

Residual Property Portfolio gallery, Edinburgh (2000). Ozhang Seven Worcester Terrace, Bath (2003) and gallery, London (2004), Fiona Crisp, Mary Maclean, group shows including No particular place to go Apt east 73rd gallery, London ( 2002). She has participated in Platform, Jerwood Space, London (2003) and Still Moves Exposed, Belfast (2004), Mary Maclean Jerwood Artist's Space, Brighton (2006), Somewhere...fast Belfast Solo shows include Almost Nothing Neutral

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California State University Stanislas' Gallery in October 2006. part of an exhibition Inspiration to Order first shown at This written reflection by Mary Maclean forms

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investigate, document and publish both their processes and the project is to work with artists, setting up ways to rnrougn their making processes. One of the central aims of possible to chart the evolution of an artist's creative thought betterns of thinking and making and ask whether it is The initial stages of this project have attempted to map but lie in the relationships between these aspects of making. burely conceptual or only to do with material and technique number of decisions whilst making their work that aren't seeks to address the fact that most visual artists make a relationship between their thinking and making. The term visnej artists think and make and, most importantly, the to this research project it is being used to investigate the way important term in the field of visual art and theory. In relation at Lancaster University. Visual intelligence is a traught but the Lancaster Institute for the Contemporary Arts: Art section The Visual Intelligences Research Project is an initiative within

The Visual Intelligences Research Project



'We... are animated by a constant fragile calculus of remembering and forgetting, a constant tug and pull between memory and oblivion, each an inverted trace of the James E. Young

Eccentric Spaces is on at Frith Street gallery. I make a connection between the 'eccentric' of the title and e slant the term is given in an essay Chris Horrocks wrot for I'm Wary at Five Years gallery, linking it to an unstable precarious, away-from-the-centre mode of viewing My mind wasn't really on exhibitions. There was no focus beforehand on what I was going to see. When I enter the gallery space a film is running, its images engulfed by the soundtrack. It projects in an indeterminate bluish hue A figure flees through the enclosed spaces, its movement the result of startling agility. Images of baroque fountained opulence flood the narrative, offering a space of uncertain fantasy. The film's architecture is experienced uneasily – it is neither completely the fictions of a scaled down model nor the realities of an existing space. The projection unfolds in a rhapsody of scenes that are furtive, archetypical, unreal urgent. I'm reminded of relationships to other places which are not experienced: a postcard I have in a drawer - Potsdam. Schloss Sanssouci, Musikzimmer shows a view of an interior I have never visited, the narratives attaching to its existence expanding endlessly. Downstairs in the gallery a strange alliance of improbable romance and familiar mundanity takes place. The film shows in a succession of lingering moments a sequence of follies and grottoes. The camera is static and matter of fact. These obdurate pieces of architecture are tied to the present moment through the incident of ongoing sound and movement captured in the film. The follies might have been built with reference to the artifice of ruin: in the contemporary world they become that very thing. More than engaging with the erosions of the past, they seem to point to a fascination with the incomplete, the vet-to-transpire.

1.6 pd suonomain ans Jorge Luis Borges Labyrinths Penguin Modern Classics, 1971, Funes

SLAS Cirrus clouds about 1822, Study of clouds dated Sepr. 5 1822 London January 2005.

John Constable 1776-1837. Visit to the Victoria & Albert Museum, Murder in Byzantium. French Institute March 2006.

and Professor Stephen Frosh, on the occasion of the publication of Julia Kristeva The Theorist, the Novelist with Professor Marian Hobson

Teel inter Sancti Petri 1997

OOOS ysM 2DA Lost Horizons, a project by Melanie Jackson, Camberwell College of

VT pq 9996 1996 Exactitude pg 77 txeM ant not someM xi2 ni betoup **llsntsnnsmtoH nov oguH** 

Marc Augé Oblivion University of Minnesota Press, 2004, pg 81

projector and Unicol telescopic tilting stand, Dimensions variable, 2002 Ceal Floyer Autofocus Light projection with Leica Pradovit P-150

Olivier Wanier. Tony Matelli, Jonathan Monks, Hiroshi Sugimoto, curated by Marcexhibition including François Curlet, Philippe Decrauzat, Ceal Floyer, Five Billion Years Swiss Institute, New York, April 2004. group

Exactitude pg 77

Italo Calvino Six Memos for the Next Millennium Vintage, 1996

National Portrait Gallery London, June 1997 , iswobeds benieldxenu on ere ered thereoforodd ni' rebned staugus!

