



The Response

Volume X

£2



Welcome to Volume Ten of The Response.

In this issue we reflect upon Stéphane Cauchy's current installation Cascade, a kinetic sculpture in which nine buckets rise and fall on a path of their own, embarking on a free-fly along the way, coordinated by the laws of chaos and Newtonian mechanics.

Cauchy uses mechanical devices to emphasise any plausible parallels between the physical and the psychic world whilst exploring the concepts of time, space and all that lies in between and beyond the range of human experience or understanding.

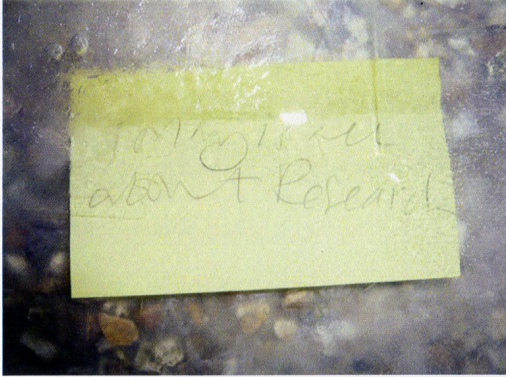
Contained within these pages are the personal explorations and in some cases, on-going works of those who volunteer at Fabrica. We are grateful to the staff and artists alike for their enthusiasm and continued support.

We hope you enjoy it!

Lindsey Ash and Daniel Yáñez González-Irún

(*) Plaque situated on the North Coast of Tasmania

Not yet / today is all about research



I was reminded of this work as a response to issues within Stéphane Cauchy's 2011 installation for Fabrica, Cascade.

Not yet / today is all about research: concerns water as a physical embodiment of time elapsing and it's immediate evidential outcomes.

It suggests the possibility of revealing an unknown and the enigma of that unfolding journey.

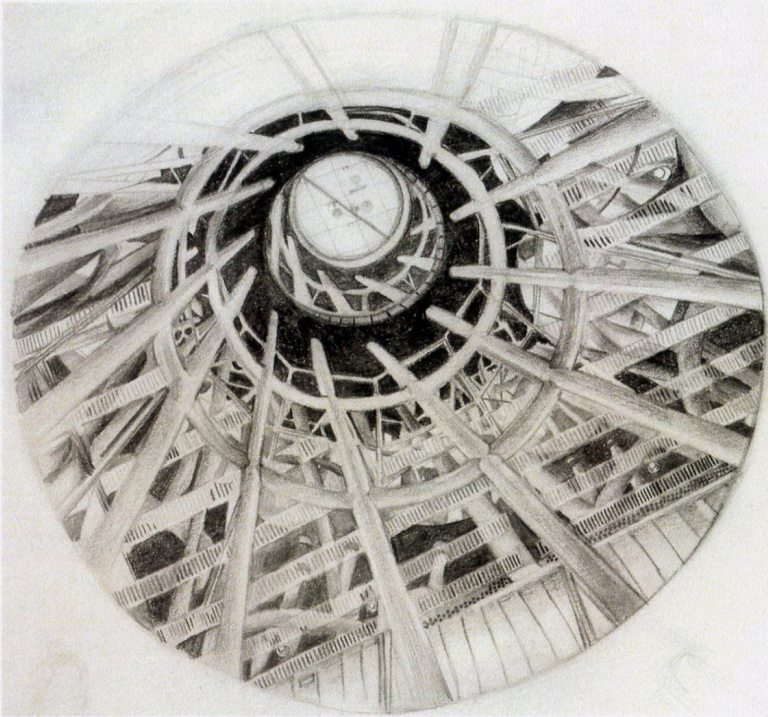
This piece, which I made and documented during 2008 was a reaction to a quote from a daily horoscope, which entreated; 'today is all about research'. In this suggestion is hope, of another outcome, optimism for a direction which will ultimately bring about positive change, or development of an ideal outcome. However briefly wished for or perceived to be 'the' answer in search of which we are currently preoccupied.

