

Experiments and Experience

Getting inside the work of Roman Signer and Monika Sosnowska

A collaborative seminar

organised by The Fruitmarket Gallery and Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh

Speaker Biographies

Richard Coyne has authored several books on digital technologies and cultural theory. Recent projects include examinations of non-place, branded meeting places and the role of the voice in digitally-mediated environments. He researches and teaches in design and digital media. He is an architect and Head of the School of Arts, Culture and Environment at the University of Edinburgh.

Angela Dimitrakaki is Lecturer in Art History at the University of Edinburgh. Her research and publications focus on contemporary art with particular emphasis on Europe. She is currently working on gender, globalisation and artists' films and videos. Her latest article, entitled 'Materialist Feminism for the Twenty-first Century: The Video Essays of Ursula Biemann' appeared in *Oxford Art Journal*, 30, 2007.

Moira Jeffery is a writer and journalist. A former lawyer, she has worked extensively as an art critic in print and broadcast media and contributed to a number of artists' catalogues. Recent projects include a new publication with Esther Shalev Gerz and an essay on Monika Sosnowska for the book *Arcade, Artists and Place-Making*. She is currently researching the impact of Darwin on contemporary art for the University of Edinburgh's contribution to the Darwin 200 celebrations.

Isla Leaver-Yap is the contributing editor of contemporary arts quarterly *Map Magazine* and curatorial fellow at Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art, Gateshead. A recent research graduate from the University of Edinburgh, Isla studied the work of contemporary artists Rosalind Nashashibi and Anri Sala in relation to the projected image as a social space of encounter. Current research interests also include the use of surrogate bodies in contemporary art. Her Stone Summer Fellowship at the Art Institute of Chicago centred on the question of a 'globalised art history', and her contribution will feature in a book published by Stanford University Press in 2008.

Tamara Trodd was awarded her PhD in December 2005. She worked at the University of St Andrews from 2005 to 2006 and has been employed at Edinburgh University since September 2006. She has published an exhibition catalogue essay on British artist Tacita Dean and has an article forthcoming in the January edition of the *Oxford Art Journal* on Paul Klee. She is working on two books: an edited collection of papers on artists' films based on the conference she organized here at Edinburgh last year, called *Screen/Space: The Projected Image in Contemporary Art*, and a monograph based on her doctoral research, called *Art After Photography*.

Roman Signer

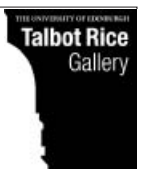
The Fruitmarket Gallery, 2 November 2007 – 27 January 2008

Monika Sosnowska

Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh, 27 October – 8 December 2007



The
Fruitmarket
Gallery



Monika Sosnowska and Roman Signer

Richard Coyne

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Cause and effect

Signer's *Punkt* (Dot) shows a video of a painter (the artist) sitting at an easel in the middle of a field, with his paintbrush poised at the surface of the canvas. The fuse (I assume) of an explosive device is burning behind him. He hears it and no doubt detects the smoke of the fuse wafting over him. The device explodes. He jumps, inevitably, and makes a mark on the canvas. The camera zooms in to the mark. Even though he has set up the situation the artist could not restrain his body from the visceral response of surprise.

The inevitability of the artist's startled response, against any attempt at restraint, reminds me of the challenge posed in William James's account of perception and the emotions. It is usual to think: I see a bear, I am afraid, and so I run. I hear the explosion, I'm surprised; I jump. According to the conventional view of causation, there is a strong stimulus, which we process cognitively and to which we then respond with some action: I jump. James is at pains to integrate the idea of emotions and feelings back into the entire event, and in so doing to confound simple accounts of causality: I see the bear, I run, I'm afraid. According to James "we feel sorry *because* we cry, angry *because* we strike, afraid *because* we tremble, and not that we cry, strike, or tremble, because we are sorry, angry, or fearful." Following Signer's demonstration, I could add: we are surprised *because* we jump. The jumping does not follow from the surprise, but surprise is constitutive of the jump.

I like to think of Signer's collected work as so many demonstrators of the nature of causality, a theme that Fiona Bradley indicates is not so far from the spirit of Signer's inquiries and reflections on his own work. Signer's work is conspicuously temporal and plays on the event.

On the other hand Sosnowska's work is overtly spatial, involving rooms, walls and openings. Where there are moving parts, as in the new work in the upper part of the Talbot Rice Gallery, then these are in the manner

of room fittings or curtains.

In architectural interventions of this kind I feel that causality is best translated into issues of anticipation. It is on the subject of anticipation that the two sets of work collide.

Anticipation

The mood of the painter at the easel is saturated with expectation, the condition of all of us according to the philosophy of Martin Heidegger, but given exaggerated expression in Signer's *Punkt*. The subject is not only waiting for something to happen, but is willing it to happen, and in the artist's case is designing and engineering the circumstances for it to happen. In the case of *Punkt* he is orchestrating a particular event, anticipated in the title, the formation of a dot on the canvas. As spectators of the work we are perhaps caught up in this field of expectancy.

In the case of Sosnowska's room with rubber stalactites the expectation is not dramatised, presented for show or enjoyed vicariously, but experienced in the work. I visited the gallery when there were few people around. I looked for a sign saying "do not touch," and even looked over the balcony with the thought of asking the gallery attendant if it was OK to touch the rubber straps. Then my architectural knowledge kicked in, and I realised that there was a further gallery beyond this space and that the only way to get to it was through Sosnowska's installation. My next thought was of the smell of rubber, the disruption to hair and clothing, and the possible soiling of my work attire that the passage might effect. I then ventured into the flexible labyrinth.

This narrative of anticipation is of my own invention, and no doubt others would have a different story. I suspect that prominent in such stories would be the themes of anticipation, expectation, and promise. Whereas in Signer's work it seems that we are observers, Sosnowska invites participation.

Sosnowska's scale models on display are similar to Signer's works, in that we observe as if from a distance, but to the spatially aware, Sosnowska's models provoke anticipation, as if to pose and answer a series of questions: What would it be like to approach and inhabit those spaces? Under what circumstances would it be feasible to build them? Where would they go, and who would use them? I was fortunate to see one of the models as realised in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, last November. It was the one with a hole in the ceiling and shards of debris lying on the floor. As a curious architect my narrative of expectation simply

involved a journey to the centre of the room to look up through the hole in the ceiling, a less visceral and engaging act than walking through a rubber matrix.

