

AGENCY
ART LIFE AND SOCIETY



WELCOME TO THE LANDSCAPE OF BEING *e-book2*

THE LANDSCAPE OF BEING

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INTRODUCTION

The Landscape of Being is about our state of being in this still beautiful, globalised post-modern, crisis-ridden world.

This book starts where our first e-book *On the Contemporary* ended, with a call for humanitarian values, and for individuals and societies to embrace a common humanity and the preciousness of human life.

Its beating heart comes from the Occupy Movement, Contemporary African art, Buddhism and the work of Joseph Beuys.

The struggle for our humanity, even for the capacity to be and remain human, seems ongoing and so, into an increasingly virtual and consumerised world, I send this book out as flame, wound and reality.

Graham Martin. 2012

Previous image: Lucy Azubuike (Nigeria/USA) Feels Great (2006) The Menstrual series - "Deep down I bleed / My blood says what my mouth could not utter."
Cover image & image right: Angela Tyler-Rockstroh (USA) Occupy Wall St (2011)



JELILI ATIKU (NIGERIA) NIGERIAN FETISH 2011





The Revolution Is Love
Interview with Charles Eisenstein
author of 'Sacred Economics'
<http://vimeo.com/32156441>



*Love and Shadow in
the Occupy Movement*
Interview with activist Michael Stone
<http://vimeo.com/31762267>

Click on links for videos. Both videos directed by Ian Mackenzie

ROBERT C KOEHLER (USA)

POWER WITH, POWER OVER

CHANGING THE WORLD WITH PEACE CIRCLES

I don't know if words can transform the world - I know they can't bring back a murdered child - but I have a few of them to scatter on the grave of a Chicago boy whose brutal slaying three years ago briefly riveted the nation's attention. Power with, not power over.

I would ask that we sit with these words for a moment - in the name of Derrion Albert, a teen whose life was cut short by violence - until we feel a click of understanding, until profound possibility slides into place. We can make this a different sort of world, and the simplest, perhaps the only way to begin is by altering our relationship with power, and with each other.

I spent the weekend after Derrion died sitting in a peace circle, opening myself up, laughing till the tears streamed, looking into the eyes and bared souls of 14 other people. The idea was to talk about violence in Chicago and around the world, but far more importantly the idea was to build trust and develop an honest communication with one another as we sat together - in all our wariness, egoism and self-doubt - in a sort of vibrant equality.

The first premise of a circle like this is that everyone's presence is vital - the ones with whom I disagree, the ones I don't quite trust... even my own. Making a

concept like this real is not easy, but what we begin to generate when we do so, when we listen with deep respect, when we speak our riskiest truths, when we discover our common humanity, is a collective energy that cannot help but change the world. It's called, for lack of a better word, love, and it's a force older than violence.

And this is what the term "power with" means: finding the leverage to meet my needs and accomplish my goals in partnership with others, not by dominating or outsmarting them or by beating them to the pot of gold. Cultivating the discipline to do this does not mean, as so many people fear, a subordination or loss of self, but precisely the opposite: the fulfilment of self beyond the wildest dreams we might spawn in our isolation. Nor does it mean the sudden disappearance of conflict - or, eerily, its pseudo-disappearance, its burial under New Age platitudes: Can't we all just get along? On the contrary, conflict is welcomed. As Mary Parker Follett writes in her essay 'Constructive Conflict', "The friction between the driving wheel of the locomotive and the track is necessary to haul the train. All polishing is done by friction. The music of the violin we get by friction. We left the savage state when we discovered fire by friction."

A core premise of the growing movement known, variously, as restorative justice, transformative justice or restorative practices, is that conflict is opportunity.

This is where we have our greatest chance to grow: at the friction points, as our emotions are heating up. We just have to face the situation with openness, calm and courage. Once again, this is no easy task. But the more we work at this, the more we realize the value of doing so, and the less inclined we become simply to swat our difficulties, and the people we blame them on, out of the way. This is not major policy change, heralding a new national direction, but just the opposite, an almost infinitesimal shift in psycho-social consciousness that suddenly transforms the way someone sees the world. It gives the world depth. It's how we start making the world, once again, sacred. A "power over" or domination mentality is an existential cul-de-sac. A "power with" or partnership-interdependence mentality is nothing new, but unexplored in our present circumstances and definitely not our default setting at either the institutional or personal level.

Making the shift to a profound "power with" mind-set is the beginning of peace: a peace that isn't mere passivity or the coerced restraint of our natural impulses, but a way of being in - being with - the world that is powerful beyond our wildest dreams.

All of which leads me to the world to which I returned after my peace circle weekend, the one in which two mobs of angry boys converged after school one afternoon in the fall of 2009 and went at each other with

two-by-fours and splintered railroad ties. Derrion Albert, age 16, an honors student, was simply waiting at the bus stop. He got swallowed up in the melee and was beaten to death. His murder was still so fresh and raw, we couldn't help but hold the tragedy in our hearts over the weekend as we talked about crime, punishment and the criminal justice system.