Every day is all about research as an ultimate destination, is as much in the distance as the constellations the horoscopes mimic and challenge us to believe are within our personal make-up. They remove responsibility at the same time as charging us to act and drive ourselves to one perfect destiny.

This work was made in ice, subject of another unknown; time and atmosphere. A deconstructed inevitability. The directive given, added, hidden although attached and separate. The slogan written in pencil, from a mineral composite, onto a supposed aide-memoir. A tool for efficiency, a post-it note. A brief instruction, just for today, just do it, collect and prepare, wait and see. " Today is all about research".

By encasing this mystery in ice, it's slow unveiling and drip by drip dissolution, environmental circumstances direct the act, revealing information, uncovering itself perhaps as an allegory for life's enigmatic journey.

The outcome is always beyond the known, the journey always becoming the story so far.



Graphite on paper
Drawn copy of a photograph of
Sendai Mediatheque, Sendai-shi, Japan
by Toyo Ito, 2001
Taken from Architecture Now Vol.2, Taschen, 2002

Light causes Clarity
Transparency reveals Activity
Networks and Systems permit
Communication
which encourages
Mobility
which allows for
Continuity with the Surroundings
that promotes
Sustainability

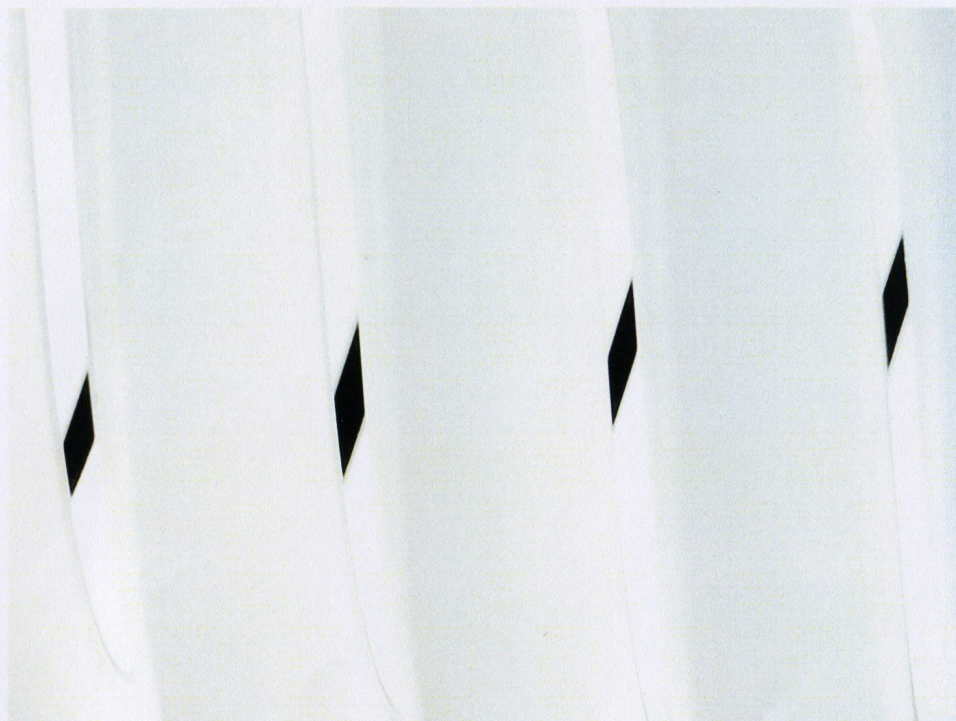


Life starts; we make mistakes, fail, learn and try again. We learn from our errors, right? We take what we can from them and change when possible. Think about water and its cycle. Water evaporates condensates and precipitates. If we stop that, we stop life. All we can do is live for the moment, cherish every unexpected but enjoyable event and if we make a mistake learn from it. Be grateful, with the right frame of mind and attitude, you have the chance to learn, share and even experience the wonders this world has to offer.