As further evidence of the importance of expectation in our experience of art it is interesting to explore the extent to which these works invite us to *repeat* the experience.

Repetition

It is well known that children enjoy hearing the same stories, with the same surprises, recited over and over. Clever television commercials lure us with their familiar and often repeated narratives of transformation and surprise, and sitcoms catch phrases continue to amuse because the outcomes are predicted and anticipated. We inhabit a world of repetition, a theme elaborated by Sigmund Freud, Gilles Deleuze and Jacques Derrida, to name but three theorists of culture. Paraphrasing Derrida, it is after all not the first time something happens that is the source of surprise, but really the very *idea* of a first time for anything that should strike us as surprising.

On the theme of the TV sitcom, I'm reminded of the comedian Catherine Tate's character who is always in a state of being startled. She jumps out of her skin at the slightest provocation, and even when she knows it's coming; a touch, a cold object, opening a letter, the ring of the doorbell. We know people who are highly strung in this way, but the sketches are also funny, or at least interesting, because we see this behaviour in ourselves. But by one reading of Freud it is the repetition *per se* that provides the fascination. There's something primal and basic about repetition, the cathartic mantra of the child mesmerised by its repeated enactment of acquisition and loss.

Repetition is an obvious feature in the current exhibition of Signer's work. Events are repeated on film and video, the videos are continuously looped, the barrel rolls from side to side, the plastic bag repeats its cycle. Of interest is the repetition of the process of anticipation, and release, as if to prove that it is the repetition that touches us, not the surprise. Perhaps we like to be surprised by the same thing, to anticipate again and again, to be jolted time after time.

We learn from the hermeneutical theory of Hans Georg-Gadamer, that there is variation in any repetition (at least in art), and it is the variation that excites interest. So seeing the video for the tenth time might reveal something new, as the circumstances of its viewing have changed. Someone else enters the gallery. We moderate our own experience with the opinion of another.

This variation in repetition is perhaps more evident in Sosnowska's work. As it happens I had to walk through the rubber room several times, and each time there was a difference: walking on a diagonal trajectory was

different to an orthogonal passage, or walking with arms outstretched, pausing in the middle, or being in the space at the same time as other people, talking, invisibly.

Threshold

The anthropologist Victor Turner emphasises the cultural importance of the rite of passage, the interstitial event in which everything is thrown into confusion, or at least the moment of maximum ambiguity; the journey into the wilderness in the passage from novice to mature member of the community. But as well as marking significant life passages the rite of passage is also a process writ into the finest detail of our experience. We cross thresholds repeatedly, and we don't only pass through and over to something new, but we return. Each encounter with the new is a re-encounter with the old, with variation. As an identifiable phenomenon the threshold is also illusive. It is after all an edge, a moment where we are poised. It is more a remembrance than a present reality, themes amply demonstrated in Signer's work.

Unless I'm mistaken, the moment when Signer's wet brush hits the canvas is missed in the filming. There's an editorial cut such that we don't see the mark being made. This is all pure profit for threshold theory: threshold as absence. The threshold is also the site of the trickster, the sleight of hand, the shadowy hinterland where the thief resides, and the parasite attaches.

The shape formed by Signer's startled paint brush is not so much a point, as an inflected dot, or a comma (inverted). The comma has an interesting character. A comma is a slight pause or gap. The Pythagorean or diatonic comma is the discrepancy between the half octave and octave tunings of musical instruments, about a quarter of a semitone. It is the comma that is removed by standardised contemporary musical tunings, the tempered musical scale. The musical scale is tempered, and the effects of the comma discrepancy rendered less extreme. The adoption of the well-tempered scale is one of the hallmarks of classical music. The naming of the comma, the discrepant, the remainder, is perhaps one of the earliest recognitions of the central role of deviancy, away from idealised aesthetical principles. Though it is also just a coincidence in shape, Signer's work points graphically to the comma, the gap and the threshold.

As architecture, Sosnowska's work is also redolent with the threshold function. The threshold is after all a spatial metaphor. Rooms have to be entered, doors opened, steps negotiated, curtains parted. In the rubber room it remains to be asked, where is the threshold: the room itself, its midway point, entering and exiting, pausing in anticipation, or in the stories about these? It is after all a dense space, filled with rubbery matter, a continuous grid of thresholds.

So this is my review. Causality gives way to the

ubiquity of three highly visceral and obvious phenomena: anticipation, repetition (with variation), and the passage across thresholds. I see the works on view as highly skilled demonstrators of these aspects of human indeterminacy. I also see differences between the works in these terms. Signer's is predicated on an amplification of the event, and everyday objects viewed in unusual circumstances and to which something is happening, has happened, will or might happen. Sosnowska's work is highly spatial

and architectonic, laying greater emphasis on the participation of the viewer, even if vicariously, as in the case of the models. As such, thresholds are there to be touched and negotiated, and not just viewed. The space has an obvious grain, a streaky, gridded, flexible, variable threshold structure, the exaggerated demonstration of which reveals something important about the lifeworld.

The Spatial Principle in the Art of Roman Signer and Monika Sosnowska

Angela Dimitrakaki

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Undeniably, the work of both exhibitions for which this seminar is held testifies to the importance of space in contemporary art. But also it reminds us of the diverse ways in which space features in the practice of contemporary artists.

'Space' is of course a rather vague term. There is hardly anything that cannot be designated by this term, from the space of the work of art as such, the space of the gallery or the museum or any other space where the work finds its often temporary identity, domestic space thanks to the advances of second-wave feminism and its legacy, urban space as either the frame or the subject matter of much recent work, nature (naturally!) and, increasingly today, global space. In addition to such literal manifestations of space, art has for a long time now been engaged with space in terms of the psychology of the individual or the group, setting out to explore the various permutations of what we might call 'inner space'. And to make matters more complex, it is rarely, if ever, the case that a work of art attends to the particularities of one space alone. We are always confronted with the interpenetration of spaces – indeed, with the interdependence of diverse *orders of space*.

Beyond such general points however, what remains important is the historically specific interest in space witnessed in contemporary art – by which we often mean art since the 1960s. Despite the emergence of so-called time-based media, 'space' has been a privileged referent in the practice and theory of art and visual culture since the 1960s as well. Some theorists – most notably perhaps Rosalind Krauss – attempted to introduce discussions of space in their engagement with such media. In her well-

known paper on video and narcissism, for instance, from the 1970s Krauss calls attention to the screen, the monitor and how this mirror-like space offered by contemporary technology brings to the fore a narcissistic subject, an obsessive engagement with the self.