In our techno-saturated society, we have the casual capacity to capture any unfolding event on film - including an act of shocking violence - and send images of the live action around the globe just by whipping out a cell phone. What we lack, it would seem, is the capacity to do anything about the violence itself. We remain trapped within a context of thought that reduces our interaction with the world, and ourselves, to winning or losing, domination or defeat. The public - or perhaps what I mean is the official - imagination, reflected in and defined by our media, seem to be limited to zero tolerance, metal detectors and surveillance cameras. That's the best we can do - 'show them who's boss' and it accomplishes nothing except to make matters worse.

"The fundamental premise of restorative practices is that people are happier, more cooperative and productive, and more likely to make positive changes when those in authority do things with them, rather than to them or for them," Ted Wachtel and Paul McCold explain in a

paper called 'From Restorative Justice to Restorative Practices: Expanding the Paradigm,' at the International Institute for Restorative Practices website.

"The social science of restorative practices is an emerging field of study that enables people to restore and build community in an increasingly disconnected world." And one place this is starting to happen is where it's needed the most - for instance, at Chicago's Fenger High School, the school that Derrion Albert attended at the time of his death.

Robert Spicer is the "culture and calm coordinator" at Fenger. This is not a hollow title. Spicer, a long-time teacher in Chicago schools and former staffer at the Chicago Justice for Youth Institute, is trained - and a passionate believer - in restorative justice, which is to say, justice that heals and transforms rather than punishes. It's the opposite of 'zero tolerance,' the name for the wave of get-tough authoritarianism that first took on and aggravated the country's drug problem, then, post-Columbine, took aim, futilely, at youth violence and alienation.

Restore and build community. Isn't that what we've forgotten, or maybe never quite learned, how to do? This isn't simple - certainly it's not a simplistic process. "There are stresses in a community," Spicer said to me as we talked one morning at Fenger. "Restorative

Justice holds that space. Volatile anger - all that stuff."

He's talking about the peace circle process - a remarkably durable social container in which people with serious animosity toward one another can sit together calmly, maintain eye contact, speak their truth, listen and be heard. This doesn't happen quickly, but through a slow process of establishing trust. Usually a talking piece is used. You speak only when you are holding the talking piece; when you're not, you listen.

"In the first few days after I got here, I did a peace circle" in response to a staff conflict. "I came with my rock and my rug. This is the new technology we're bringing into the school system - not a widget, not something up on a computer screen."

The rock was the talking piece. The rug is placed in the centre of the circle, creating a centre that begins, symbolically, to hold it together. The participants sit in that state of vibrant, crucial equality. The circle keeper gently maintains the structure but otherwise participates simply as a person, same as everyone else no matter his or her rank or position outside the circle. At Fenger, circles have included not just students but teachers, staff and even police officers - who, I was told at a peace rally at Fenger I attended there, spoke freely, honestly, and felt safe enough to apologize for their own mistakes, sometimes in tears. This is a powerful process.

At that same rally, a senior girl named Diamond talked about how a year earlier she had been arrested on the first day of school because she brought a knife. Spicer told the police officer he would not allow her to be led from the school in handcuffs. He would not allow her to be permanently marked by the incident as a bad person. She went on to become a peace leader at the school. “Through the Restorative Justice process,” Spicer said, “the energy (of a community) can be diverted in a positive direction. Conflict transformation is the key... You’ll never find me running away from conflict.”

Derrion’s murder happened a few weeks after Spicer started working at Fengler - an eruption of the old forces. Since then, through the introduction of restorative practices such as peer juries, in which student volunteers hear cases of harm-causing student behaviour and recommend solutions; and a shift from detention and suspension for students who get into trouble to mandatory ‘personal development’ training (how to ask for help, how to apologize, how to listen and other fundamental life skills), the Fengler climate has turned around.

Here’s the thing, though. Derrion’s murder is just another symptom of a city, a nation and a world at perpetual war with itself. It’s merely one in a series of tragedies that we are numb to or never hear about or, because it happens overseas and at our hands (and we call it war),

we wholeheartedly support. Even worse, it’s part of pop culture. Violence is our national distraction; we consume it as entertainment, whether in the movies or in the news. And when it gets out of hand, we try to counter it with more of the same. We call it revenge, we call it punishment or we just call it victory. We support it with trillions of dollars annually, in our military, small-arms, prison and entertainment budgets. We are ever so careful not to see the larger context in which acts of terrorism or school shootings (290 in Chicago in 2010, 34 of them fatal) or any other act of violence occurs; we think we can distinguish between good violence and bad; and we condemn only the violence that isn’t institutionally sanctioned.

So in the name of one more precious child whose life was senselessly cut short, let us sit with the distinction between “power with” and “power over” and quietly imagine what life would be like if the latter were not our default setting. Let us imagine valuing empathy over victory and teaching our children the skills of complex connecting. Let us imagine the coming of the light.





One of a series documenting ex-prisoners doing physical training together as prep for lives of crime & violence - the justification for which is justice

LAURA NELSON (UK) POD (VIDEO STILL) 2011



A series of works
in which pixelation is
conceived as a disease
of the image caused
by lack of reality





NICHOLAS GALANIN (ALASKA)

THINGS ARE LOOKING NATIVE,
NATIVE'S LOOKING WHITER 2012



ANKUR BETAGERI (INDIA) ON FACEBOOK

Facebook replaces dreams with narcissism, a human being with an image, conversations with confessions, absorption with distraction, explosion with implosion... it is impossible to exist authentically on facebook as it is devised to accommodate consciousness only as a free-floating debris. Facebook as a network can only be one of the attributes of a community, it can't be a community. The online world is unreal, it eats into the last vestiges of reality in our existence and makes us more unreal.