Elisha Yanez-Rowley, Termination
Photograph and text, 2009/11

I have been content to be parched – exiled to the only land I know, this place of dry dust and scrub – greedily licking the few drops shyly seeping through the great rock canyons that all around enclose me - knowing nothing else – though some slight subterranean movement occurs and there – see it – a tiny fracture – and water slowly trickling, a perfect bounty, however mean, for a thirsty man – and have you tasted it as I have, cold and luscious, just enough to almost satisfy, just enough to wake a deeper thirst – begun to claw with bloody fingers, torn nails – strike with flint – prise with sere withered branch, widening the fissure like a gruesome lover impatient with longing for flow – a seepage become slowly an almost flood – water finding its own way, destructive now – angry great gouts of mud and stone before it – the terrible possibility as the high ravines begin to fall and break apart – while helpless and feebly insignificant you survey yourself, a mewling infant, denied its mother's milk, now granted this abundance – and all, all, breaks with a great inrush, a crackling thunder of splintering wood and crashing rock, the music of churned earth, as the waters flood the rupture you created and they command – you tremble before the awful majesty of your desire – carried high on the surge of it – faster and higher – away from your arid contentment – and there - see - what you never dreamed - lush pastures, tiny toy-villages, the towns and great cities burning in the night, whole countries, continents - streets you'll never walk but know as if you'd lived all your life in that one place - the lovers whispering on the white nights promises they cannot believe they'll break – the lonely murderer weeping over a child's corpse – the tiny intimacies and marching armies - so many lives you can see but never live – the endless ordinary happiness and tragedy – the futility of it all and the courageousness – the sky bloodening over a whole world, the rhythm of which you feel pulsing in you too, just then and for the briefest moment as into view comes the place to which you are borne - and terror of the ocean seizes you – that endless immensity toward which you rush – one more second – to see – to see – and all are engulfed, drowned, forgotten – gloriously.

Dorian P. Vaughan



Eva Kalpadaki
Metaphor, 2011

Things We Know

the number of buckets
the length of the cable
the amount of water in the pool
the height of the gantry from the pool
the rate of fill for each bucket

Can all be known or calculated

Not so

the swing of the bucket, the angle when it comes to rest
the violence of the water when it falls– will it slide or crash
the height of the splash

Which one will go next?

Where will it rest?

We try to guess

Surprise us

Delight us

Cause and effect – what we can know and what we can't

the sun comes out from behind a cloud
a flower turns to face it

a smile, a conversation, a meeting
a death
our death

Full or empty or half full
Do we want to know?

