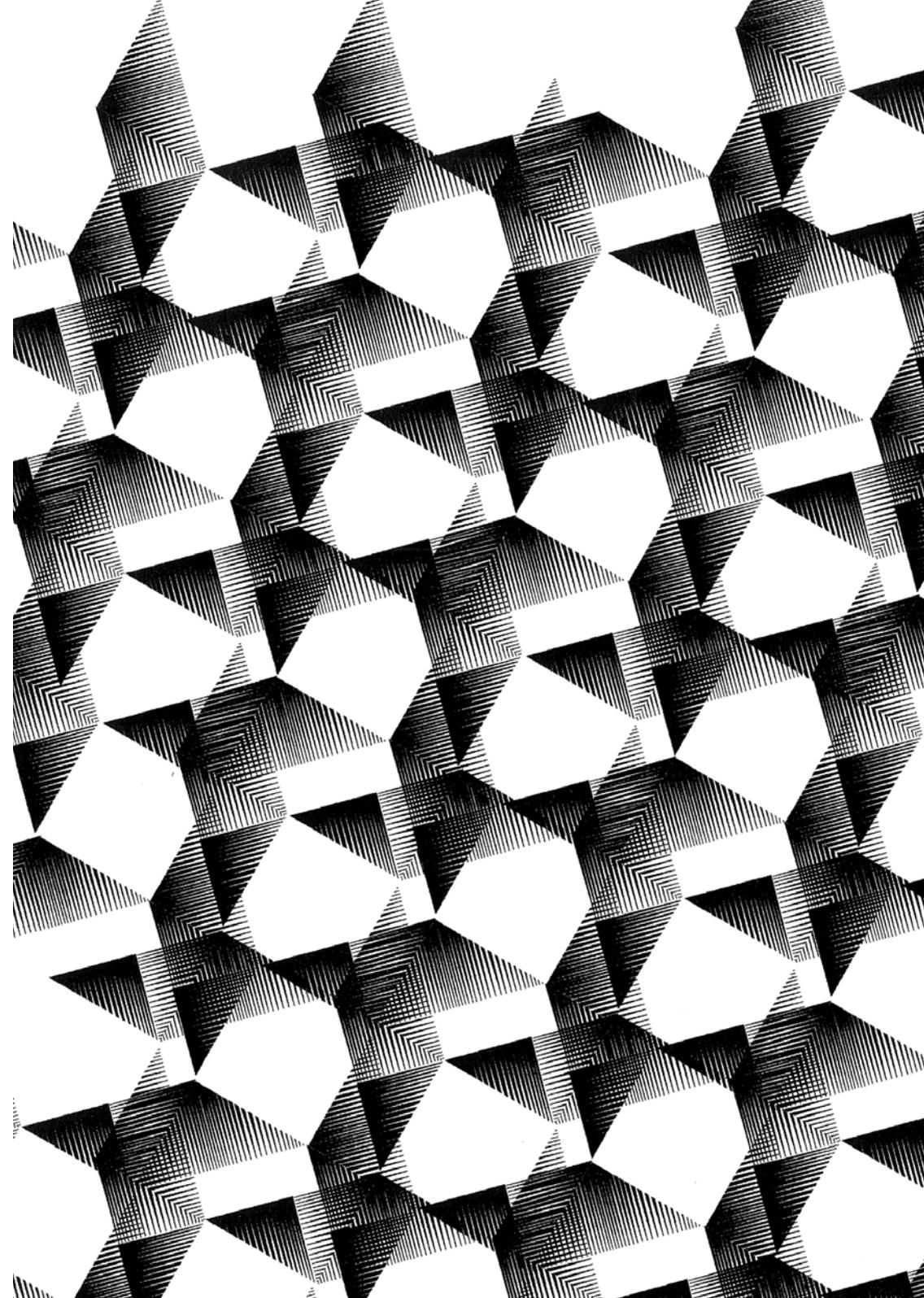
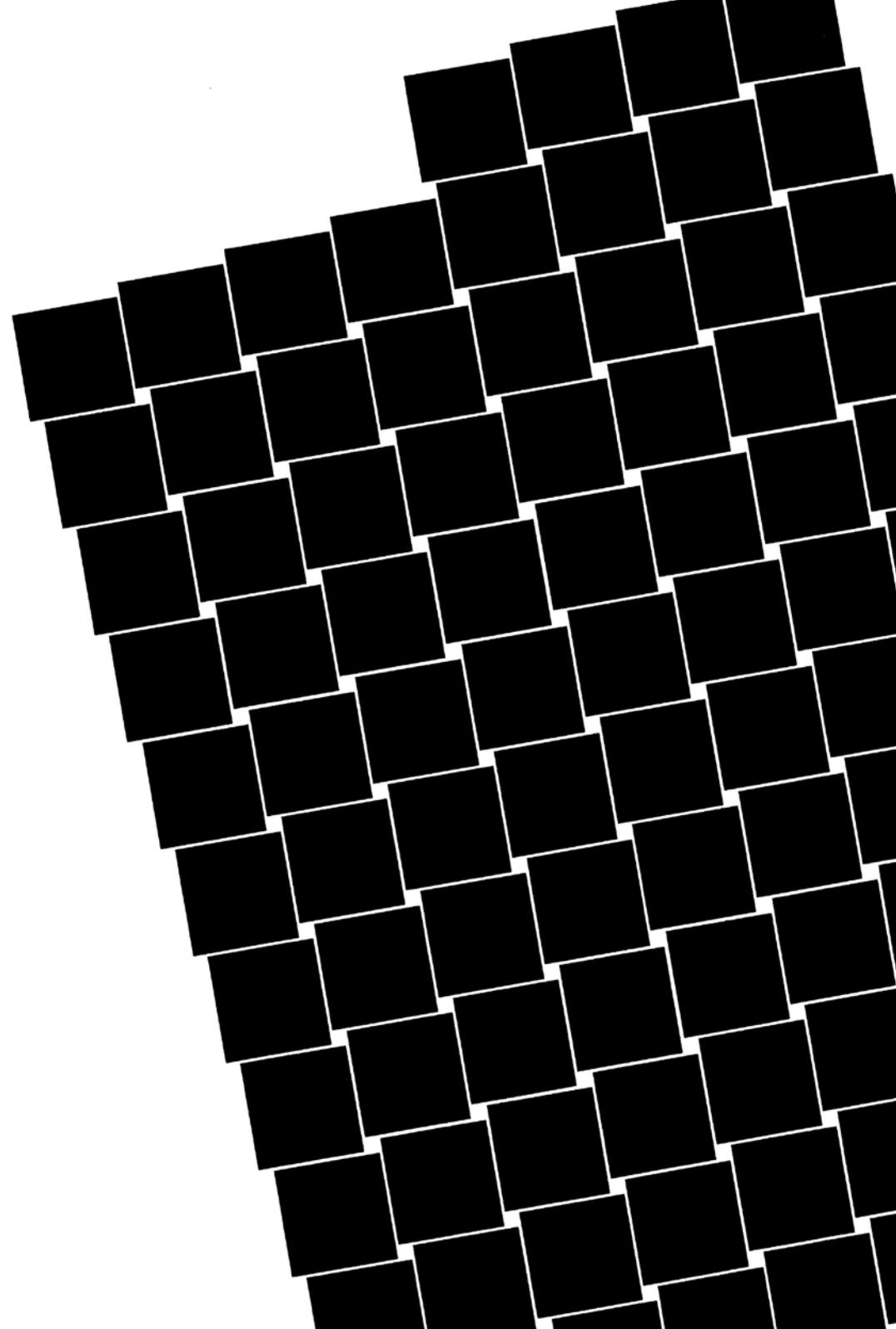