It is time to run as far as possible from every form of technology which impoverishes our lives of reality - TV, internet, radio, social media, all of this. A person who lives in a garden - whether of plants or of people - smells like a fruit and feels like a flower. A person who lives in the internet, in the optical fibres of social media, is like a desert - they smell and feel like a vacuum, like emptiness.

Let us not continue to pretend that the internet is not depriving us of the very stuff of existence, that it is making us forgetful of the very type of existence that we once experienced... where fulfilment was not limited, where joy was not a millisecond phenomenon.

It is time to bury our head in the grass and feel the density, corporeality and the unboundedness of existence once again. Enough of postmodern posturing,

let us return to the joys of deep embraces, sleeps and languorous kisses, let us also experience the pain and poignancy of burning absences, of strange haunted evenings, of watching 'the sad music of humanity'. Let us not allow Facebook, television, cinema or advertising machinery to kill life, to destroy our ability to form and retain memories, annihilate our life-nurturing quality of living in, becoming, and telling stories.

The great philosophical slogan of the twentieth century was "God is dead." The slogan for our own century seems to be "Happiness is dead" and every form of technology, including Facebook, seems to be celebrating the death of this happiness. Technology, which has become a means of dispersal of information and images, has created a sensory overload of such enormous proportion that not only are we incapable of being receptive to it, we are, in fact, being crushed by it.

The great advantage of the internet was that it gave us agency, to be active participants instead of passive consumers, but the question still is - how active can we really be in front of a computer? Is Facebooking the best way to expend our time? How is it different from, say, gardening, or painting, or some such activity in which we can get totally absorbed? Absorption in activity is a very important factor; in fact, Heidegger defines existence itself as the ability of an organism to get absorbed in an activity. Does Facebook have the ability to keep us

totally absorbed? What is the kind of existence that we have while we read, comment and like stuff on Facebook? Asking these kinds of questions will help us decide how much time we should devote to activities which deprive us of our very existence.

In Truffaut's *400 Blows*, in what I think is one of western cinema's most moving scenes, the teenager Antoine, rejected by his own parents, tormented at school, and criminalized by the society, finally manages to escape from the juvenile delinquents home (the whole of civilization appears to him like a prison house) to which his parents have sent him, and runs and runs and runs until he finds the sea. I think each one of us needs to do this running - to find the sea. That which we call life, and go on living, has none of its grandeur, richness, depth or significance until we get a glimpse of Eternity. Neither our lives nor our deaths will count any more than the lives and deaths of pigs if we do not go in search of the Ultimate, the Eternal. To consider everything 'in the aspect of eternity' is the only way to raise the standard of life. No matter how much you eat, drink, shop and splurge in the mo****f***ing restaurants, bars, discos and malls of this world - none of them can make your life truly beautiful or meaningful.

Even in this age of unbridled materialism and commerce - and especially in this - there is only one way to find beauty: to run after the unknown, to seek the limitless and to attain it in the most incredible way.





FABIAN MARCACCIO
(ARGENTINA/USA)
BREAKING NEWS 2011

Collection:
Piere Raymond
Courtesy: Thomas
Schulte Gallery, Berlin



"Occupy your heart ... the soul of the world yearns for your companionship" - Phil Rockstroh

PHIL ROCKSTROH (USA) IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER

*Requiem and Renewal in the Shadow of Wall St,
in the Light of a Georgia Spring.*

On May 1, after a day of May Day activities on the streets and avenues of Manhattan, my wife and I and other OWS celebrants marched into Zuccotti Park to jubilant exhortations of “welcome home” from a throng of fellow occupiers. The next day, we boarded a southbound Amtrak train to join family gathered at my dying father’s bedside to bid him farewell.

May in Georgia...In this age of climate chaos, the local flora comes to bloom a full month earlier than in decades past. This season, magnolias and hydrangeas blossomed in early May. Their petals open to the world as my father’s life is fading. The magnolia petals have grown heavy; his body is shrinking. Soon he will drift from this world...carried by the scent of late spring blossoms. In our once laboring class neighbourhood, McMansions blot out the late spring sun. In the shadow of these arrogant shoddily constructed, bloated emblems of late capitalism, the neighbourhood’s remaining 1950s single level, brick homes seem to recede...fading like memory before the hurtling indifference of passing eras.

In late spring, veils of pollen merge with shrouds of Atlanta traffic exhaust. Timeless nature has awakened as the noxious capitalist certainties underpinning the aberration known as the New South are dying.

Hospice has arrived in the home of my father. A death vigil has begun, as well, for our culture. Lost, starving, wailing into a void of paternal abandonment, my father, left on the doorstep of a Baptist church adjacent to an Indian reservation in rural Missouri, arrived into this keening world. Now, he is refusing to eat and is wailing, once again, into an abyss of helplessness...His bones, eaten by cancer, and his bowels seized up by the side effects of opiates, he is starving himself to death. He now lies in his bedroom; his sight set on the undiscovered realm of death. This world denied him succour; now Death offers the embrace that he was denied (and later) refused, as he proceeded through this life in a resentful fury. His wounds cauterized by rage-lit flames.