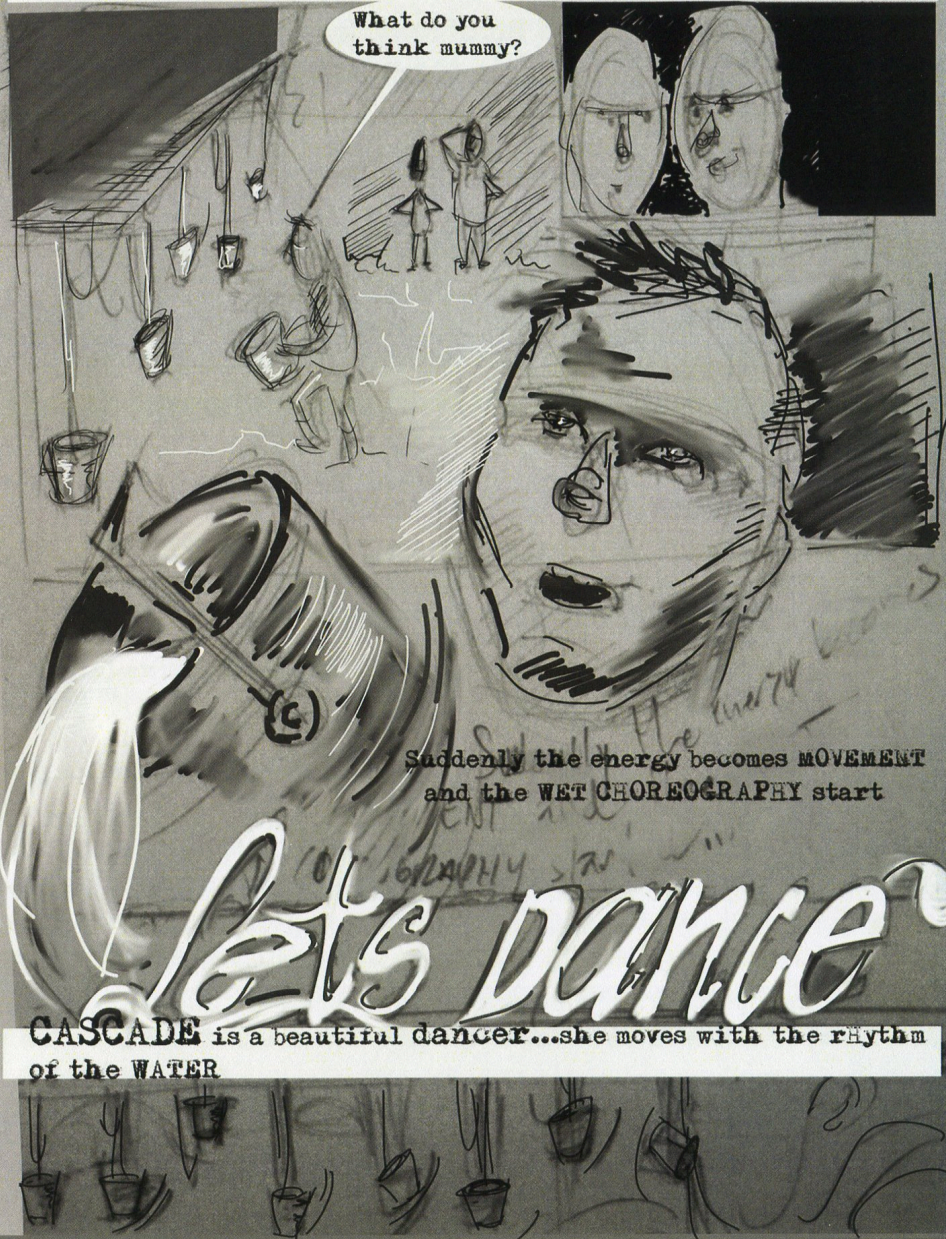
Surprise us

Delight us

Alison Brett

www.alisonmcgechie.com

The artist Stéphane Cauchy is at his parents garden.
He is trying his new installation: **CASCADE**



What do you think mummy?

Suddenly the energy becomes MOVEMENT
and the **WET CHOREOGRAPHY** start

Let's dance!

CASCADE is a beautiful dancer...she moves with the rhythm
of the **WATER**

<http://maripepadice.wordpress.com>

MARY PEPA

Maria José Martín Olmedo

Nicole Holgate talks to Stéphane Cauchy

I had the chance to talk to Stéphane Cauchy in his “lunch break” while setting up Cascade, but due to the pressures of time and the fact that I don’t speak any French, just stuck with a few simple questions:

So, you usually exhibit in France?

Not only, but mostly in France, because I’m living in France and it’s where I do have more contacts. But I did things in Belgium a few times. I have another show this summer at the end of August, in Belgium. I had a couple of exhibitions in Holland as well because I spent two years in Amsterdam in 2000/2001, so at that time I had some exhibitions, and later on as well because of the contacts I still have there. Otherwise, a show in Brighton in 2004, it was a group show at the Phoenix Gallery.

Did that influence your coming back here?

I would say so yes because that’s where I met Lisa [Finch] for the first time and Matthew [Miller] as well. They saw the work and since we kept in touch and whenever I had an exhibition anywhere I would just send the information to Fabrica. That’s certainly how I’m showing in Fabrica today. It’s always about contacts actually, to have a show somewhere.

Do you feel that different countries react differently to your work?

I don’t know exactly, not necessarily. I think people can have a different approach with art, in France than in Britain, or even anywhere else. I had an experience in Africa as well, in Mali and of course it’s different the way they look at art. But I’m not sure if they react differently, to one particular work; I’m talking about my work. Not necessarily. I don’t know why. Well, my work doesn’t need so many references, you know, to get in; it’s not about understanding, but to get into.