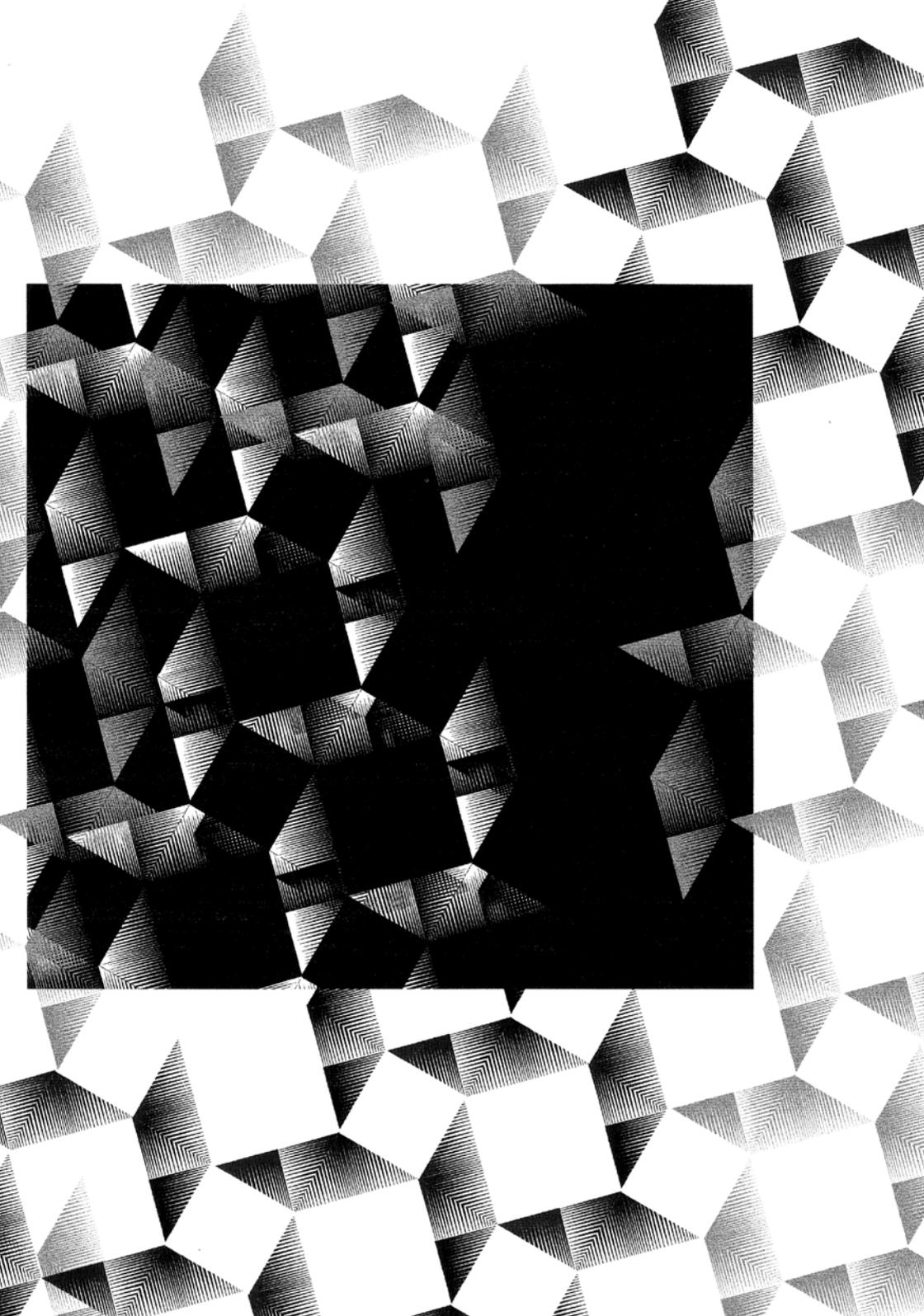
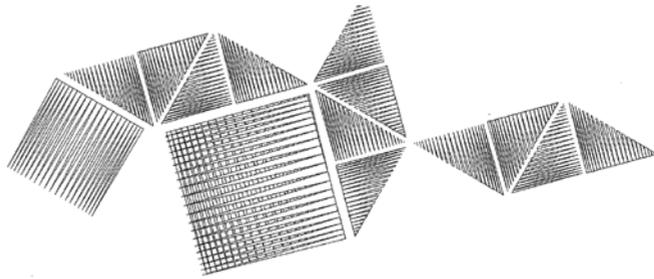