Ethics, Violence, and the Problem of Time.. Labarynth of Literature; Some Major Work; Nazis; Detective Stories; of Mississipi, 1998. Interview with Richard Burgin 1967 The Living Jorge Luis Borges Conversations editor Richard Burgin University Press

Volker Eichelmann Folllies and Grottoes, 2004 Ongoing project

minutes starring: Camilla Salvatorelli directed by: Kenneth Anger Kenneth Anger Eaux d'Artifice, 1953 Italy / USA, running time: 12

Thomas Schutte, Bridget Smith. April 2005 Kenneth Anger, Edwina Ashton, Volker Eichelmann, John Riddy, Eccentric Spaces Frith Street Gallery, London. Group exhibition

Five Years Gallery, London September 2001. I'm Wary a collaboration between Mary Maclean and Sally Morfill at Christopher Horrocks Anamorphosis Now, unpublished essay on

Vinnesota Press 2004 James E.Young in a forward to Oblivion by Marc Augé, University of

Notes/bibliography (in order of reference)

I'm in the library. There's the usual flat winter light coming in from the window and some library users more or less absorbed at the desks. The space is on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor so the scene outside is sliced off, the top of trees, the top of buildings, a partial segment of a network of roads. The space outside seems infinite, the space inside sticks to itself.

Next time I visit I bring a 35mm camera and use about half a film. Later I make a planned visit with a medium format camera and tripod. So much of the sense of the finished work spins out from this first moment with the camera. I'm aware of the imperative to make optimum use of the time. Each decision attaching to the how of photography seems crucial. I tend to use more film than I need to in an effort to ensure that I achieve the presence of the initial concept. I make choices which go against what I want, that seem unlikely, just to split open the chance of locating what I think is there. I'm conscious of the variations in the light. These subtleties affect what I've considered I may be able to achieve, the sense of re-imagining that first slate grey encounter with the space.

'You know, that was the first story I wrote. But it's not wholly a story...it's a kind of essay, and then I think that in that story you get a feeling of tiredness and scepticism, no? Because you think of Menard as coming at the end of a very long literary period, and he comes at the moment when h finds he doesn't want to encumber the world with any more books. And that, although his fate is to be a literary man, he's not out for fame. He's writing for himself and he decides to do something very, very unobtrusive, he'll rewrite a book that is already there, and very much there, Don Quixote. And then, of course, that story has the idea...that every time a book is read or reread, then something happens to the Jorge Luis Borges

Some years ago I visited an exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery which was a collection of August Sander's photographs. I retain a dutiful recollection of Sander's highly skilled vision but also a more explicit memory of a photograph of two women, the arms resting beside the stomach, the way the fabric of the dress hung across this stomach, the solidity of the stance which seemed to offer an exact correspondence to unvisited memories of various relations in Germany from my mother's side. I couldn't reconcile the detachment of Sander's approaches with the power of this one image to elicit such a sensate, unbidden response.

Within the unpeopled architectural space that I photograph, the nature of the space is highlighted. encouraging a focus on the qualities adhering to its structure. The chosen spaces are anonymous, off to the side, unremarkable. But they act as powerful witnesses to a mode of existence and carry the traces of that existence

a wider space that is recognized as culturally systematized. it resists devotion to this specificity, opening up the image to meshed into the particularities of that site. At the same time and escape. The work ties itself to a single place, a library, exist in relation to another, more abstracted space of reverie of the interior space unhinge themselves: they are made to 'subject' becomes hard to track. The distinguishing features perplexing evenness in priority so that the location of the a ti giving , elements, giving it a include in the frame of If ...Then...Else... I want the work to I make some last decisions about what I will

with the potential to signify. facelessness a screen that fascinates, inversely shot through faceless, withdrawn, absent, offering through this I am curious about the qualities of emptiness -