Now, I must comfort him...as he did me, when I was a child, seized by night terrors...that he both placated and caused. He whimpers into the air of the small home that he once shook with rage. Now, betrayed by his body, and again orphaned by fate, he will soon leave this world - a place from which he was perpetually estranged. I hope the womb of night will bestow a peace upon him that was denied to him by this world. I hope whatever dawn he meets will hold him in an embrace so all encompassing and gentle that he will shed his compulsion to bristle and retreat. I hope he will, at long last, know he was loved.

My father was born on an Indian reservation and abandoned on the doorsteps of a Baptist church in rural

Missouri in the early years of the Great Depression. A Jewish mother and Protestant father adopted him. In those days, it was a standard practice of adoption agencies to offer up for adoption children of so-called mixed ancestry to interdenominational couples. Caucasian babies, the conventional wisdom of the time presumed, would carry a stigma for life from being raised in a home headed by such social deviants.

My mother escaped Hitler's Germany (barely) on a Kindertransport. My wife is from the rural South Carolina Low Country. She's a flat-lander, a swamp bunny. As for myself, I was born in Birmingham, Alabama, in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. I'm an accidental Hillbilly...The lay of the land endowed me with a hill country perception of existence, yet I appreciate the mode of being in places like Charleston and New Orleans...the humidity slowing down the pace of life... the mind as a gnat flurry.

My blood, as is the case with all of us, is composed of ancient oceans that long to know land and sky. On a personal basis, my atavistic blood is a sea of diverse ethnic consanguinity that meets the shore of a global polis. The waves of this body of water are changeable... sometimes, caressing the shoreline... placid, at ease in the world; sometimes, agitated and enraged by what I witness...becoming a series of antagonistic waves crashing against the insensate rocks of the mindless

social circumstances that damaged my father so. Soon, my father will return to the vast ocean of eternity. I consider it my duty to sing the song of my blood...to compose and give voice to sacred hymns, both of the personal and the collective.

This is my poet's prayer: Life rose from ancient oceans so that molluscs could gaze upon the evening sky. Likewise, we emerged from the cosmic brine to know physical embrace...made resonate because of its finite nature - the loving limits imposed by Time. Accordingly, the immaterial longs for the caress of the summer breeze and to rage into a winter wind. Spiritus Mundi is dependent on us to cultivate our individual souls...to have our blood sing biographical ballads to audiences gathered in Eternity.

My father's song is almost at its end. The endless song continues. A song of tribute to the life of my father (or, for that matter, any human life) must combine elements of a fight song and a love song. One must love life enough to take a stand on its behalf.

During the Great Depression, my father was (again) left fatherless when his adopted father suffered a debilitating stroke, resulting in a protracted decline that left their small family penniless and homeless. Consequently, my father, along with his nearly incapacitated father and his mother managed to make their way from rural Missouri

IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER

to Cleveland, Ohio, and then went on to find lodging with members of his mother's family who had settled in Birmingham, Alabama, where shortly thereafter his father died.

In the Deep South, the dark hue of my father's Native American skin marked him for abuse by belligerent locals. Although he had been deprived of detailed knowledge of his ancestry, his Comanche blood resisted intimidation. His tormentors wounded him deeply, but they also succeeded in opening deep reservoirs of ancestral rage. My father harboured an abiding animus to bullies - a trait he bequeathed to me by both blood and circumstance.

Apropos: At the foot of Broadway, on May Day, I stood near a bristling array of NYPD officers tasked with the mission of protecting the statue of Wall Street's iconic "Charging Bull" - when I heard one of the uniformed thugs, through a smirk, opine, "These rich, lazy bums go to college and study women's studies and the history of Negroes - then come out here in the real world and whine that they can't get a job...These brats should have thought about what they're going to do in life when they were in school?"

I turned to face him and said "I guess they could follow your example and stand on Wall Street...stroking a billy club...protecting ultra-wealthy criminals and their ill-gotten

riches." Of course, he responded by calling me a socialist. Even though that was, most likely, the first accurate statement he said all day, I replied, "As opposed to your noble example: choosing to spend your days as a mindless fascist bully?" His smirk still in place, he spat, "As if you even know what a fascist is !" I replied "as a matter of fact, I do, and you, being posed as you are in front of that bull (with its bronze form cast to crouch in a stance of impending aggression; its form permanently locked in a position of myopic fury) will serve as a perfect backdrop for me to illustrate the situation. Mussolini, who knew a bit about the subject, proclaimed fascism to be the merger of the corporation and the state. Therefore, since it follows that the state pays your salary, and you spend your days protecting the corporate order... you, to a jackboot, fit the profile of a fascist...Don't you now?"

At that, his smirk solidified into a mask of belligerent stupid. He slapped his truncheon into his meaty palm, and told me that if I knew what was good for me I'd better move along. I said he was probably right, due to the fact, I suspect, he could very accurately and with much relish impart to me the true nature of fascism with that night-stick of his. The lipless reptilian grin indicated he would be more than happy to take a personal interest in tutoring me on the subject.

"The ghetto that you built for me is the one you're living in." - Bob Dylan, *Dead Man, Dead Man*

But the fight is not with this individual enforcer of the present, doomed order. The encounter is emblematic of what those who devote themselves to the unfolding struggle are up against: an armed and fortified wall of sneering arrogance - a violent, human torrent of surging ignorance.

