A part of one section of the Illustrated handscroll of *The Pillow Book*, ink on paper, 13th century, Japan.

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