' қы элоли в Бэтіпрэт Был я whole day; he never hesitated, but each reconstruction all his half-dreams. Two or three times he had reconstructed hermal sensations, etc. He could reconstruct all his dreams, each visual image was linked to muscular sensations; Quebracho uprising. These memories were not simple ones; oam raised by an oar in the Rio Negro the night before the эц то гэніше на діти рие элю пээг уіно рец эц Дигриід ni Nood s no sheərtə bəlttom əht http://www.nom.en.sh.ni clouds at dawn on 30 April 1882, and could compare them grapevine. He knew by heart the forms of the southern e qu estentituit bine serves and tendrils and fruit that make up 'We, at one glance, can perceive three glasses on a table;

Borges' Funes the Memorious: I am reminded of an hallucinatory moment in

"... We are always searching for something hidden or merely potential or hypothetical, following its traces wherever they appear on the surface...The word connects the visible trace with the invisible thing, the absent thing, the thing that is desired or feared, like a frail emergency bridge flung over an abyss.

Near the end of a study trip to New York a friend recommends a visit to the Swiss Institute where Five Billion Years is showing. A slide projector runs in the gallery space, throwing a light square onto the wall. Within the mechanism is a gathering of dust, projecting a just discernable opacity on the wall. The projection alternates between sharpness and blur as the lens works to establish focal distance, the ongoing rhythm tracks a movement of inflation and deflation, paralleling the act of breathing.

Sometimes a suspicion is in my mind that to photograph a space is not to interpret, make new or disturb but simply to avail yourself of a copying device which links itself uncritically to the perception of reality.

I decide to introduce the device of drawing into the photographic space. The act of cutting into the surface of the photograph seems exciting, momentarily transgressive, breaking its apparently unbreakable connection to reality. The pared down language of an intricate arrangement of lines allows me to impose a mesh of fantasy across the cool, untouchable surface. I work with a selection of ready made vistas, mountain backdrops, lakeside scenes taken from slides of anonymous holiday scenes that I collected. I trace elements of these back onto the photographs. The two languages remain irreconcilable. These efforts do not resolve themselves into completed pieces of work. But they allow me to move towards a new position of thought.

A complex relation to the functions of time seems possible within the individual photograph. Instead of a succession of filmed fractions of a second as experienced in film, the photograph makes only an abrupt, single insertion into the world vet succeeds in filling that insertion with a mass of unstated relations to time. The single frame seems to imply events prior to and succeeding the moment of the image, working uncannily on an inconclusiveness that we might experience in the perception of time.

sense the encounter for the viewer with the image is slowed. the silver gelatin captures an unexpected depth and in this worked into the sensuousness of the surface. The medium of an image that is not quite pinned down. The uncertainty is perfection of the photographic finish, creating the sense of rregularities and the drag of the brush slightly disturb the image bearing the autography of its making. Small work not normally associated with the photographic; each to exist inside the metal. There is a specific tactility to the surface, so that the image has an embedded quality, seeming aluminium sheet, brushing layers of silver gelatin onto the membrane of the photographic surface. I prepare an physicality to the work that runs counter to the habitual thin The photographs are large scale. There is a

not want to linger. everyday life. They are places in which the individual might spaces are available and encountered countless times in individual and the physicality of the surrounding space. These absorbed so that a mutuality transpires between the want to emphasise; the space into which the visitor is encountering a space, it is the physically contained entity I In choosing an interior viewpoint when

sky, had scenes of activity, suggestions of landscape. totally clouds, the others, although the main point was the large group. But there were only two images which were eventually found the paintings and they did form quite a but they didn't match up to the images or the descriptions. I