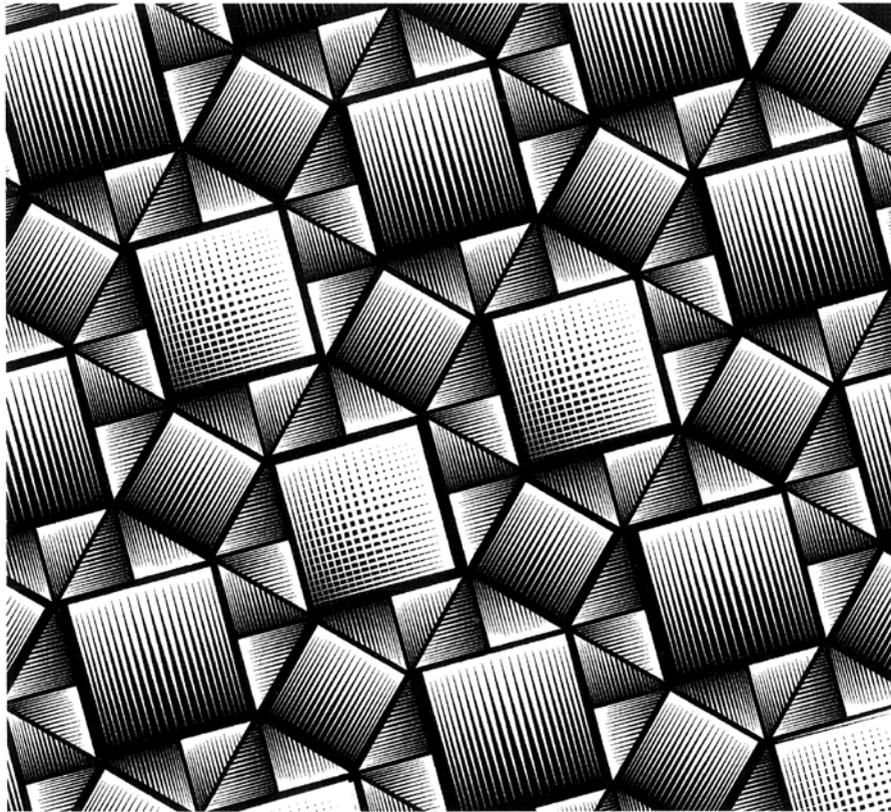
**FIVE YEARS
PERIODICAL
VOL.1, NO.2**







[DELETED SCENES]



EXT. OPERA HOUSE, SEQUALS, ITALY

MID SHOT OF ACTOR IN FRONT OF BUILDING - FACING CAMERA

ACTOR:

A form of theatre called Commedia dell'arte was extremely popular across Italy between the 15th and 18th centuries. Commedia dell'arte, often referred to as "Italian Comedy", has also been translated as "Comedy of Art" or "Comedy of the profession". This form of theatre combines improvisation with fixed narratives.

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

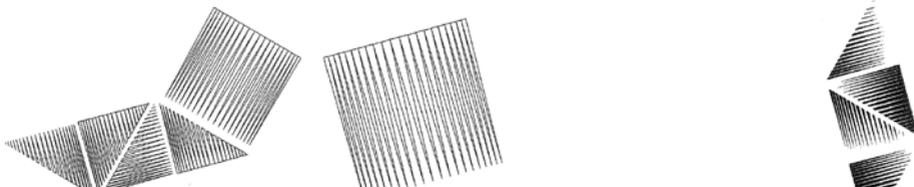
The subject of the play was pre-determined, the characters conceived and named, and the context and outcome of the narrative clearly defined. While the scenario was fixed the actors words and gestures were not. They therefore had the opportunity to heighten, vary, and embellish their performance as their own genius might suggest.