For us, the living, breaching Death's wall, possessed of the intention of changing its implacable order, is, of course, impossible - but challenging the present, calcified order - a death-addicted arrangement, created and maintained by mortal men that has existed well past its given and rightful time - has become imperative.

For my father, the struggle is nearly at its end; for those of us who remain in this breathing world, the struggle has just begun.



Photo: Angela Tyler-Rockstroh 2011

EALY MAYS (USA/FRANCE) DEATH OF AN AMERICAN BOOM TOWN 2011



EALY MAYS (USA/France) SUBMARINE OF THE RADICALS (DETAIL) 2009





Revolution Run took place on the 8th April 2011 in Bradford, West Yorkshire.

Two runners carried flags with the words THE REVOLUTION IS HEALING and THE REVOLUTION IS FEELING on them, through the city centre.

Each had the same running number and plasters on either arm. Red for human existence and Black for the contemporary accumulation of loss. The action centred on the notion of 'a collective negation of common humanity' positing acceptance of wounds and emotions as a true basis for human sharing and healing.

Carried out with the assistance of runners Emma and Flossie, and Caroline Hick from Gallery 11 Bradford.



LUCREZIA DE DOMIZIO DURINI (ITALY/FRANCE) WHO IS JOSEPH BEUYS ?

Joseph Beuys was born in Krefeld, West Germany, on 12 May 1921 and died in Düsseldorf on 23 January 1986. Despite his fame, many wonder who Beuys was - an extravagant artist in a felt hat, a poet, a nature lover, a philosopher or a preacher?

Essentially he was a man who loved man and nature. As a man and as an artist, Beuys was concerned with the crisis of modern man and the loss of identity. He sought a route to truth in reality, the world we live in. We do not need to invent a system in order to find it, all we have to do is rediscover it in ourselves and nature. Man and nature reconciled will build a truer world. This is the basic concept of Beuys's thought.

Human creative power (and our potential) was at the centre of his artistic research and his interest in politics, economy, agriculture, ecology and social and political issues stem from this. Beuys believed creativity (in the broadest sense) is linked to human nature as a whole and possesses a strong bias towards freedom.

EVERYONE IS AN ARTIST said Beuys, meaning the positive and creative qualities that each of us can bring to our lives, our situations, and to the world. It is an anthropological creative-ness, a spur to live life to its full, to be fully human and to exist in the universe creatively - exerting influence on the social dimension as a whole and including all our human faculties. The artist's

approach to social, economic and educational issues can be summarized thus: The concept of creative-ness is deeply rooted in human nature and linked to freedom; The concept of freedom is twofold - one concerns individuals, the other personal relationships (making the fruits of free human activity available for everyone to enjoy); Communication is about assigning fundamental value to every social relationship and the creative dimension; For each individual, creativity is articulated on three main levels - thought, feeling and will; Creativity is not the sole property of mankind but includes all the natural world; Beuys criticized materialism for its disregard (and negation) of common humanity, and vital natural human faculties; A remedy to this needs to be found by seeking alternatives to capitalism and consumerism. It is necessary to develop real models offering a social organization where human faculties may be fully expressed and fulfilled.

Achieving the goal of freedom must go hand in hand with non-violence. Revolution is within us. WE ARE REVOLUTION said Beuys. Evolution is only achieved through our behaviour and understanding. Beuys sculpted with his words and taught with his works. He did not embody an abstract Utopia but practised a Concrete Utopia, understood by those who see it necessary to turn to a different way of feeling, perceiving, knowing and acting. Beuys's Social Sculpture is meant as a continuous process whereby

the ecological, political, economic, historical and cultural connections forming the social establishment change and grow. Only through Living Sculpture is it possible to uproot the system enslaving us, and reach a co-operation of free human beings of different races, origin, religion, social class, cultural and economic groups.

I regard Beuys as a sculptor of shapes and souls whose work is connected to an experimental scientific approach and the scope of human intuition and creative power. His materials have symbolic meanings. Beuys used visible and metaphorical materials to hint at energy and heat (copper, felt, fat, wine), and Invisible materials - words, gestures, intuition, smells, sounds, noise and behaviour - to create his social sculpture, i.e., Living Sculpture, in order to accomplish a process of joint co-operation between different individuals, always respecting human freedom and creativeness.

The forms he used, actions and lectures, have little in common with Art movements, but rather interpret the flow of human energy as well as the flow of life and death, man and art's social dimension in a natural, primitive sense. It is self-evident that art coincides with life in Beuys's thought, making it an Anthropological Art. A Beuysian art is projected towards the future of art and mankind. His art encompassed economic issues. An important claim by Beuys is that KUNST = KAPITAL. In this he considered culture as the primary capital of society - the most important economic force arising from

human abilities. Beuys also promoted education as the primary force in the establishment and the rebirth of society and nation, creating the Organization for Direct Democracy and F.I.U. (Free International University). He warned that mankind was headed for ecological crisis, and exposed the growing threat of warfare as well as the widening gap between rich and poor, the concentration of economic and political power, and biological and social manipulation. These all too current issues were discussed in his 100 days' conference at Documenta VI held in Kassel 1977. Beuys hoped that all men would be able to reach equality in freedom and rights. He fought to promote an organic economic system, a change in the concept of money and a system based on the right to work. His last project, *Defence of Nature*, concerned the protection of disappearing crops and organic farming.