But the debates on space that have grown since then tend to include a far wider range of references: both urban space and image-space as sites of the 'spectacle', the 'disappearance/containment' of the object in conceptual art and the turbulent space this act produces, the great exodus of the work of art into the environment; the gendered, classed and racially marked body as the *site* of trauma and pleasure, public art; migration and the global space of capital, cyberspace; the spaces of everyday sociality according to Nicolas Bourriaud's 'relational aesthetics', to name but a few. And significantly, in the 21st century there is no single medium or practice associated with a particular debate on space. Instead, the persistent re-significations of space through various media can be used to negotiate the contested passage from modernism to postmodernism and beyond, as well as the increasing complexity of a 'contemporary moment' in the arts and visual culture.

Coming then to the artists whose work provides the focus of today's seminar, how is their practice relevant to questions of space? Which questions would these be? When I was asked to participate in this seminar and I began therefore my quest for more detailed information on their projects to date, I came across two images.

The first was a photographic document of

Roman Signer's piece for the mother of major international group shows, namely Documenta, that takes place in Germany every 4 or 5 years. This piece is called 'Action with Sheets of Paper' and is from 20 years ago, from 1987. The arrested temporality of the photograph allows us to see and contemplate the perverse occupation of the sky by a man-made material – in this case, paper. Like in many other works of Signer, what produces this peculiar spatiality is an explosion. Those of you who have been to the exhibition at the Fruitmarket must have noticed Signer's obvious fascination with gunpowder, with fireballs, and, in general, with blowing up things. Signer uses the explosion to *disturb* space, to highlight perhaps the inclination of space towards the disorderly, its inherent capacity to re-arrange its particular components.

But what also strikes me about this image is the spectacle of destruction it stages. Given our current geo-political situation, this is of course a rather innocent destruction, if such a thing exists. We may think it is a mindless, playful, spectacular act that, at first sight, leads us to apprehend art as a field where a *harmless* experimentation with the absurd is allowed to occur. Indeed, this image implicitly suggests that art is a sphere of human activity where such unproductive acts, acts excluded from the spaces of everyday life, are given a licence to be. Where else would we come across this bizarre filling of the sky with a cloud made of paper if not in art?

Writing this sentence on Halloween night, when the sky in Edinburgh is temporarily illuminated by fireworks, make me think more intensely of art as that space where an aesthetics of the carnivalesque finds a home, where the aesthetics of the carnival, of the mindless disruption of everyday purposefulness, is protected like an endangered species. Originally theorised by Mikhail Bakhtin, author (among other things) of the incomplete essay *Toward A philosophy of the Act*, in this bastion of productivity that once was, the Soviet Union, the theory of the carnivalesque made a great comeback in the 1980s. The theory of the carnivalesque offered Western theorists and artists a framework for articulating their desire to break free from the regulatory practices of the free (sic) world, designed to turn us all into blue- or white-collar workers in the late 20th century. To quote from Wikipedia, Bakhtin, writing covertly against the Soviet state, saw Medieval carnivals as occasions in which the political, legal and ideological authority of both the church and state were inverted, albeit temporarily, during the anarchic and liberating period of the carnival. I can hardly think of a better description for what the photograph documenting the 1987 action shows. The act of destruction witnessed by participants was certainly anarchic and

liberating, and therefore possibly not as harmless as I originally suggested. For such acts, exiled in art, tend to make us –make me, at least- rather nostalgic of the freedom associated with childhood games, transgressions and discoveries and of the powerful mechanisms that have successfully turned me into a *subject* (in the proper sense of the word). Other documented actions in the Roman Signer exhibit, such as the video showing a 'do not cross' police tape flying about and cutting across the sky, demonstrate the same mentality. That Signer spent his childhood in the proximity of explosives should therefore not surprise us. The word 'nostalgia', already mentioned, is for these reasons a key element in these works, invoking a mental space (now lost to most of us) *where the destructive act was not yet clearly distinguished from the creative act*.

But of course nowadays the aesthetics of the destructive act appear, and indeed are, far more sinister. To connect destruction with creativity, let alone anti-state acts with an aesthetics of liberation, has an altogether different meaning. What counts as destruction nowadays is given through works such as Johan Grimonprez's *Dial H-I-S-T-O-R-Y*, where the aesthetics of the spectacle is associated with blowing up airplanes, with non-state terrorism and its representation through the media. In other words, it is firmly located in the collapse of a profoundly social global space into media space. Interestingly, Grimonprez's elaborate moving-image essay, shown at Documenta X in 1997, uses footage covering the period from the 1950s to the 1980s to construct an interrupted and yet comprehensible narrative of mediated, spectacularised disaster. As an essay written on Grimonprez's work by a lecturer on Diplomatic American History at Columbia University suggests (yes, contemporary art attracts voices from many disciplines), *Dial HISTORY* informs the viewers that in 1986 (a year, that is, before Signer's spectacular action at Documenta), terrorism killed 25 Americans when 12,000 died in bathtub accidents. In any event, nothing of the carnivalesque remains in this work that, for our purposes, revisits the period when Signer's childhood was over and his career as an artist in full bloom. What are we to think then? That Signer's presumably innocent and rather jolly act has a much darker side when delivered back to the moment that saw its genesis? That the occupation of the sky by the fragments of a destroyed object provides a controversial excitement linked to the sublime rather than the beautiful? And that the fascination with explosions does not only, and against all odds, constitute a prioritisation of the material over the conceptual but that it is also a historically specific fascination? The word 'nostalgia' becomes then even more relevant than before, and art emerges as this

space where a politics of nostalgia acquires its strange function: to remind us of the possibility of reclaiming social space in a way that is no longer possible.

Coming to Sosnowska's work, the approach to space is, in the first instance markedly different. There is certainly no evident interest in the explosion as a means of reconstructing space. The image that first confronted me on the web presented a rather serene, immobile space, a form of architecture about the inside rather than the outside. This work, exhibited recently at the Serpentine, takes the form of an inverted minimalist aesthetic, and by this I mean that we are no longer invited to walk *around* the object, to see the object as an interlocutor in a democratic encounter, as another body in the gallery, but instead we are clearly invited to *enter* the object, to trust and explore its interior. We are familiar with such explorations since we all inhabit interiors: come to think of it, since it is impossible to think of a human being that has not at some point in her life experienced the feeling of being inside an enclosed space, this work seems to appeal to a universal spectator. Except that this work does away with the figure of the *spectator* as such, expecting us to sustain a more multi-sensory engagement with its spatial poetics.

