EXT. OPERA HOUSE, SEQUELS, ITALY

MID SHOT OF ACTOR IN FRONT OF BUILDING - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT BACK TO MID SHOT OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT TO WIDE SHOT - BEHIND ACTOR

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

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT OF ACTOR SEATED - FACING LEFT

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

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT TO MID SHOT OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT TO CLOSE UP - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT TO MID SHOT - FACING CAMERA

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

WIDE PAN - FRONT OF BUILDING

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

CUT TO INT. BEFED BREW PUB

MID SHOT OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

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

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF ACTOR - FACING CAMERA

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

(danke)
Period.

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

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

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

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

(The Morality of Movement: digital video, 2006)
4.

1. Bjørn Venø
2. Jayne Parker
3. Theo Cowley
4. Lisa Castagner
No, honey, you don’t get it. That is just it. You see, the future of art resides in its *non-existence*.

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

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


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

‘I knocked the *willy* off’. He told Harry.

But Harry had no time to talk.

In the dock.

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

[He spoke in a parable]:

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

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

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

If art is the sign of true love, of true freedom, then we must seek to erase the sign so that we may see the freedom first hand, and so that sign cannot be abused an manipulated.
- OK. I deliver the sentence. The judge said. The jury are in agreement. You are sentenced to death by drowning, unless you can make for the jury an artwork of such opulent beauty as to gain their favour. You have until noon tomorrow to show us what you have made.
- I am not an artist. He said.

At home his wife pleaded with him to make an artwork.
- Please honey, make an artwork… for me? She said, crying.

He sat awake all night and arrived at court the next day in his same clothes that he had worn the day before.
- Toiling, I see, chuckled the judge. And what have you for me?
- I have nothing. He said. The crowd gasped. He is suicidal, said one. I present for you, he continued, the whole of ‘nothing’ as an artistic readymade. Thus, he continued, ‘nothing’ has gained the status of artistic truth. We need no longer fear ‘nothing’ as it is as valuable as the illusory beauty that art itself conveys.

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

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

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

Afterword.

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

Blind-Theorist: (no answer).
The purpose of this periodical is to provide a parallel space to Five Years gallery: artists who have exhibited at Five Years are invited to publish new work relating to their gallery show. Five Years will publish four times annually. Each issue will cover three months in the exhibition programme and will include a written piece by a guest contributor. For further information and documentation of the exhibitions programme please refer to the website and blog.