I noticed you use a lot of water or sand sometimes, is there a reason for that? Does it help to create a mechanism?

I don’t really have a proper answer to that; it’s not something I do on purpose. When I think about doing something I’m mostly more thinking about how things could move, like for instance those brackets, or how these things would be in balance.

Quite often I use water, as a source of energy, to power the piece. For that one [Cascade] I use a water bath. I could use something else as well, except water is somehow easy to use, you can carry energy from one point to another through a pipe or tube.

It's sort of practical in some ways?

It is, but also what I like is that it's visible when you're carrying energy from one point to another. If you do it with electric wires you're also transporting energy, through the wires, but, it's invisible, something you cannot see, you can just guess.

When you think about making something, where do you start?

Well, it depends, some pieces have been made around a specific material or a specific object that I've found, or that I like. Some others have been built around a specific mechanism. So it really depends; maybe I'd have a list of objects or materials that I would like to use, or on the other hand a list of mechanisms that I'd like to use as well, and sometimes I find a relation between that specific object, that specific mechanism.

And the third thing, which is the more intellectual part of the work, is what it's going to mean if I associate that mechanism with that object and eventually that reflection or that idea.

And when you build something, when the mechanism and materials coincide, do you find meaning in it, or would you prefer people to view it and interpret it?

Uhm... both!


I think the most important for me, when I do something, if I have an idea for a piece, of course, I give it a direction, of meaning. But if at the end the piece only means exactly what I was expecting, then somehow it's not a success. I like when doing the piece, at the end I can look at it and realise that it tells me something else than what I was expecting.

And I think that for people watching it's the same thing, they can look at it however they want and I like when they have their own interpretation as well. Even if I didn't think that...

I wouldn't call it a meaning, but some direction of meaning, a new direction.

As the interview came to a close I asked Stéphane how long it has taken to put the piece up in Fabrica and he said they got here last Monday, so well over a week, with what looked like a lot left to do with only three days to go... Thank you very much Stéphane and I can't wait for the preview!