There are two elements that interest me here. First, the extent to which the spaces proposed by Sosnowska are fundamentally anti-spectacular, in that there is no *distance* left between the human subject and the work of art – no distance from which to be fascinated with what we see. Secondly, the extent to which such work expresses a historically dictated *fear* of space. There is little doubt that in this work Sosnowska wanted to present the unpredictability of the interior, its capacity to puzzle and disorient. And this particular reflection on space becomes more evident in the peculiar construction (or should I say contraption?) exhibited in this gallery. Resembling the lower part of a giant octopus, where the visitor sees and indeed crosses the space through its 'tentacles', this is not the friendliest of sculptures. Yesterday a post-graduate student described to me how the rubber 'tendrils' of this piece clung to his jacket as he entered the work, obviously making him feel that the space around him was somehow 'alive'. Significantly, such approaches to space do not just occur in art. They are also to be found in contemporary fiction of a certain postmodern persuasion, such as Mark Danielewski's *House of Leaves* (2000) and Bret Easton Ellis's *Lunar Park* (2005). Leaving the traditional space of the horror novel, the idea of interior space coming *alive*, being haunted with life of its own, has entered the territory of fiction and art proper.

I see this take on space as melancholy precisely because it does not leave room for grant acts of transgression. This possibly claustrophobic space is the exact opposite from the liberating space proposed by Signer. Signer was born in 1938 in Switzerland and Sosnowska was born in 1972 in Poland. We can infer that the difference we encounter is not only generational but is also attributable to the two different social realities that the places of the artists' origins signify. One article I read describes Sosnowska's work as follows: In constructing her "buildings" inside other buildings, she pushes the imagination toward shut-in situations of intimacy or personal solitude. Her environments, seemingly without exit, reveal the impasse of a blocked reality, where one enters and sinks into oneself, as in the corridor she constructed at the 2003 Venice Biennale or in her labyrinthine sequence of rooms at Manifesta in 2002. And yet, what puzzles me is the affinity I see between space in her work and space in contemporary fiction – contemporary fiction from the United States, of all places. Or to return to visual art (never exclusively visual these days), the affinity I see between her work and that of Rachel Whiteread where the closed-off, haunted space of an inverted interior speaks in effect of the same melancholy principle.

I wonder therefore if the aesthetics of space proposed by Sosnowska reveals a more generalised attitude to space in contemporary art, not in transcending the historical moment and social context that generated it but, on the contrary, in examining their more general relevance. Has space turned into a principle of fear in this contemporary moment when the political theory of the global is convincingly arguing (to quote from Hardt and Negri's magnum opus *Empire*) that there is no space outside capital – *that there is no outside space, period?* I will not attempt to answer this question but – and here is where the work of these two artists appears to represent the two sides of the proverbial coin – if Signer's transgressive animation of space expresses indeed an aesthetics of nostalgia for the impossible, the question previously posed becomes a rhetorical gesture that requires no answer at all.

Roman Signer: Work Functions

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Roman Signer's art objects tend to be characterised by an unusual display of transparency.

To describe them as 'works' is also to describe the very character of the success of the objects themselves. Certainly, the Swiss artist noted in an interview that his greatest fear is that his 'inventions' do not work at all¹. But there is something about this idea of 'work' and its relatedness to 'function' that really interests me and I want to explore in this paper.

To start off with less ambiguity, I'm uncomfortable with the frequent, popular even, invocation of the magical properties professed in Signer's work – the idea that he is 'a magician of elementary physics'² as one critic put, or else he's described as a kind of alchemist of disaster - wrong. Now this is not to say that a theory of magic, or magic as an act of transformation has no relevance to Signer, and I'm sure and I hope that this issue of magic in relation to Marcel Mauss will come up in discussion later. But nonetheless, this artist is not a man playing opaque tricks upon an unsuspecting audience. On the contrary his process, although carefully staged, is frankly displayed throughout.

In one of his recent videos, 'Office Chair', we see the seated artist lightly touch the paper of two rockets that propel him round on the swivel chair. Elsewhere we find Signer attach balloons to a table, allow it to float some distance and then, as the balloons are shot down one by one, the table returns to the ground.

So, through both the record of his transient events in photographs, films and videos, as well as the traces of them left in the objects he displays in his exhibitions, Signer's processes is clear: here is a cause, and here is its effect. Indeed, the effect of such an endeavour is displayed within the very walls of the Fruitmarket gallery. We see very well how Signer's works work. But despite his transparent manner of working, it is the idea of the functioning of the objects he employs which is perhaps less clear and consequently for me far more interesting.

One of many contemporary artists to revisit the significance of the readymade, Signer calls upon his highly selective though simple vocabulary of objects: umbrellas, buckets, tables and chairs. These, while banal, are usually objects of a certain function associated with work in the form of labour. I believe it is by no coincidence that we find him utilising an 'office' chair in the video of the same title. Similarly we see the artist reappropriating the dreary businessman connotations of a suitcase and umbrella into a surreal artwork. The unremarkable titles of his work, such as 'Suitcase', 'Blue

Barrel' or 'Ladder', belie the absurd ways in which Signer frames their function.

Of course, these gestures and titles can be interpreted as a visual gag or a pun on the idea of labour-related materials and accessories recast as 'works' of art – works that are the subject of the artist's own sense of 'play'. However, it is perhaps more interesting to note that Signer appears to unlock what I am tempted to call a certain 'velocity' latent within them, a velocity that completely exhausts the functionality of that object. It's clear to see, for instance, that the umbrella shot through the middle of a briefcase exhausts the functionality of both objects. This is not to say that the artist abuses function. Rather, his reconfiguring of function consequently reconfigures the object, and the remnants of his orchestrated event reveal a complicated redundancy of the objects recast as art.

Thus, as items of cultural value displayed in a contemporary art space, these objects begin to exhibit a very strange uncommon and new state, not quite ruin nor is it failure, but a state of process, of an attempt at working outside their set function, but equally succeeding at working within another. Succeeding because of course we have an exhibition of the work.