He was a true shaman-artist, the precursor of theories focused on social needs and present-day issues. He anticipated all the economical, environmental, humanitarian, political and cultural issues affecting mankind today, and the humanity of his concept of 'Living Sculpture' finds its echo in the Occupy movement. More than any other artist, Joseph Beuys aimed at reaching the utopian dimension of natural energy and spiritual communication: reality as a phenomenological range of human potential. The process of deepening the knowledge of Beuys' art, studying and reading Joseph Beuys's art is still in progress.

EALY MAYS (USA/FRANCE) UP TOWN ICE CREAM 2009

(A submarine of radical consciousness floats above the everyday)



My eyes cannot help but interpret
what Mother Nature wishes mankind
should know.

Nature registers, sculpts, paints,
photographs, dramatises and installs
life's bliss, beauties as well as chaos
and deteriorations of life.



MARGARET WHEATLEY (USA)

WARRIORS FOR THE HUMAN SPIRIT

An invitation

For many years now, I have been inspired, motivated and comforted by a prophecy from Tibetan Buddhism of impending darkness and the summoning of the warriors. Although this word 'warrior' has connotations of force and aggression, it means something very different in Tibetan culture. The Tibetan word for warrior, pawo, means one who is brave, one who vows never to use aggression. I practice for this kind of warriorship in a lineage based on the prophecy of the Shambhala warriors. My vow is to refrain, as best I can, from adding to the aggression and fear of this time.

The story (and prophecy) of Shambhala and its warriors concerns an ancient kingdom of wise and conscious people, ruled by enlightened kings. Its people were unusual in that they had no anxiety. Free from fear, they were able to create enlightened society.

The prophecy states that when all life on Earth is in danger, and the future of sentient life hangs by the frailest of threads, the kingdom of Shambhala emerges. You cannot tell who these warriors are by their appearance; they look like normal people. Their weapons are compassion and insight. Well-trained in their use, they go into the corridors of power and dismantle the beliefs and behaviours that are destroying life. When I first heard this, I was moved by the description of the warriors. Perhaps you see yourself in this description,

or are curious to see what it might mean. This is my invitation to you, and all of us caught in systems of degenerate power. We are free to choose a new role for ourselves, to transform our grief, outrage, frustration and exhaustion into the skills of insight and compassion, to serve this dark time as warriors for the human spirit.

Images for this time

I'm sitting on the banks of the Virgin river in Zion National Park in Utah, my favourite place on the planet. The river has been flowing through this magnificent canyon for two million years, creating one of earth's most sacred places. It's a dry winter, the river is low, ambling along. I've been here at other times when it's fierce and destructive. Next time it will be different again. I've learned a lot from rivers. They take many forms, yet never lose their way, to the ocean.

The Hopi Elders describe our time as a river flowing very fast, great and swift. They warn us not to hold on to the shore because those who do "will be torn apart and suffer greatly." They encourage us to push off into the middle of the river and to keep our heads above water. These river images however, even the turbulent ones, no longer describe this time for me. and what I'm seeing and how I'm feeling. It is Yeats' dark vision that speaks to me, written in 1919 in the troubled years of the first World War: Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold / Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world / The blood-dimmed tide

is loosed, and everywhere / The ceremony of innocence
is drowned ...

A confession of innocence

Many of us, certainly I'd describe myself in these terms, were anxiously engaged in "the ceremony of innocence." We didn't think we were innocents, but we were. We thought we could change the world. We even believed that, with sufficient will and passion, we could "create a world," one that embodied our aspirations for justice, equality, opportunity, peace, a world where, in Paulo Freire's terms, "it would be easier to love." This vision, this hope, this possibility motivated me for most of my life. It still occasionally seduces me but I'm learning to resist the temptation. I no longer believe that we can save the world.

Powerful, life-destroying dynamics have been set in motion which cannot be stopped. We're on a disastrous course with each other and with the planet. We've lost track of our best human qualities and forgotten the real sources of satisfaction, meaning and joy. I feel clear in saying that greed, self-interest and coercive power are destroying the very life force of this planet. I don't know whether such destruction is intentional or not, but I observe it happening everywhere. I was hit in the face with this while in South Africa in November 2011. South Africa is the country of my heart, always teaching me about the depths of human experience - I've been

working there since 1995, this was my fourteenth visit. In the years of Mandela, hope was palpable. Everyone seemed to be starting projects to tackle huge social problems, eager to work with others to create the New South Africa. They understood the complexity of all the issues, they knew it was 'a long walk to freedom' and they had great faith in their future.

But now, for many reasons, hope is hard to find and the good people who have created successful projects and built effective NGOs are exhausted & demoralized. They keep doing their work, but it's now a constant struggle. They struggle for funds, they struggle with inept, corrupt bureaucracy, they struggle with the loss of community and the rise of self-interest, they struggle with the indifference of the newly affluent. The dream of a new nation of possibility, equality, and justice has fallen victim to the self-serving behaviours of those with power. Please do not think this is only true in South Africa. It's happening everywhere, as you may have noticed.