CUT BACK TO MID SHOT OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

A Commedia dell'arte storyline was mostly concerned with disgraceful love intrigues, clever tricks to get money or plans to outwit someone. An important part of each play was the use of humorous interruptions, called lazzi. These often had nothing to do with the plays narrative. Clever slapstick, acrobatic feats, juggling, or wrestling were all used as comedic devices.

CUT TO WIDE SHOT - BEHIND ACTOR

One infamous actor from the Commedia dell'arte period could turn a somersault holding a full glass of wine in his hand, without spilling a drop.



INT. COOPERS YARD PUB, USAGO, ITALY

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT OF ACTOR SEATED - FACING LEFT

ACTOR:

On the final night of her stay in Sequals, Michelle and some of the other Irish painters & decorators went to a local pub which was managed by an English Landlady.

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

It was a small cellar pub, with a cavernous dark brown interior. Crowded with people there were only two women present that night, Michelle and the landlady. During a conversation at the bar with her Irish painter colleagues, Michelle was told that the Italian word for penis was penne, as in penne pasta. Penne, spelt P E N N E means pens.

CUT TO MID SHOT OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

Later in the evening an young Italian man with long red curly hair approached Michelle and her drinking companions. He said some words in Italian and gesticulated towards Michelle. The Irish men suggested to her that the Italian man wanted to "have her", in other words that he wanted to have sex with her. Not one of the Irish men could speak Italian. In a wine fuelled haze, Michelle turned to the red haired Italian and said the words:

CUT TO CLOSE UP - FACING CAMERA

"Piccolo Penne" in her best Italian accent. Piccolo is Italian for small. A silence fell over the the bar and the blood drained from the shocked faces of the Irish painters.

CUT TO MID SHOT - FACING CAMERA

The moment ended when one of these men slapped the young Italian on the back, to which he laughed heartily. Pene spelt PENE, as opposed to Penne, means Penis.

INT. COOPERS YARD PUB, USAGO, ITALY

MID SHOT ACTOR SEATED AT TABLE - FACING CAMERA

ACTOR:

Michelle Deignan had no specialist skills in painting. She was hired because of her attention to detail, her stamina and her work ethic. This effectively meant that she would work long hours without taking a break.

EXT. BEFED BREW PUB, AVIANO, ITALY

WIDE PAN - FRONT OF BUILDING

ACTOR:

Irish Pub frontages are generally less ornamental than English ones. Hanging picture signs synonymous with English pubs are absent in the Irish version.

CUT TO INT. BEFED BREW PUB

MID SHOT OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

Prior to the 1960s Irish pubs usually operated as 'Spirit groceries', combining the pub with a grocery, hardware or other business on the same premises. Many 'traditional' pubs in Ireland today have been refurbished in a pastiche of the original style in order to increase their attractiveness to tourists. During the same year Nasr went missing, the "Vintners' Federation of Ireland", and "The Portman Group" in Britain were concerned with a new fruit flavoured vodka drink 'Roxxoff'.

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

Spelt R O X X O F F this alcoholic drink was due to be launched in Ireland and Britain. It's advertising campaign claimed that it was a 'sensational scientifically blended concoction of potent and proven aphrodisiacs' that could lead to 'a generation of randy super beings'. Both the British and Irish organisations called on their members and alcohol licensees to refuse to stock this product.







Our Guest . . .