Now, it is helpful here to elucidate this term of 'function' more exactly, if only briefly. I think this is particularly important because the word seems so relevant to an artist whose materials are almost exclusively readymade objects. When I say 'function' there is the assumption we are talking about 'use', something for which the object is suited or developed. We are also talking about the performance of the object, or an action by which the object fulfils its purpose. If we follow a dictionary definition of the word this is the sort of thing that we'd find.

In terms of a theoretical backdrop, it's worth noting that late sociologist Jean Baudrillard picks up on Karl Marx's idea of 'use value', but actually ends up finding a new term, 'functional value', in his doctoral thesis *The System of Objects*³ from 1968 – a period where he still considered himself a Marxist, and thus writes from a very different point of view from his later works. Baudrillard he describes function as instrumental purpose, as well as the utility of an object within a system of values. In terms of this idea of function, however, what is particularly interesting is how Signer takes simple objects and bestows upon them experiments whereby objects transcend their proscribed function. This functional transcendence, to borrow Baudrillard's phrase, is, I would argue, what makes the works operate as strange markers of process, of art work functioning.

Working within the very limited parameters of their original design, Signer recasts these objects within a world in which their intended functional value, their instrumental purpose and performance are of little or no value once exhibited. Instead, he puts them within specific and contrived situations, and reconstructs them within the context of a cultural space (the gallery or museum) that aspires to be less defined by those conditions of functional value out in the space that lies beyond its very door. To clarify then, Signer is able to remap the co-ordinates of functional value because he is working within a cultural space that invites such a move.

Quickly returning to Baudrillard's *System of Objects*, we find the author stating that: "space is the object's true freedom, whereas function is merely the object's formal freedom". While this notion of 'true freedom' should perhaps be viewed with some caution, this interplay between an object's space and an object's function is, I think integral to opening up Signer's art works to different critical perspectives, even if to underline the tension between both space and function in sculptural terms, and incidentally, I think this might also

find a very different kind of resonance in terms of the post-soviet context of Monika Sosnowska's work.

But within the terms of such an argument of Signer's objects, one begins to wonder if, despite that the artist's process-as-a-whole being conceived of as an integral part of the finished art work (that the video of an experiment is its own work, as much as the sculptural object displayed after is), it is this very process that pushes the functional objects into a radical state of redundancy, of functional transcendence, whereby they become objects of art. We may see how Signer's works work, but what I hope to have begun to question, and not necessarily with any concrete conclusions, is how these exhausted objects function within their specific cultural space.

1. Artist interview with Massimiliano Gioni.

2 Gerhard Mack, 'Crashes and Bangs: On Suddenness as a Strategy in Roman Signer's Work', in Michaela Unterdorfer (ed.), *Roman Signer: Sammlung Hauser & Wirth* (Zurich: Hatje Cantz, 2004). 17

3 Jean Baudrillard, *The System of Objects* (2005 edn., *Radical Thinkers*, London: Verso, 1968).

Roman Signer: Film Like Sand

Tamara Trodd

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1. Signer, Sex and Surrealism

The first thing I thought of when I saw Roman Signer's sculptures, shown on the first floor of the current Fruitmarket Gallery exhibition, was sex. The second thing I thought of was Surrealism. The several assemblages of everyday objects placed around the central stairwell of the gallery seem to me to make up a world of pneumatic reactions, a hydraulics of body parts. They are Surrealist, psycho-sexual assemblages, little bachelor machines, that might almost have stepped out of Marcel Duchamp's *Large Glass*, speaking a vocabulary of whirring, rotating machines, fans, electric currents and exhaust systems. And they suggest many references to other Surrealist artists and works.

The *Suitcase with Umbrella* (2006), for example, seems indebted, in the way a dream-image is indebted, to Lautréamont's famous phrase, often taken as providing a definition of Surrealism, the 'chance meeting on a dissecting table of a sewing-machine and an umbrella.' Why? It is not just the inclusion of the umbrella – though this is part of it. It's also the sexual suggestiveness of the way they have been joined – the umbrella shot explosively through the suitcase.

The *Pipe*, also of 2006, is similarly, surely an extremely sexual object assemblage. The fire extinguisher is joined by an unusually long length of

black tubing to the small wooden pipe, so that anyone looking at it thinks unavoidably of what would happen if one were to lean down on the perky, upright handle of the fire extinguisher... the contents of the cylinder would travel along the tubing and then shoot straight upwards out of the pipe. This is an irresistibly comic image – but it is also undeniably sexual. A ghostly presence hovers about these two objects in particular, and the first floor in general – the presence of a silent, bowler-hatted man, with no face. Bowler hat, briefcase, umbrella – maybe a pipe... that anonymous businessman so deliciously parodied by Magritte. *Ceci n'est pas une pipe* – indeed.

The *Bottle*, of 2007, makes this sexual suggestiveness even more explicit by being set so deliciously in motion. The phallic form of the bottle swings gently, not very fast but not too slowly, around, tracing a circle over the circular fan which blows air seductively up towards it, making it turn, prompting its delightfully frustrating, perambulations. The bottle swings round and round – with a certain lumbering and weighty clumsiness – never touching or coming into contact with the object it eternally circles. It is half filled with liquid so we know that potentially, a messy explosion, a splashy and liquid collapse is always threatening, trembling at the edges

of our imaginations. The motion of this object and the sexual tension and sensuality of its basic geometry reminds me irresistibly of an ordinary-objects update on Giacometti's *Suspended Object* (1930-31), in which the split ball swings gently, rubbing against the cone underneath it. The economy or system in this classic piece of Surrealist sculpture makes plain (if anyone should doubt it) that where repeated, gentle motion is employed, where two forms are joined together in sculptural assemblage by the principle of friction, then a sexual economy is at stake.

And motion, as a gentle but insistent system joining two forms is what we see in many of the other sculptures. The comedy of *Rolling Barrel* (2007) for example. The touch of the barrel sets off the fan, whirring into excited response, with all the predictability of a sexual stimulus. But the contact sends the barrel rolling away, whereupon the fan slowly dies down. Meanwhile, the same action is repeated at the other end of the precisely calculated trajectory of the barrel. So the barrel comes back, rolling towards the first fan, which it sets off again. The whole thing stages a sexual comedy of stimulation and then retreat. Similarly, *Round Room* (2005), stages the chase, or sexual pursuit. The little red bag – red, the colour of excitement and the signal of stimulation – is whisked and whispers about the steel drum by the blowing fans, tickled and tumbled about, as though being eternally teased.