**Follow our blog *Share your experience of Fabrica*
<http://fabricavolunteerblog.wordpress.com>**



Death,
A means of transcendence
No one,
Need escape

Life,
Yesterday's pillow
Now,
Awake

God,
Beautiful infinity
All,
Will return

Oneness,
Inevitable
Forgiveness,
For everyone

Fatal futility brings
Futile fatalities

Fatal bringers of infinity
Killed over 80
And 20 children died in the fire

Yes they live
Yes they live
Yes they live

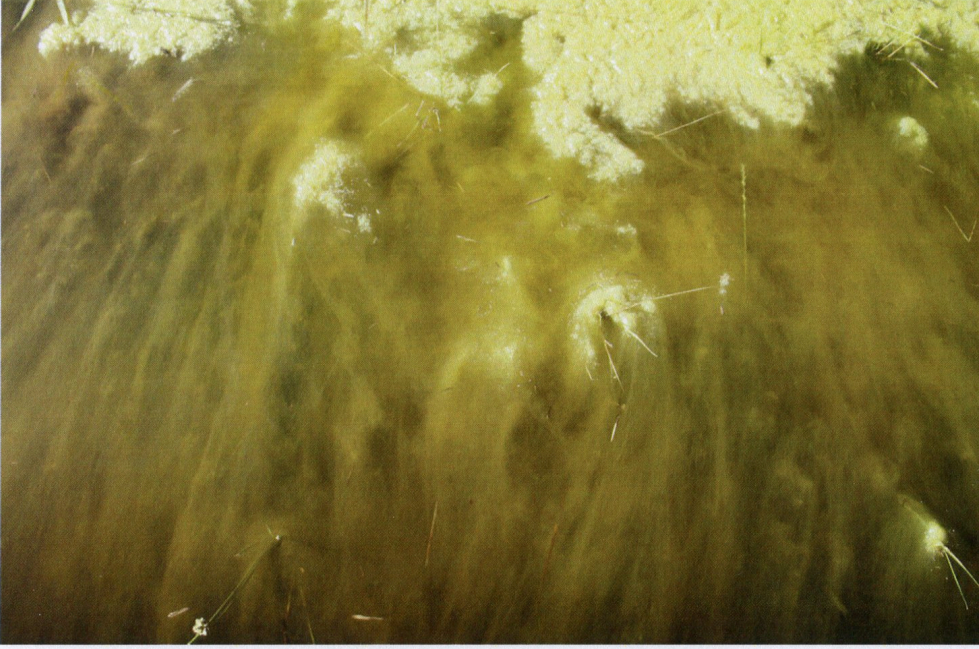
No more massacre
No more genocide

No more children fear
No more suicide

These chords come from the ether
This song turns in time forever

Count Arcama

You can listen to this song by following the link
<http://soundcloud.com/countarcama>



Margarita Mompeán

Based on the theme of reflecting water as a container of hidden nature. Psychedelic forms and colours. Stillness and smooth movement. Calm and wait.

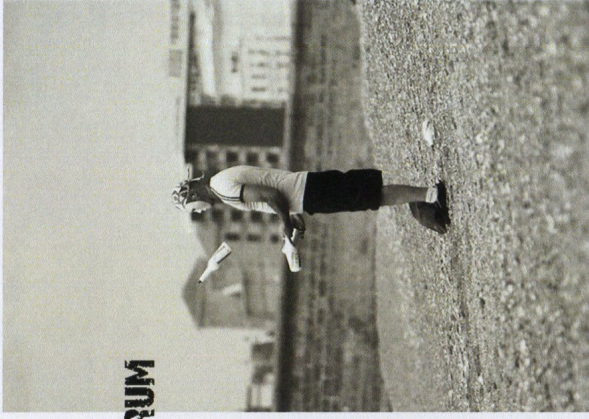
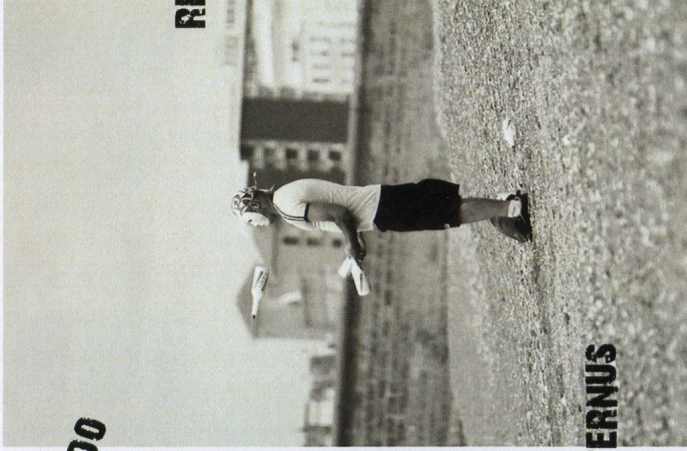
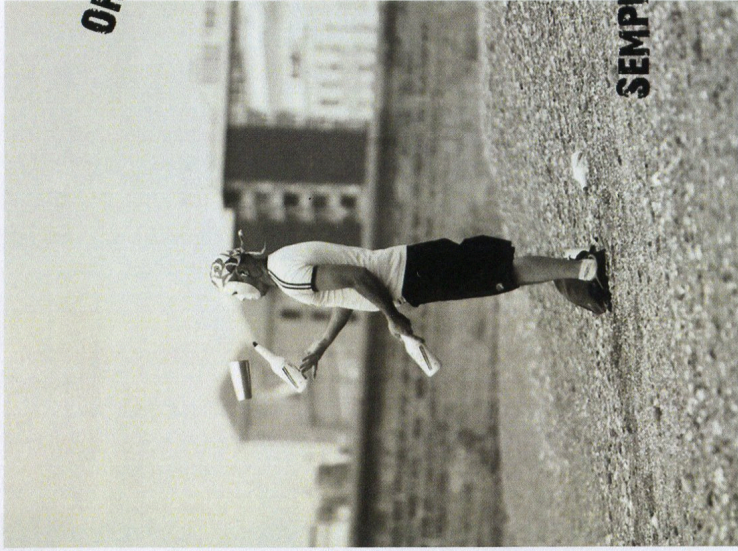
Parenthesis