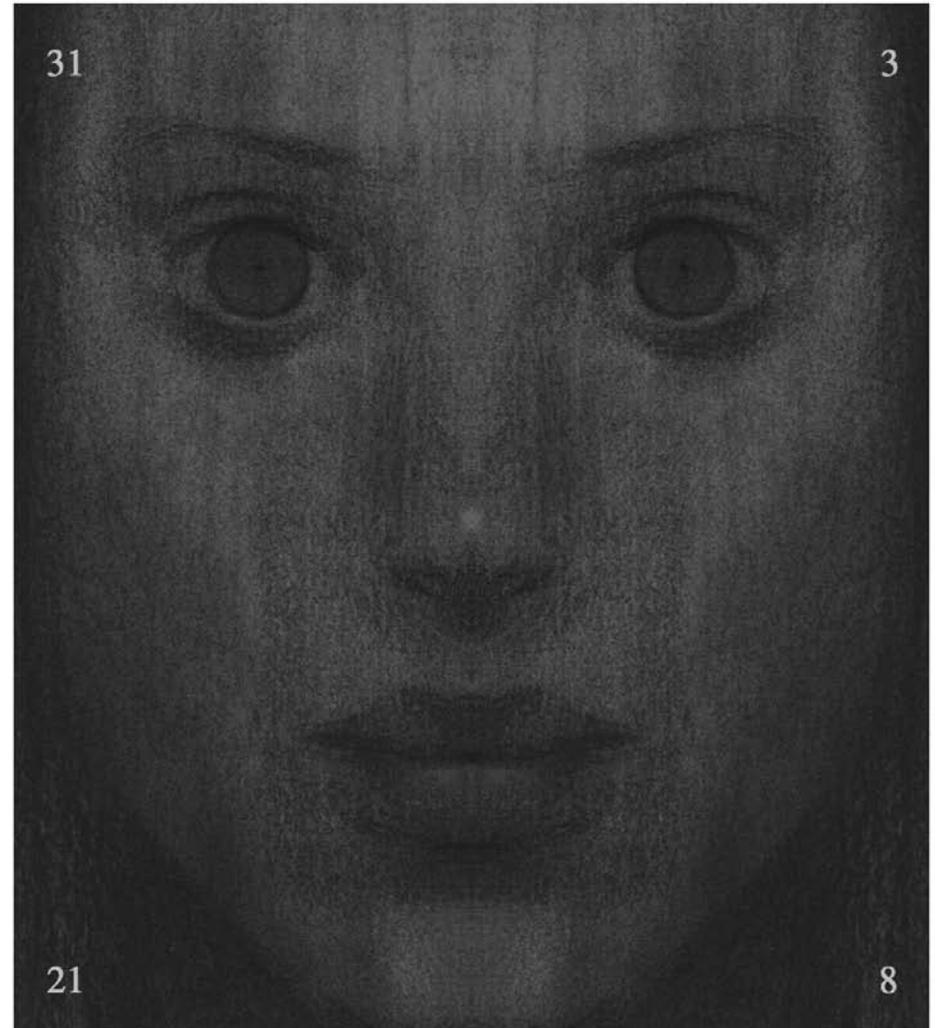


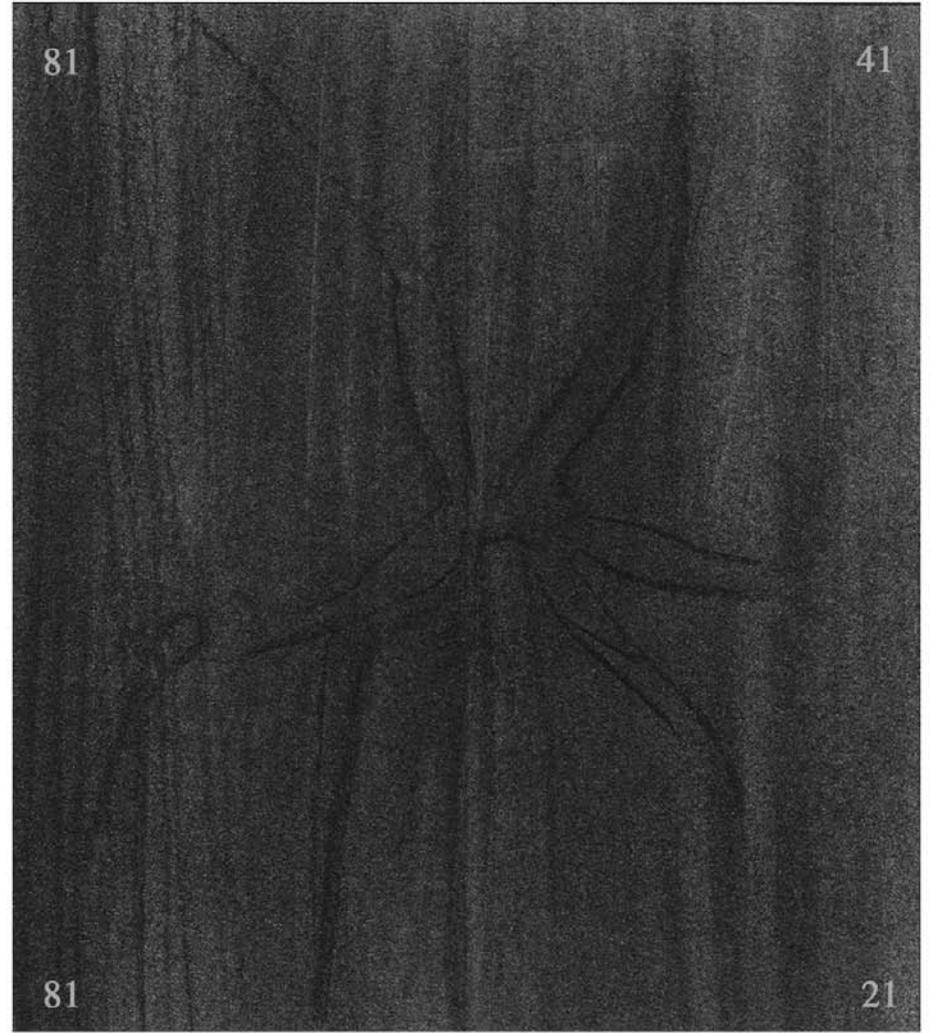
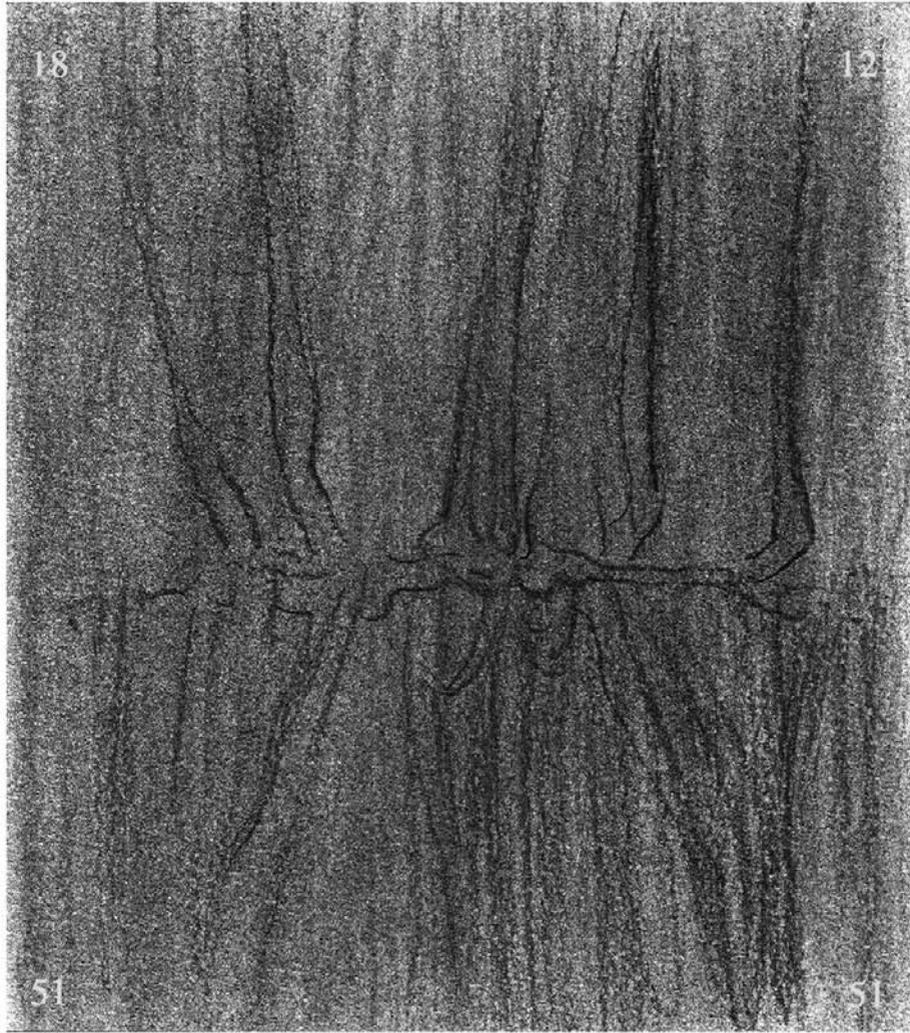
Alexander Haßenpflug...