If you look in the Signer literature you'll find no mention of sex, or the body. There's no discussion of Surrealism either (though I notice that Fiona Bradley does refer to Surrealism, in passing, in her current exhibition catalogue). There is lots of discussion of time, and metaphysics. Systems and actions. Nature, even, and man's role within it. Caspar David Friedrich is mentioned. And there is much discussion of 1960s and '70s land, action and conceptual artists, such as Robert Smithson, Richard Long and Robert Morris.

But, it seems to me, looking now not just at the sculptures in this show, but also at the fourteen short films which are displayed downstairs in the exhibition, surely the great interest of Signer's work is in the contrast he represents to the more strait-laced conceptualists or land artists of that generation, and in the more bodily and organic quality of his work. Right from the beginning, it seems to me, Signer was interested in short-fuse systems which start with a cause and prompt a more or less swift physical, and usually collapsing or explosive effect.

Taking the early films, dating from between 1975 and 1989, collected together and shown downstairs in the 2006 work *Installation*, the first of these shows a long elastic strip stretching from a position near or behind the camera, forwards, to where it is tied around the trunk of a tree, covered in snow. Suddenly, the elastic band is snapped, or dropped. It ricochets towards the tree, which boings and quivers, and continues to shake for a short while until the reverberations from the snap eventually die down. In the process, the tree's shaking branches shake snow off, onto the ground.

In the sixth film along from the left, we see a car entering a tunnel. Its wheels pass over a small foot-pump. The pressure moves air along a length of tube until, a second or so later, the puff of air expelled from the end blows out a candle. This is comic! And economic. The model of sex here is, as I have suggested, Duchampian in its neat mechanics of expulsion, connection and systems. Furthermore it always, crucially, focuses on the moment of ejaculation. (Of course, the entry of the car into the tunnel in this short film is itself a long-standing filmic joke standing for sexual intercourse.)

Most irresistibly comic and compelling and, yes, sensual for me – perhaps because it is less explicitly ejaculatory – is the last film in the row. A simple wooden chair is standing on the bank of a river. The river flows by beneath it. Everything seems quiet. But then a log floats into view, being carried along, away from the camera, by the current of the river. We notice that the log is connected to the chair by a length of string. Once we see this, then we know the outcome is inevitable, but it's all the more enjoyable for that. The log floats past, carried by the river, and when it passes the chair, the string tugs the chair so it falls forwards and into the water. Then we see the chair, bobbing on the surface, carried away down the river. How does this film manage to be so sensual? I think it is something about the clumsiness – which almost becomes grace, because every movement in it is so natural, so inevitable. The current of the river, the forward movement of the log, the tug on the string, the fall. It's like falling in love. In retrospect it looks inevitable, necessary, 'meant to be'. And like the memory of falling in love, you can watch it play over and over again in your mind, and it never looks any less 'right'. The objects in Signer's films never resist the forces they are subject to. They passively accept them and the result is shown to have a gentle irresistibility – something like the gently irresistible quality of Signer's work itself.

But the other thing that strikes me about these films, and about the work generally, is the recurring imagery of collapsing columns. We see this in the ten short films in *Installation* – for example, in the second one from the left, showing the artist dismantling a column of buckets, each one filled with sand. As the artist lifts each bucket, its floor seems to give way and the sand it contains pours out, momentarily obliterating to vision the remaining, still-standing column, before the artist sets it down on the floor and begins again, with the next bucket. He works his way through, progressively dismantling the column. Or in the eighth film from the left, where a stack of small wooden tables is progressively and step-by-step destroyed by having one table after another, blast off from the column propelled by what looks like a firework. The film ends with the ruins of the tables lying about on the grass. Or the ninth film, in which, first of all, great big, red balloons are shown attached to pumps, being blown up, swelling to even greater fatness and redness. Then the balloons are shown tied to a table. Exhilaratingly, the table

begins to rise up, into the air. The table's wobbly, unsteady journey is briefly heart-lifting and euphoric – like the rising feeling of sexual excitement. But then a man with a gun is shown. One by one the balloons are explosively popped and the table is brought crashing to earth. Once again, rise and collapse are what is at stake.

The still-life assemblage *Sand Installation* (1987) in the side room downstairs continues this imagery of columns. A very graceful and exquisite assemblage, the sculpture forms a column of ordinary objects: a rucksack, an umbrella, and a bucket half-filled with sand. Part of the column, of course, is comprised of the distance, the empty air, between the umbrella and the bucket hanging from the ceiling – so, in part, this is an invisible, or imagined column, occupying both actual and phantasmatic space.

The sculpture forms the static image, like a photograph, of the result of an action. Like a photograph it has that quality of holding something that was once in motion, frozen, and of pointing backwards in time. It is easy for the viewer to reconstruct the event of which the assemblage is the remainder. Sand was poured slowly into the bucket, which, the viewer can see, has a hole in its bottom. The sand poured down, onto the spread surface of the umbrella, which was set in motion by the small electric motor to which it is still connected. The umbrella span, and spread the sand about it in a fine circle. We have, then, a column, and the release or ejaculation of a liquid-like substance; in this case, sand (which behaves as a liquid because it is a solid composed of numerous, small grains).ⁱ The figurative or imaginative *conversion* of wet liquid into granular, dry sand is I think typical of the several very delicate and precise conceptual conversions and inversions which this very complex and condensed sculpture performs.

I want to suggest that not only does the sculpture compose the spatial form of a column (doing this phantasmatically, I have suggested, with its portion which the viewer is asked imaginatively to complete, by 'filling in' the blank of the past stream of sand which connected up the parts), but, furthermore, it also delicately pulls this form inside-out, in front of our eyes. Because the hole in the bottom of the bucket – which, in a penis-like column, should appear at the top, facing upwards – here, has been inverted to face inwards and down. So the column inverts itself, in order, with the stream of sand, to complete itself. This movement reminds me of the old, Renaissance, Galenic anatomical description of the female genital organ, the vagina, as the penis, pulled inside out or drawn up, inverted, within the body. So, I think, Signer's *Sand Installation* (2007), provides a figuration of both these parts of the human body. A hermaphroditic column, if you like.