Less often than I wish
have I sipped the water
Larkin spoke of,
soused instead
in Jesus' blood

- it fails me yet -
fountaining
from bottle neck
like Holofernes' spurt of death
which he painted
- Caravaggio,
who knew his stuff,
having killed a man at tennis;
though tender
- how else that Cupid?

All,
still,
is spilled
on barren ground
- accounts for nothing.

Dorian P. Vaughan



Daniel Yanez Gonzalez, *Ordo Sempiternus Rerum*
Photomontage, 50 x 38cm
2008

Erwin

Honestly, put a cat in a box in the name of science and you're famous 'til the end of history. Lock a tabby in a lead crate in the sake of art, and the RSPCA fine you four grand.

It's not like I'm some genuine sicko, like in one of those creepy snuff films where high-heeled women crunch the heads of rabbits for peoples' pleasure. I mean, the smaller the animal, the more resistant it is to being crushed anyway. It's a simple surface-area to weight ratio thing – an adult could balance the whole of their weight onto the spine of a common or garden shrew and it would remain unharmed. So I suppose the film-makers could argue they're simply conducting experiments in small animal density wherein certain controlled amounts of pressure are applied by curvy Asian dominatrices.

And I'm not, as some newspapers kindly decided to speculate, an insane terrorist preying on the middle-class art-going public. Even if mummy and daddy, and little Timothy and Arabella, probably deserve a wee existential scare. No, unlike that crock, I had no access to poison or radioactive particles, nor the desire to see if they want to bloody go anywhere when I'm not looking. I imagine particles do what they want. Under normal conditions. Who's to say what sneaky contributing factors he might have tucked into that cunningly opaque box when no one was around? It was all a fix, I say.

All that immeasurable possibility. No, no sick fetishes, no terrorisme d'art, just a cat in a box in the name of creative expression. Luckily my lawyer plead insanity, and I was given a fine and community service instead of a spell in chokey. Plus the therapy has given me a few inspired ideas for my next piece... I just need to find a venue big enough for an infinite number of monkeys...

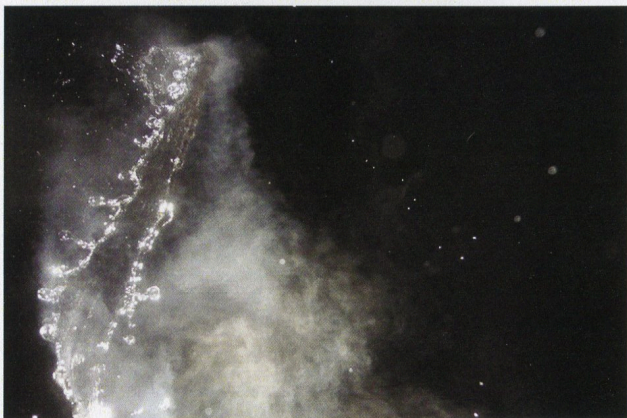
Nicole Holgate



Matt Redman, "We are really excited about the new building"