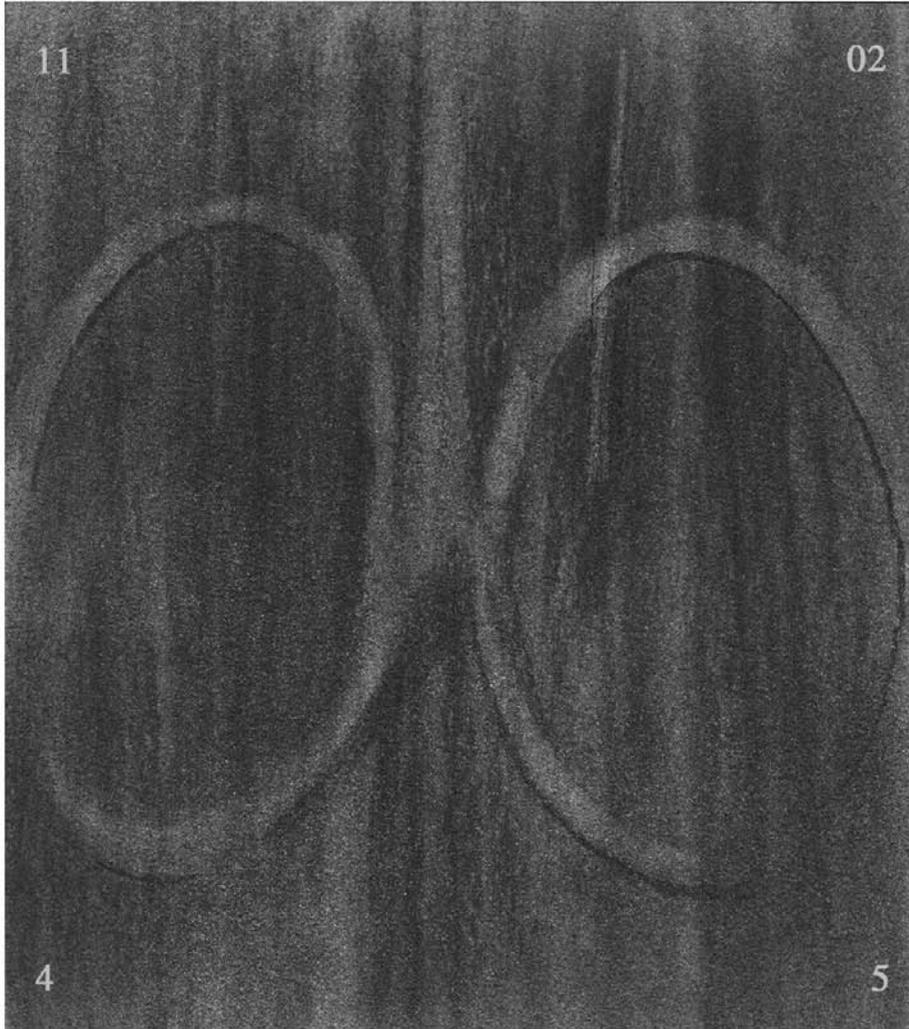
(danke)