We can see Signer's interest in 'hermaphroditic objects' continued in his frequent use of the form of the kayak. For that object, too, condenses (in typical Surrealist fashion), male and female anatomical

references. *Kayak* (1987), for example, mirrors and complements *Sand Installation* in the current Fruitmarket installation by being placed just beside and in sight of it, in the next room, but horizontally oriented, lying along the floor, rather than rising into the air. Like *Sand Installation*, it is visibly the residue or remainder of a previous action. The two ends of the canoe have been shot off, with the force of an explosion. This, and the object's long, tubular form, are enough to suggest the phallic. But in the centre of the object is a triangular cavity, rimmed with softly gleaming black, unavoidably reminiscent of the female genitals, and visibly shaped for the fitting of the body into it. Perhaps the kayak became such a productive form for Signer because the object condenses, with such physical economy, such ambiguous sexual suggestions.

Thus for all that, as I've shown, so many of his works focus on ejaculation, at the same time, the endless un-doing of the phallic which Signer's collapsing columns and hermaphroditic objects perform enacts an un-doing of mastery and of secure creative authority which, I suggest, may be contrasted with the work of many other artists of his generation, whose actions performed in nature were so often on a far more outwardly 'heroic' scale. At stake here then appears to be a psychic dynamic which is more mobile and shifting than the static symbolism of the Freudian system. Signer's work introduces other psychoanalytic currents.

2. Film like Sand

Sand Installation (1981) makes these currents clear. It is a short, Super-8 film of a sculptural installation using sand, installed in the Kunsthalle at Friburg in 1981. The sculpture is perceptibly related to the 1987 work also called *Sand Installation*, shown at the Fruitmarket, as well as to other similar works including *Sand Column* of 1973.ⁱⁱ The complex, nested inter-relationship between works of sculpture and films, evident in the cluster of connected works around this model, is typical of Signer's production. The short film should be seen, like all the films that Signer has produced since 1975, when he began using Super-8, as producing an expansion of the sculptural object in the field of time.

The 1981 film is in colour and is two minutes, thirty-five seconds long. It shows sand heaped in a conical pile on the top floor of an empty house. Sand pours slowly away through a central hole drilled in the floor. Slowly, the cone inverts itself; the edges of the form nibbled away in front of our eyes and the tip of it flattening, becoming concave, as the shape empties itself out. What was once plentiful is eaten away into nothingness. On the floor of the next room down, sand pours from the hole in the ceiling to form a cone-shaped pile. The process repeats itself. There is a hole in the floor, through which sand pours through into the next room. A long stream of continuously flowing sand connects up these passing, unstable forms in flux.

The principle of dynamic or moving sculpture, which, as we have seen, Signer explores in various sculptural assemblages, and which I have linked to

Giacometti's *Suspended Ball*, and to Duchamp, in this work takes on another character: not so much comic or vulgar or mechanical, now, but instead more mysterious and transitional, with great capacity for intense sculptural affect. The piles of sand take on passing resemblances to both a breast and a penis. The long stream of continuously flowing sand at different moments looks like milk spurting (backwards) from a breast, or abjectly like faeces falling into a pile, or a stream of urine from a penis. The hollowing-out cone resembles an anus or a widening eye. The mind is unable to decide, there is a simultaneous erosion both of form and of mental categories.

The refusal of Signer's sand works to take on fixed form is like that of his sculpture in general – even his static object-assemblages are freighted with ghostly hovering images of what happened 'just before' to produce them, or what might happen 'at any moment' if one part were to fall or collapse or fail any longer to maintain its state of suspension. However, the shifting resemblances in this work to, variously, both a breast and a penis suggest the potential for a reading of this work in terms of the psychoanalytic concept of the 'part-object', and suggest the resonances of this work with that of artists such as Louise Bourgeois, or Eva Hesse, artists to whom Signer is not usually compared.ⁱⁱⁱ

Like Hesse's, Signer's work abounds in long cords or ropes, which, in Signer's case, are often explosive fuses, connecting, dangling, hanging loose like loose thread ready to un-make the work, or in so un-making form, indeed, make the work itself. In *Untitled* of 1976 (a work now lost, of which only a drawing survives), Signer designed a small machine like a 'drawing-machine', extending a line, which it slowly consumed.^{iv} A meandering line of rope extruding from a small box was slowly winched into the box by the mechanism of two rollers which hauled it in. The line straightened as it was dragged in. The spectacle may be imagined as a drawing which consumes itself, or a box eating its own entrails, in either case, presenting a staged disappearance with awful slowness. In either case, this is very Hesse-like.

His *Action with a Fuse*, of 1989, staged a similar work to *Untitled* at a larger scale. A long line of fuse was laid along the railway tracks, between the town of Appenzell, where Signer was born, and St Gallen, where Signer lives now. The fuse was set alight and over a period of 35 days slowly consumed itself, while Signer walked alongside. Critics have sometimes seen *Action with a Fuse* as a work of mourning, pointing out that it was made in the aftermath of the death of Signer's mother. In this light the function of the long line in the work may be seen as staging simultaneously the desire to be connected again to the body of the mother, in a kind of re-drawing of the umbilical cord, and cathartically enacting, in a drawn-out, prolonged explosion, the destruction of that connection. Thus *Action with a Fuse* may be seen as a work about surviving loss. Signer's mother has died, but the sculptor is enabled to survive the loss of her through his work of

drawing and consuming a connecting line.^v

Writing about Eva Hesse, Mignon Nixon has suggested that Hesse's acceptance of impermanence in her sculptural materials and her delicate excavations of a bodily register of sculptural form, opening sculpture to unfixity and collapse, introduce the dynamics of introjection, projection and splitting to the register of sculptural feeling. These operations put Hesse's sculptural production in the service of a melancholic drive, Nixon suggests, that turns the consuming, destructive death drive against itself, and produces a 'work of mourning ... that permits being alive.'^{vi}

Like Nixon's description of Hesse's work, Signer's could be seen as 'confront(ing) the viewer with a loss that is, as it were, always already in process.'^{vii} And yet, above all, this is 'a work of mourning that permits being alive.' *Survival* is the key logic of the part-object, as described by Nixon: a discovered way of coping with the destructive aggression of the drives which enables ongoing work. And survival seems to be the point, too, of so many of Signer's works – survival not just of the artist, or the objects, despite explosions or falling or near-drowning, but the survival of the affect of the work, through the endless repetition of the film loops, and through the repetition of the experiments which Signer tirelessly performs. Above all, Signer's work stages the survival of sculpture itself, through the processes exactly and repeatedly enacted of its disastrous destruction.