Indestructible motivation

By stating that we cannot change the world, I do not intend to bury our motivation in despair. Quite the contrary. My intention is that we do our work with greater resolve and energy, with more delight and confidence, even as we understand that it won't turn this world around. Our work is essential; we just have to hold it differently. This was beautifully described by Vaclav Havel, leader

of the Velvet Revolution, the poet-playwright who then became president of the new Czech Republic: “Hope is not the conviction that something will turn out well, but the certainty that something makes sense, regardless of how it turns out.”

How do we find this deep confidence that, independent of results, our work is the right work for us to be doing? How do we give up needing hope to be our primary motivator? How do we replace hope of creating change with confidence that we’re doing the right work? Hope is such a dangerous source of motivation. It’s an ambush, because what lays in wait is hope’s ever-present companion, fear - the fear of failing, the despair of disappointment, the bitterness and exhaustion that can overtake us when our best, most promising efforts are rebuked, undone, ignored, destroyed. As someone commented, “Expectation is premeditated disappointment.”

My great teachers these days are people who no longer need hope in order to do their work, even though their projects and organizations began with bright, hope-filled dreams. As “the blood-dimmed tide” of greed, fear, and oppression drowns out their voices and washes away their good work, they become more committed to their work, not because it will succeed, but just because it is right for them to be doing it. I watch their inner struggles and bouts with despair, but mostly what I notice is their perseverance and confidence. They see how bad it is, they know it is getting worse, they realize their work won’t create the changes

they have worked hard for all these years. Yet they continue to do their work because they know it is theirs to do. Sometimes they say, “I can’t not do this.” Other times they ask, “What else would I be doing if not this?”

These brave people are true warriors. Seeing as clearly as they can, hearts as open as they can bear, they keep doing their work. They know how systems of power work and they try to discern wise actions. Though in frequent battles with politicians, leaders and bureaucrats, they strive to keep their hearts open, to not succumb to anger and aggression. Work is filled with constant challenges, and they know there will be many more.

Perhaps you see yourself already working in this way, persevering because you feel you have no other choice. Or perhaps you still feel you can save the world by working harder, faster or by connecting with others to take on big change projects. My only request is that as you do your work, you become curious about finding a more enduring source of motivation than needing your work to bear fruit, to be successful in creating positive and enduring change. Beyond hope and fear, there is clarity available, the clarity of knowing that this work is ours to do no matter what. We may succeed, we may fail - but no matter what, we will continue to persevere on behalf of other human beings.

As we do this, we learn how to be warriors for the human spirit, and we find the few others who have also claimed this role.

APPLE BLOSSOM AT KAGYU BENCHEN 2010

Photography - Lama Alastair
Calligraphy - 12th Tai Situpa
Flower arrangement and
photo editing **U We Claus** (Germany)



JACKIE RAYBONE (UK) TRANSPARENCY 2010



12 metre drawing by the artist charting the history of the UK Coalition Government carried as a banner on the TUC March for the Alternative on 26/03/11





<< objective time



< subjective time



In 2010, Kisseleva created *It's Time* in the Ural region of Russia. The installation was located at the main entrance to the Uralmash factory, famous for building T34 soviet tanks and, later, intercontinental missiles.

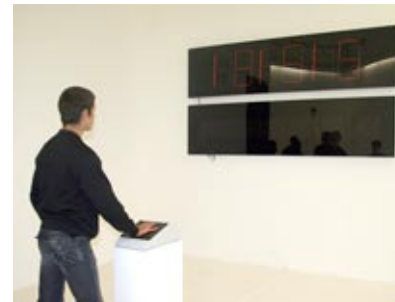
The artist reminds us that, during the Soviet regime and especially in time of war, discipline was merciless. Life at the factory was ruled by the sound of the siren activated by the main clock. A workman who was late could be punished, by being deprived of his meal. The daily rhythm at the factory was regimented by this clock, feared as a 'dictator of time' by the employees.

The installation addresses this, and speaks about our perception of time and our relationship with the passage of time in our contemporary society. In the work, she gave workmen the ability and power to regulate the clock according to their own biological rhythm, reversing the existing situation, where it is no longer the mechanical historic clock that dictates time.

The turnstiles into the work area were equipped with electrocardiographs. As each worker entered, they placed their hand onto a sensor that picked up cardiac pulsations from their fingertips. A computer processed this and altered the historic clock's information to record and display a new "real time" or organic time as transmitted through the rhythm of the body. When a worker was stressed, it translated into an acceleration of time, while, when they were tired, the computer

registered a slow down. With constant activity and interactions, the clock kept going forward and back. In order to make this happen, the historic clock - the same one in use during the period of 'time dictatorship' - was modified to receive the new data as transmitted by the bodily activated sensor. The artist added a light panel that juxtaposed the actual time with the biological time transmitted by each worker as they entered and activated the system.

To realize this work, Kisseleva worked with scientists, including Sylvain Reynal, a Quantum physicist at the Cergy Pontoise laboratory in France. While the installation was temporary, the artist has worked on projects at other locations on a similar theme. She believes that one should not just be a victim of the rhythm that rules over the passage of time in our society, but should be able to affect it. In her artwork, Kisseleva champions the right of individuals over collective oppression.