reference numbers at the back in the category 'cloud studies' similar versions of each other, and saw a whole lot of was too late today. I leafed through the catalogues, extremely pack another day and ask to have works brought out as it said I was very welcome to look at them and I could come the catalogues did turn up and she brought them over and her second day at work since everything had moved there, After apologising for not being able to find it as it was only catalogue of all the works by Constable held by the V&A? - about ten of them, she said. Would I like to look at the knew the studies I was referring to and they were on floor 2 and the woman over there will be able to help you. Yes, she I entered another environment. Sign your name and address they would be able to help me. Through a heavy glass door, that I should go to the Prints and Drawing Study area and wing but she really wasn't sure where they were now and long explanation of how they used to hang in the Henry Cole I didn't see them. I asked one of the guards who gave me a floors with British art and I wandered through both sections. stumble across them with the help of a map. There were two ask anybody where these paintings were - I just wanted to When I first got in the building I didn't want to

but fied to a description of semi-translucent ephemera. an assertive completion about them, very physically present, weighty, showing the speed and drag of the paint. They had studies were so empty, seemingly void of a subject, yet were one of the galleries at the Victoria & Albert museum. These emptiness. As a student I saw Constable's cloud studies in I decide to revisit the paradox of density and

and hindsight.

reception process, unable to distinguish between precedent intonation so that I find myself wrapped in a curious questions, structuring the reply with the same vocal circles the same points, offering responses to the same



We are all sensitive to the splendours of beginnings, to the rare quality of those moments when the present is freed from the past without as yet letting anything shine through of the future that sets it into motion. Beyond their sadness and desolation, what is fascinating about the shapeless scenery of the most developed urban life (airports, parking lots, each other without stopping) is their unconscious resemblance to the almost abstract, barely outlined spaces of courtly romances....If one day we should lose this dark desire for encounter and renewal that moves us now and then, would we not be dead without realizing it, before our time, thereby taking away from death the poetic power that is attached to everything we can "see coming" from afar?"

After I've processed the negatives I start to imagine how I can achieve a deadpan quality to the image. There should be an absence of weight, each element level with itself. When I look at the negatives, I'm surprised at the way the light has emphasised and de emphasised certain details. One frame includes some institutional furniture that seems to make the image too heavy. The position of the camera in another gives a dramatic perspective to the edge of the table so this has to go too. I set the camera at close range, focusing on elements that seemed peripheral to the purpose of the space, part of a table, a section of thickly painted wall, the view from the window. This selection, which looks at a small part only of the overall space, is intended to propose to the viewer a recognition of further moments and spaces, tracked through a sensory response to the image. The metallic hue gives a dull reflectivity, implicating the viewer back into the space of the image.

'Depth is hidden. Where? On the surface. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal

I decide to attend a symposium, Lost Horizons at Camberwell College of Art. The symposium is an element of a project circling the questions of cultural eclecticism, global structures and the representations of geographical site. As part of the proceedings Juan Cruz is introduced. As he is about to move to the front, there is a fumbled exchange will he describe his contribution? Shaking his head, he is already in the mode of performing his work. Over a sequence of 80 slides which show a Spanish town's buildings, roads and adjacent views, the artist delivers an inventory of the town's physical layout, almost in the language of a surveyor's report with occasional hints at the urban site's historical links to industry. It is voiced in a series of abrupt cuts across English and Spanish, each language segment isolated in selfcontainment but lodged in a continuity through the flat line of the artist's voice. This flatness, forming an archive of reduced statements transmitted through a web of aural and visual threads, seems to imbue the work inversely with a far greater resonance than stated on its surface.

Julia Kristeva is in a discussion on her new work of fiction at the French Institute. The conversation suggests it will have as its focus the divergence and convergence of the paths of theoretical writing and writing which forms itself around the structures of the novel. In part it is a defence of the attractions of writing through the device of fiction, working through a sensorial language that becomes possible in the novel. This intimate endeavour is new; she discusses risk as the creative act's precise word. She describes the form of the novel is 'a narrative of metaphysical inquiry.' This seems to centre fiction back amongst the greatest critical undertakings. I am fascinated by this discussion of the intertwined positions of the essay and the novel. The oscillation across fact, flight and fantasy seems to be the very point to which we continually return. Driving home I hear an interview with her on Radio 3's Night Waves. Elliptically she

Considering If...Then...Else..

\_\_\_Mary Maclean