The question of what flow or un-fixity does to the body of sculpture is posed most acutely in those works by Signer which combine sand with film. In these works, I propose we may see Signer's use of sand – a material he uses to un-fix the sculptural object and to open it to forces of un-doing – as the key to his use of film, a model for Signer's cinema. In Signer's sand works, sculptural form is released from space to 'pour through time', as Mignon Nixon has written of the work of Eva Hesse.^{viii} This use of sand proposes itself to the viewer as a model for Signer's characteristic transposition of sculpture from the plane of spatially formed material to the chronologically shaped, fluent body of film. The film, *Sand Installation*, provides an extraordinary performance of sculpture un-doing, and reversing itself: from cone, to funnel, to cone, and back again. In the process, the sculpture itself takes on filmic properties. The separate rooms look like film frames. The motion of the sand resembles a short portion of film run forwards and then backwards.

Signer has spoken of his interest in experimenting with running film backwards and forwards, though to date he has not used the effect in any finished works. 'I've had it in mind at times, but so far I haven't used it. ... When you explode a box, smoke is produced, but if you play the film backwards, the smoke shrinks back, concentrates itself near the box, and vanishes into it. The effect is interesting, but it is also disturbing. If you saw the sand in an hourglass run backwards, against gravity, that would be uncanny.'^{ix}

Signer's reference here to sand in an hourglass

running backwards of course is strongly reminiscent of the effect of the film of *Sand Installation*.^x However, the effect I have been interested in isolating and pursuing in this work here, I think does not belong to the register of the uncanny so much as it recalls the idea of the part-object. Although he has never yet used and does not in the future plan to use backwards-running film, Signer says, nevertheless, 'it might be possible to make a film that would "breathe". That would be an interesting experiment.'^{xi} The corporeality of this suggestion, I think, finds its material embodiment in the film *Sand Installation* of 1981, whose forms do and undo the sculptural object with the regular rhythm of a body's respiration patterns.

If the logic of the part object, a 'trend towards the representation of a body-in-pieces' runs, as Annette Michelson has suggested, 'like an insistent thread' through art of the 1950s and '60s, in Signer's use of film we see that insistent representation of body-parts dissolved in the fluid medium of film.^{xii} Signer's use of film is modelled, I have suggested, on the capacity of sand to take on the fixity of a solid, sculptural form, but at the same time to behave as a liquid in dissolving solid form and registering in imprinted celluloid the passing states of process. Film, like sand, becomes a material able to register and record the dissolve of form, the change of things, the switch of material from one condition into another, and injects this mutability into sculptural form itself. Film becomes an elastic, connecting material, joining and holding passing sculptural forms in relation to one another, registering their passage from one state to another, bearing their imprint like footprints in sand. Film thus becomes a *medium* for sculpture, at this crucial point in the mid-1970s, after sculpture has already been transformed into a vocabulary of the part-object and the body-part, a medium which permits the logic of the drives to drift and disperse within the new, fluid sculpture.

i This sculpture relates to a later project for a public sculpture, *Water Object* (1992), the plan for which was entered in a competition organized by the Gas and Water Authorities in Kreuzlingen, but which was never carried out. Here the material involved was water rather than sand. 'A metal bucket hangs on a wire cable stretched between the Migros Bank building and the Roter Ochsen restaurant. ... From a hole in the bottom of the bucket, the water falls onto a round table three meters below. The table rotates, driven by an electric motor in the ground. The water from

the table falls to the ground in a circular pattern and flows freely over the asphalt to a drainage shaft to be provided.' Roman Signer's own description of the sculpture, published in Elisabeth Keller-Schweizer, *Roman Signer: Open Space Projects Accepted But Not Carried Out*, trans. Andrew Bluhm (St Gall: Typotraon AG, 1994), p. 32.

ii *Sand Column* (1973) is called the 'model' for Signer's *Sand Installation* of 1987 by Gerhard Mack, who provides the following description of the work: 'a sheet-iron stand comprising a tub with four trays welded under it, all the same distance apart. In the middle of the tub and the trays he made small apertures, sealed with adhesive tape. First he filled the tub with sand and allowed it to trickle out of the tub through one of the apertures onto the surface below. A funnel shape formed in the container, while the sand underneath heaped into a cone. The exercise was repeated three times.' Gerhard Mack, 'Modulations of Time and Space: The Work of Roman Signer', in Mack, Paula van der Bosch, Jeremy Millar, *Roman Signer* (London: Phaidon, 2006), p. 55.

iii The psychoanalytic concept of the 'part-object' (for which the breast, Klein says, is the 'prototype') derives from the work of Melanie Klein, see for example her essay, 'A Contribution to the Psychogenesis of Manic-Depressive States' (1935), in Juliet Mitchell ed., *The Selected Melanie Klein* (New York: Macmillan, 1987), pp. 116-145. For exploration of Kleinian psychoanalysis and the idea of the part-object in relation to works of art, see Mignon Nixon, '*Ringaround Arosie*: 2 in 1', in Nixon ed., *Eva Hesse*, (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 2002), and Rosalind Krauss, 'Louise Bourgeois: Portrait of the Artist as *Fille*', in Krauss, *Bachelors* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1999).

iv This work is described by Signer in Rachel Withers, *Roman Signer* (Cologne: DuMont Buchverlag and Friedrich Christian Flick Collection, 2007), p. 65, where the artist calls it 'a kind of time-machine.'

v Since making this work, in 1989, Signer says he has not made any films and he identifies this year as the date of his switch to video. He says this in an interview in 2007 with Rachel Withers, however he almost immediately contradicts himself: 'In fact I carried on making Super-8 films till the early 1990s. But I haven't shown any of the films made after 1989 yet.' Rachel Withers, *Roman Signer*, p. 56.

vi Nixon, '*Ringaround Arosie*', p. 213.

vii Nixon, '*Ringaround Arosie*', p. 212.

viii Nixon, '*Ringaround Arosie*', p. 213.

ix Withers, *Roman Signer*, p. 63.

x The form of the hourglass itself interests Signer – see his *Two Rockets* or *House with Rocket* of 1981, itself, Signer says, related to *Cone* of 1987, which consists of a plexiglass box containing a pyramid of poured sand, with two cords attached at the top forming an inverted pyramid. See Withers, *Roman Signer*, pp. 72-3.

xi Withers, *Roman Signer*, p. 63.

xii Annette Michelson, 'Where Is Your Rupture? Mass Culture and the *Gesamtkunstwerk*', *October*, vol. 56 (Spring, 1991), p. 48.

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