ANNA TRETTER (GERMANY)
TÄUFLINGE 2006

The photo from the archives of my Aunt Matilda was taken at Alice Hospital in Darmstadt, Germany where she and her friend created and took care of the infant welfare program. The photo is titled on the back, 'Täuflinge' (Baptized, early / or still-born to be baptized)

Walter Benjamin: within the inner human mind, at the terminating moment of life, a sequence of images is set in motion consisting of views of the self which we have met with, without becoming aware of.

Rudolf Steiner: these images fade after a few days until they disappear. Such re-experiencing occurs in a reverse order. In this, everything which during our terrestrial life represented external being, will then become internal world. One now looks upon these people as, when being on earth, one looks upon stars, clouds, mountains, rivers.

Marcel Duchamp: there is absolutely no chance that a word will ever be able to express anything - the moment we try to formulate our thoughts in words or sentences everything fails.

SIMON LEWANDOWSKI & RICHARD PRICE (UK) HOTEL/MOTEL/MOTET 2008

Collaboration between visual artist Simon Lewandowski and poet Richard Price.

The installation consists of a television, cantilevered off the wall. The screen animation resembles a sign for a seedy hotel which spins gently but as it turns, the letters mysteriously change, spelling out a series of cryptic messages which build a *fractured, implied narrative*.

The central animation was devised and digitally generated by Lewandowski with Price providing the specially written texts.

CLICK LINK BELOW

<http://player.vimeo.com/video/32369374>



THE CARAVAN GALLERY (UK) TEA LADIES 2008



CONRAD ATKINSON (UK/USA)



EMILY BRONTË'S SHOPPING TROLLEY 2010



DEBORAH KASS (USA)
BEING ALIVE 2010

Oil and acrylic on canvas
48 x 48 inches

From the series 'Feel Good
Paintings for Feel Bad Times'

Reproduced by permission of the
Paul Kasmin Gallery and the artist

Ishola Akpo Benin

Akpo works in photography and video. His images refer to African realities such as suffering, violence, and ritual and religious traditions. www.isholaphotos.org

Jelili Atiku Nigeria

Performance and multi media artist concerned with freedom and justice. www.jeliliatiku.webs.com

Conrad Atkinson UK/USA

Internationally renowned artist dealing with social and political issues. Represented by Ronald Feldman Fine Art, New York. www.conradatkinson.com

Lucy Azubuike Nigeria/USA

An artist using diverse media to question how we view our everyday life and environment. www.creativeafricanetwork.com/person/13897/en

Ankur Betageri India

Writer and poet, based in New Delhi. Assistant Editor of *Indian Literature*, published by Sahitya Akademi.

The Caravan Gallery UK

Mobile exhibition venue and visual arts project run by artists Jan Williams and Chris Teasdale documenting the way we live today. www.thecaravangallery.co.uk

U We Claus Germany

An artist, translator, and a writer of texts on arts and on Buddhism. First met Joseph Beuys in 1979 and worked

with him on a number of projects. www.u-we-claus.de/

Lucrezia De Domizio Durini Italy/France

Student of Beuys thought and international curator. Has written over 30 books, and organised numerous exhibitions and conferences around the world. <http://sharing.enel.com/dharmaofenel/ita/>

Nicholas Galanin Alaska

Contemporary indigenous artist whose work is a dialogue between traditional and modern worlds. www.nicholasgalanin.com

Deborah Kass USA

An artist whose paintings examine the intersection of art history, popular culture & the self. In the collections of MOMA & the Whitney Museum. www.deborahkass.com

Olga Kisseleva Russia/France

International artist, and Director of the Art and Science programme at Pantheon-Sorbonne University in Paris. www.kisseleva.org

Robert C Koehler USA

An award winning, Chicago-based journalist and nationally syndicated writer. www.commonwonders.com

Simon Lewandowski UK

Has exhibited extensively in the UK and overseas. His work often explores obsolete technologies and contains a dark surreal humour. www.lewandowski.lowtech.org/

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

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His work focuses on positive change, seeking to capture areas needing transformation as so many things in the world require it. www.mariomacilau.com

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Afro-american painter from West Texas, living and working in Paris. www.ealymays.blogspot.com

Patrick McGrath Muñiz Puerto Rico

His work explores the relationship between consumer media culture and the use of Christian and Classical iconography in Western art. www.retabloarts.com

Laura Nelson UK

From Yorkshire, Nelson now lives in Cornwall. In her

work, materials to speak about the way we relate to the world. <http://lauranelson.carbonmade.com/>

Richard Price UK

Poet and novelist. *Lucky Day* was shortlisted for Whitbread Poetry Prize. Head of Modern Collections at the British Library. <http://www.hydrohotel.net/>

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Has exhibited her drawings locally & nationally including the Jerwood Drawing Prize and the Threadneedle Prize. www.jayray.artweb.com

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INFORMATION

The Landscape of Being is conceived, edited and curated by Graham Martin, and is an AGENCY - Art, Life and Society production. This is an international curatorial project based in Yorkshire, concerned with the socio-political and the how and why of living.

The e-book can be downloaded free (as a pdf) from www.agencyartlifesociety.com (publications page)

A limited edition boxed CD is also available to Libraries and institutions. Please contact info@agencyartlifesociety.com

The first e-book *On the Contemporary* is also available to download from the Agency website.

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Note: Links in this document are live and should open in your browser.

Thanks to all who contributed to this publication.

THE CARAVAN GALLERY (UK)
WHAT YOU SEE 2006