Oil on canvas board, 30 x 40cm

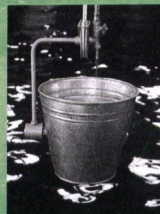
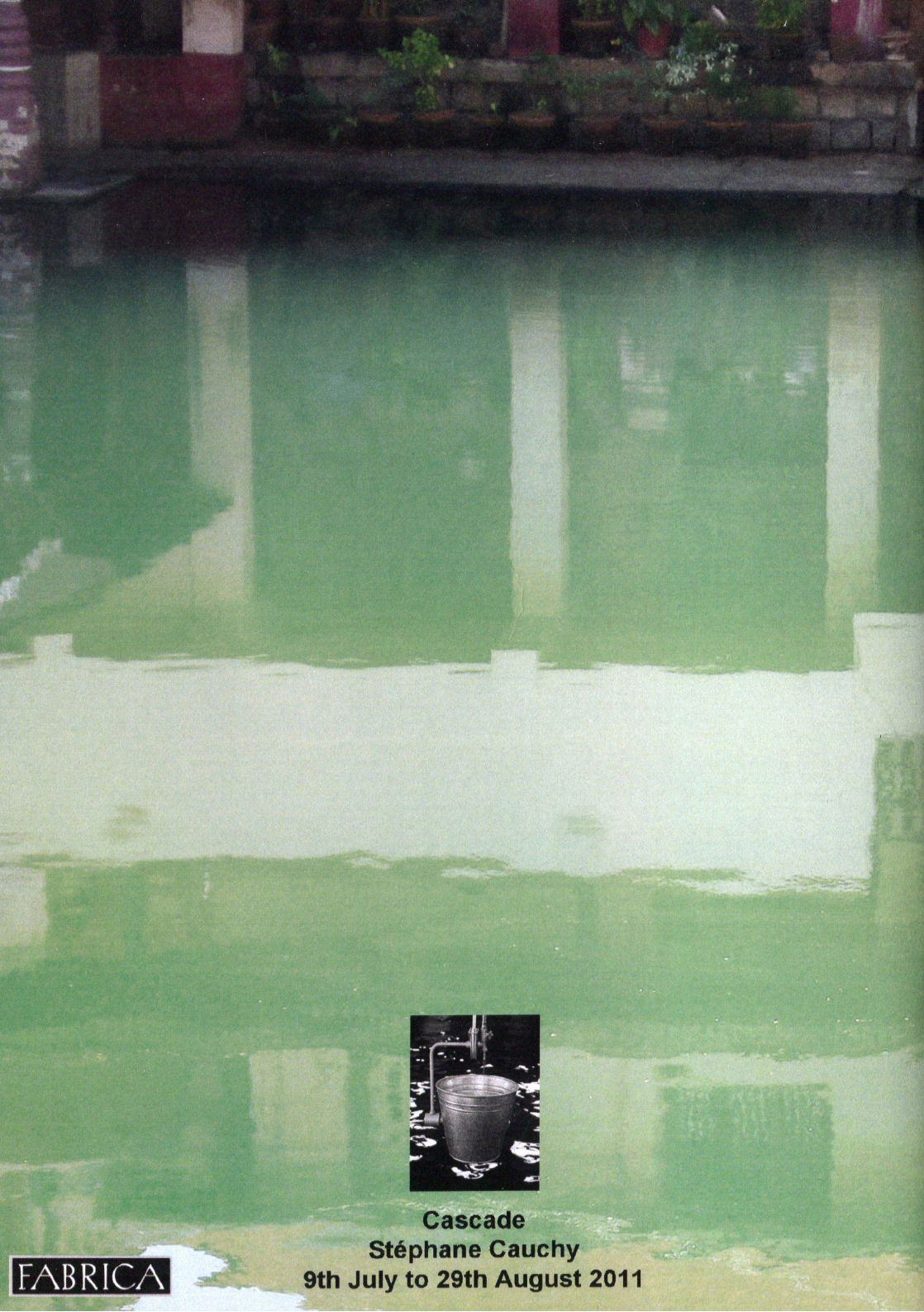
2011



Images from the series 'The Dance of Matter'

The images depict sculptural like formations of water particles suspended in the air, having been thrown by me. Through the abstraction of scale and time, the work collapses the instant and the eternal, as a chance split-second image becomes a timeless cosmic structure.

Through the capturing of such a brief moment, we are able to observe the magical dance of energy, matter and gravity. Photography allows us to enter the suspended world of these phenomena and gaze at the beauty of their formations, reminding me of the miraculous miracle of life.



Cascade
Stéphane Cauchy
9th July to 29th August 2011

FABRICA