5 28 1/2by36 in. 22 A ZOUAVE BUGLER (44) Arles, June 1888 F.423 25
 3/8by21 1/8 in. 23a. DRAWING FOR THE PAINTING BELOW (141) Reed pen
 watercolour Arles, May 1888 F.1413 9 1/2by12 in. 23b. VINCENTS HOU
 SE AT ARLES (54) Arles, September 1888 F.464 29 1/2by38 in. 24a. C
 ORNFIELD WITH ~~AN~~ A LARK Paris period F.310 21by25 in. 24b. THE DRA
 W-BRIDGE Arles, March 1888 F.400 23by29 in. 25ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM--
 ^SOUVENIR DE MAUVE ^ARLES? APRIL 1888 F.394 28by23 in. 26a SUNFLOWE
 rs (30) Paris period F.452 23by38 1/8 in. 26b. STILL LIFE: DRAWING
 BOARD WITH ONIONS (63) Arles, January 1889 F.604.19.1/2b.23 in. 27
 SUNFLOWERS (48) Arles, August 1888 F.454 36 1/2by28 1/2 in. 28 CAF
 FE AT NIGHT (51) Arles, September 1888 F.467 31by24 1/2 in. 29. &P
 ORTRAIT ARMAND ROULIN (58) Arles, November 1888 F.493 25by21 in. 3
 oa. CAMILLE ROULIN (59) Arles, November 1888 F.538 15by12 1/2 in.3
 ob. THE ^ALYSCAMPS ^,ARLES (57) Arles, November 1888 31.Detail of
 the ^Alyscamps ^ (opposite) 32a. Detail from painting below 32b. TH
 E VINEYARD (55) Arles, SEptember 1888 F.475 27 1/2by35 1/2 in. 33
 THE ARTISTS`S BEDROOM AT ARLES (71) Saint-Rremy, September 1889 F.
 482 28 1/4by32 1/4 in. 34 VIEW IN THE CRAU FROM MONTMAJOUR (142)
 Pen and ink Arles, May 18 3/4by23 3/8 in. 35 VIEW IN THE CRAU WITH
 A BLUE CART Arles, June 1888 F.412 28 1/2 by 36 in. 36a. Detail fr
 om a letter to the artist`s brother, Theo, containing a sketch of
~~M`HxxxxxxArlesxft~~the subject of `Arles `(catalogue No.41) Below: 3
 6b. A GARDEN WITH THISTLES (150) Ink Arles, October 1888 F. 1466 9
 1/2by12 1/2 in. 37. THE BERCEUSE (Portrait of Madame Roulin) (67)
 Arles, January-March 1889 F.504 35 1/2by28 in. 39 THE CHAIR AND T
 HE PIPE (60) Arles, December 1888 F. 498 36 1/2 by29 in. Opposite:
 38. GAUGUIN`S S ARM-CHAIR Arles.December 1888 F. 35 1/2by28 1/2 in
 .40 PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST WITH A MUTILATED^ EAR (64) ARLES, Janu
 ary 1889 F.527 23 3/8by18 3/4 in. 41 THE ZOUAVE OFFICER, MILLET (5
 2) Arles, September 1888 F.473 23 3/8by19 1/4 in.42 THE ARLESIENNE
 (after a drawing by Gauguin, reproduced opposite) (80) Saint-Remy,
 January-February 1890 F. 24 1/2 by18 3/8 in. 43a. THE ARLESIENNE (
 drawing by Paul Gauguin Arles, 1888 Not included in the Exhibition

...Period.







1.

(EN ROUTE: U-matic video, 15 minutes, 1986)

'I'm going to go back to the same place....where I began.'
'Are you lost?'
'No - yes.'

'Now you know where you are: the bridge.'

A video about transition and trying to find the right track.



2.



(The Morality of Movement: digital video, 2006)

3.



4.

1. Bjørn Venø
2. Jayne Parker
3. Theo Cowley
4. Lisa Castagner

THE ARTIST AND THE JURY



Preamble:

- *Blind Theorist: I will be your ears if you will be my eyes.*
- *Deaf Artist: [No answer].*

On how we might love better.

The artist scratched his head, and picked up another dismembered body part.

He was sure he could reconstitute this as something somehow more beautiful.

He made a huge smiling face of only arms.

No good. His wife said. No good, and time for tea.

'They're not real limbs', he had said to his agent.

-Laughs. Well, of course not. Unless they are animal limbs, or real plastic limbs and that would be OK.

His wife caught him somehow distracted.

'I know this can be better. I have to make things better.' He said.

-Darling. She said. Finish your peas.

There was only one pea left. She wasn't even looking. He thought, tossing the pea on to the floor and squashing it under his bare foot.

'Art should be profound.' He said.

- Your art is profound. She said.

'Tell me you're real.' He said.

- I'm real. She said.

He awoke 12 hours later. He went to the market place, where the organic beef looked like putty, and where the nearby the Belgian beer looked like milkshake. He saw a small child grab a poorly pigeon and rip feathers from its back, whilst his parents looked on and cheered a faux-cheer.

- Hooray.
- Yeaah.

Then he imagined himself snap, and he turned to a man next to him, a man who was clearly about to buy some olives, and he said, in a hushed voice, '*There is no art.*'

- I'll have Olives stuffed with almonds. The man said to another.

He returned home. 'Honey.' He said. 'I am *not* an artist.'

- Oh, Dear, yes you are. She said.

'No, honey, you don't get it. That is just it. You see, the future of art resides in its *non-existence.*'

- On the phone. Hushed words. Persshwerhhh wer shhhhh. Whispers. I think he's *ill* again. She said, saying each word as if divided by a full stop.

He rings his agent. 'Harry', he says, 'there is no art. There needn't be. This is the future, you see, from Courbet to Duchamp to Beuys... [cough]... we're heading to the complete conceptualisation of art, and in this form art can be beautiful again. The truth of art as true thinking alone enables freedom. It's revolutionary. The freedom to think *anything.*'

- Revolutionary. Yeah. Great, I like your thinking. Harry said.

He went into the Hackney studios with a machete and hacked to pieces everyone's work. In a tussle with a sculptress he head butted her father, who had come to help her move her nude to another studio. They fled with the sculpture, but he knocked the willy off in any case.

'I knocked the willy off'. He told Harry.

But Harry had no time to talk.

In the dock.

- [Judge]: You are charged with crimes against art.
- [Man]: No such charge exists. (he had decided to represent himself).
- Yes it does. WE invented it. (He had no chance. This was a Kangaroo court, comprised of art lovers. Scott Ridley headed the jury. He had a lot to prove this time. A lot.)
- OK, I will proceed with my defence.
- Proceed as you wish (said the judge) to laughter and muted applause.
- OK, I *will*:

[He spoke in a parable]:

The artist was not allowed in past the City gates, and was made to keep moving around the perimeter. To stop at any point would arouse suspicion of an attempt at breaking in to the City.

He continued this circling in this desert, for at every hour or so he would be offered a cup of water by a hand poked through a wooden shutter. The water was one part vinegar to three parts sparkling mineral water. The sparkling mineral water symbolised the wealth and generosity of the City, the one part vinegar signalled that he was not a friend. He complained not, as he needed this water in order that he may continue his walk around the perimeter.

I merely seek the means with which we can stop needing the janitor to give us more water. So I propose we stop giving him the incentive. If art exposes for us something true and free, it is truth and freedom we must seek after not the art. For the art as a cipher for freedom will always become the target for those who wish to withhold that freedom.

If art is the sign of true love, of true freedom, then we must seek to erase the sign so that we may see the freedom first hand, and so that sign cannot be abused an manipulated.

- OK. I deliver the sentence. The judge said. The jury are in agreement. You are sentenced to death by drowning, unless you can make for the jury an artwork of such opulent beauty as to gain their favour. You have until noon tomorrow to show us what you have made.
- I am not an artist. He said.

At home his wife pleaded with him to make an artwork.

- Please honey, make an artwork... for me ? She said, crying.

He sat awake all night and arrived at court the next day in his same clothes that he had worn the day before.

- Toiling, I see, chuckled the judge. And what have you for me?
- I have nothing. He said. The crowd gasped. He is suicidal, said one. I present for you, he continued, the whole of 'nothing' as an artistic readymade. Thus, he continued, 'nothing' has gained the status of artistic truth. We need no longer fear 'nothing' as it is as valuable as the illusory beauty that art itself conveys.

The jury convened and has sat out in debate for two years at this point in time.

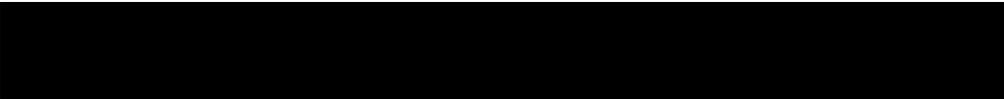
He sits in jail awaiting sentence. He has been awarded artists privileges, but still he has produced nothing.

On a rare visit from his wife he gestured simply, opening his hands to sky: 'All of this, honey, is my art. All of this and nothing.' He was smiling. She later said.

Afterword.

Deaf Artist: [sign language]: I will be your eyes if you will be my ears.

Blind-Theorist: (no answer).

- 
- 5-8  11/05/07 - 20/05/07 Rochelle Fry
9-12 **IL CITTADINO** 26/05/07 - 02/06/07 Michelle Deignan
13-16 **PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES** 09/06/07 - 17/06/07 Claire De Jong
17-20 **OUR PERIOD.** 21/07/07 - 29/07/07 Mathew Hale, Susan Morris.
Photo on pages 18-19: Rita Novak. Additional Artwork, Alexander Haßenpflug.
21-24 **UNTITLED SEQUENCE 1998-2007 (FOUR X FOUR (1))** 07/07/07 - 15/07/07 Marc Hulson
25-28 **ROMANTIC ANTI-HUMANISM** 23/06/07- 01/07/07
Lisa Castagner, Theo Cowley, Jayne Parker, Bjørn Venø curated by Francis Summers
29-32 **THE ARTIST AND THE JURY** Mike Watson

The purpose of this periodical is to provide a parallel space to Five Years gallery: artists who have exhibited at Five Years are invited to publish new work relating to their gallery show. Five Years will publish four times annually. Each issue will cover three months in the exhibition programme and will include a written piece by a guest contributor. For further information and documentation of the exhibitions programme please refer to the website and blog.